

LIFE



CROCHET TOGS

JANUARY 8, 1945

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

JEANETTE MacDONALD, lovely star of radio, screen, concert and opera, singing the famous "Waltz Song" from "Romeo and Juliet."

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

FM Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.



FM radio alone brings you Jeanette MacDonald in natural color

Her glamorous roles are legion! . . . Her songs are shining jewels! . . . And tomorrow you'll hear her joyous voice with a fidelity, a beauty, a true-to-life realism surpassing anything you've known in radio!

This will be lovely Jeanette MacDonald on General Electric FM—the radio with glorious "Natural Color" tone! FM (Frequency Modulation) will be far finer than today's conventional radio. For conventional radio is limited to less than half the complete range of musical tones—it is radio only in "black-and-white."

Listen to General Electric FM, however, and you hear *all* the thrilling beauty of Jeanette MacDonald's voice. You hear the *full, true*, "Natural Color" quality

of her voice and of every instrument in the orchestra. Because FM retains the delicate lacework of vital *overtones*—virtually free from static and station interference.

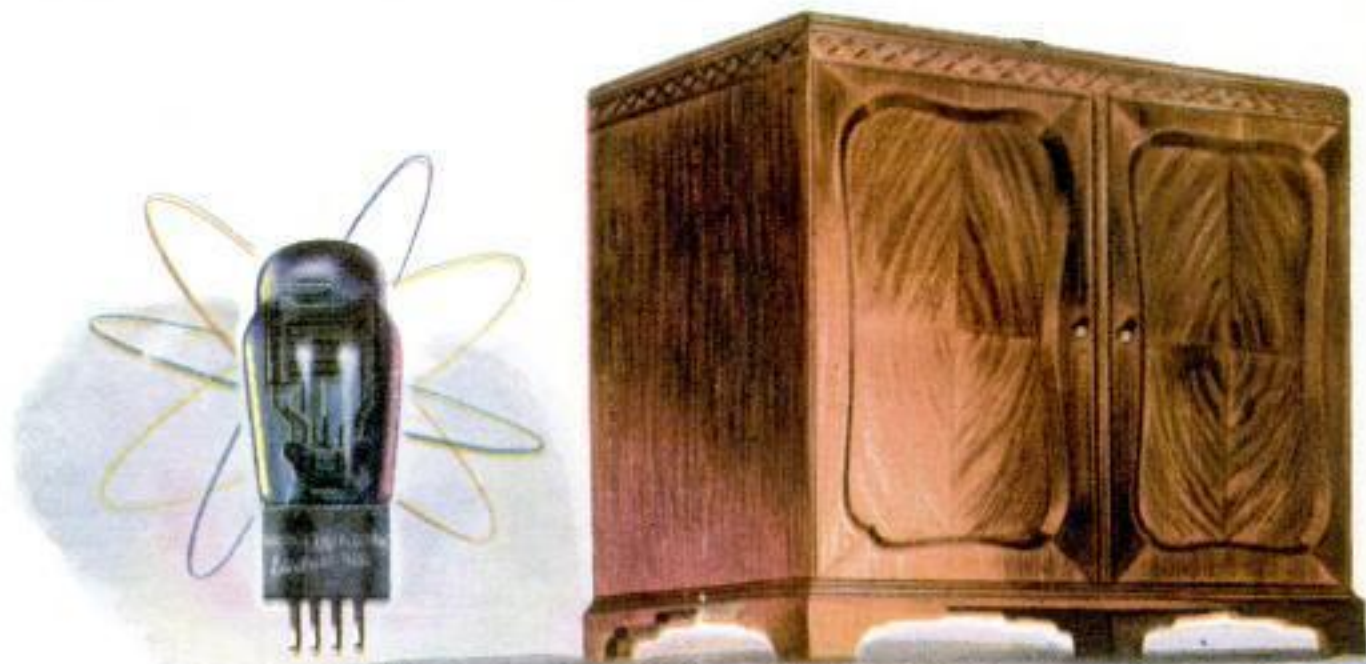
This is General Electric FM . . . the most revolutionary radio development in years! . . . It offers you all the delight and inspiration music was meant to give. It is an instrument well worthy of your after-Victory home.

General Electric built the first FM sets for the public . . . operates its own FM broadcast station . . . and is the only manufacturer to build FM complete, from station equipment to the radio for your home.

This unmatched experience in Frequency Modulation is your assurance that the coming General Electric FM will embody all that's best in radio.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Previews the revolutionary, new General Electric Radio and Television sets. For your free copy mail a postcard request to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument. The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-D1

FM RADIO

A PRODUCT OF G-E ELECTRONIC RESEARCH

Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" News, every weekday, 6:45 p. m. E. W. T. on CBS and the G-E "All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m. E. W. T. on NBC

"Why Mom, a great big woman like you— brushing your teeth without massaging your gums!"



MOM: Well, I like that! Why should I worry about my gums? I keep my *teeth* clean with Ipana!

PEG: Oooh Mom, it's lucky you're not in the third grade! Bet teacher'd make you stay after school 'til you learned all about gum massage—about how your gums need exercise to help keep your teeth healthy.

MOM: Hmmm, they never taught gum massage in my day. Let me in on it, will you, Peggy?

PEG: Honest, Mom, don't you *really* know about soft foods letting gums get tender and flabby, so you should massage 'em every time you brush your teeth . . . and help keep from getting "pink" on your tooth brush?

MOM: And if my tooth brush *does* show some "pink"—what then, teacher?

PEG: Why, *everybody* knows what then—better *see your dentist right away!*

IN CLASSROOMS all over the land, thousands of children are learning the importance of gum massage to sound, bright teeth.

What's more: according to a national survey, 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby gums and safeguard your teeth.

When you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, remember it's a warning signal from your gums to *see your dentist*. As so many dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to wake up circulation in lazy gums. So it's not surprising that a nation-wide survey shows twice as many dentists personally use Ipana Tooth Paste as any other dentifrice. Remember then . . .



Product of Bristol-Myers

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

USE IPANA AND MASSAGE!

Why Can't I Grow Bristles as Good as PROLON?



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Actual Photomicrographs

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush? You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is

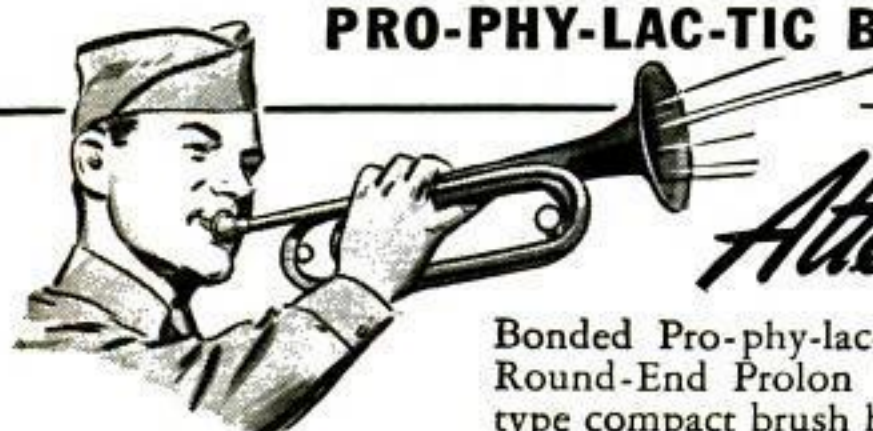
rounded at the ends. It's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

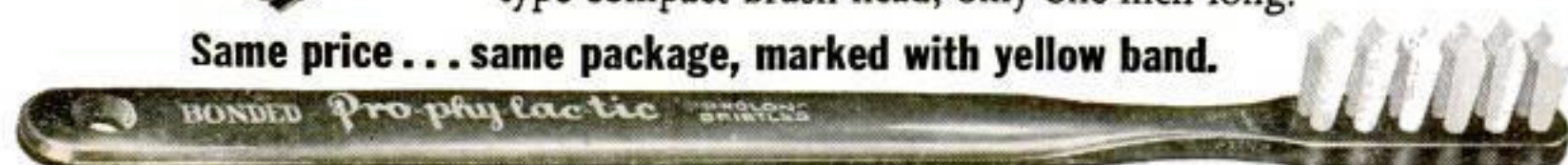
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ONE-DOG MAN

Sirs:

Your article, "Napoleon and Uncle Elby" (LIFE, Dec. 4), in which I was referred to as a chap who doesn't like dogs has resulted in a snowstorm of abusive letters from dog lovers.

When I started drawing my Napoleon comic strip 16 years ago I was fond of dogs. However, during that time I have been cornered by so many maudlin bores who absolutely insisted on telling me all about their little Fifi's and Fido's that, frankly, dogs have lost a great deal of their charm. There are epithets for the man who beats his wife but for the fiend who admits a merely casual interest in dogs English becomes woefully inadequate.

In the enclosed photograph I am sure that the shrillest and most militant dog lover will be softened by the beautiful



THEY LOVE EACH OTHER

light in my eyes as I stroke Rollo, my Newfoundland. I love Rollo and Rollo loves me but neither of us cares much for dogs.

CLIFFORD McBRIDE
Pasadena, Calif.

"A BELL FOR ADANO"

Sirs:

It gave me a great deal of pleasure to read the extracts from *A Bell for Adano* (LIFE, Dec. 18). I am sure that those who overlooked the book when it first was published will be encouraged to read it now that Hersey's style and story have been brought before them. Good journalists often make bad novelists, but Mr. Hersey is a notable exception to that rule.

NANCY EDSON
Haddon Heights, N.J.

Sirs:

I must call your attention to the omission of copyright notice in the excerpts from *A Bell for Adano* by John Hersey. The words "Copyright 1944 by John Hersey" should have appeared there as Mr. Hersey assuredly gave no consent to the use of his material without the proper copyright notice.

ALFRED A. KNOPE, Publisher
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

S. F. B. MORSE

Sirs:

It may be of interest to point out that S.F.B. Morse (LIFE, Dec. 18) was the able son of an able father. J. B. Brissot de Warville, author of *New Travels in the United States of America* (1788), wrote, "I would recommend Morse's *American Geography*. . . . It contains more information relative to the country than all the books ever written in Europe." The author of this geography was Jedediah Morse of Charlestown, Mass. and he was the father of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the artist and inventor.

EDWIN J. HIPKISS, Curator
Museum of Fine Arts
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

It seems about time for Samuel Finley Breese Morse to receive the artistic acclaim he so richly deserves but which has been so slow in coming from his countrymen. I feel sure that Henry James discovered the setting for the first few pages in *The American* from Morse's *Exhibition Gallery of the Louvre*. As for portraits, Romney, Copley, Lawrence and Sargent together have never produced one which so conveyed the essence of a man as does his portrait of the turkey-cock merchant prince, David Curtis De Forest. As they said of Goethe, S.F.B. Morse was "a many-sided master."

BARTLETT SAWYER
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

The source of power for S. F. B. Morse's original telegraph is evidently an old wooden-works clock movement, not "just bits of material."

It is interesting that many clocks powered by similar movements are still running today and keeping reasonably good time, 100 or more years after they were made.

BROOKS PALMER
New York, N. Y.

● Clocks with wooden works were used extensively in America in the early 19th Century.—ED.

INDUCTION HEATING

Sirs:

The article on induction heating (LIFE, Dec. 18) was especially interesting to me, since I anticipated the wide use of the process by inventing an electronic clam opener some eight years ago, the operating secret of which is the use of quick, localized generation of heat. A clam, or oyster, feeling the sensation of a red-hot pin in its adductor muscle, opens its shell to get the license number of the truck, and zut!—the knife goes in without prying the shell.

Strangely enough, although the invention is meant humorously, it has a sound scientific background and there is really such a device which can be manufactured for food processors and restaurant owners. In fact one restaurateur is mad at me because I won't deliver three of them to him immediately.

(continued on p. 4)

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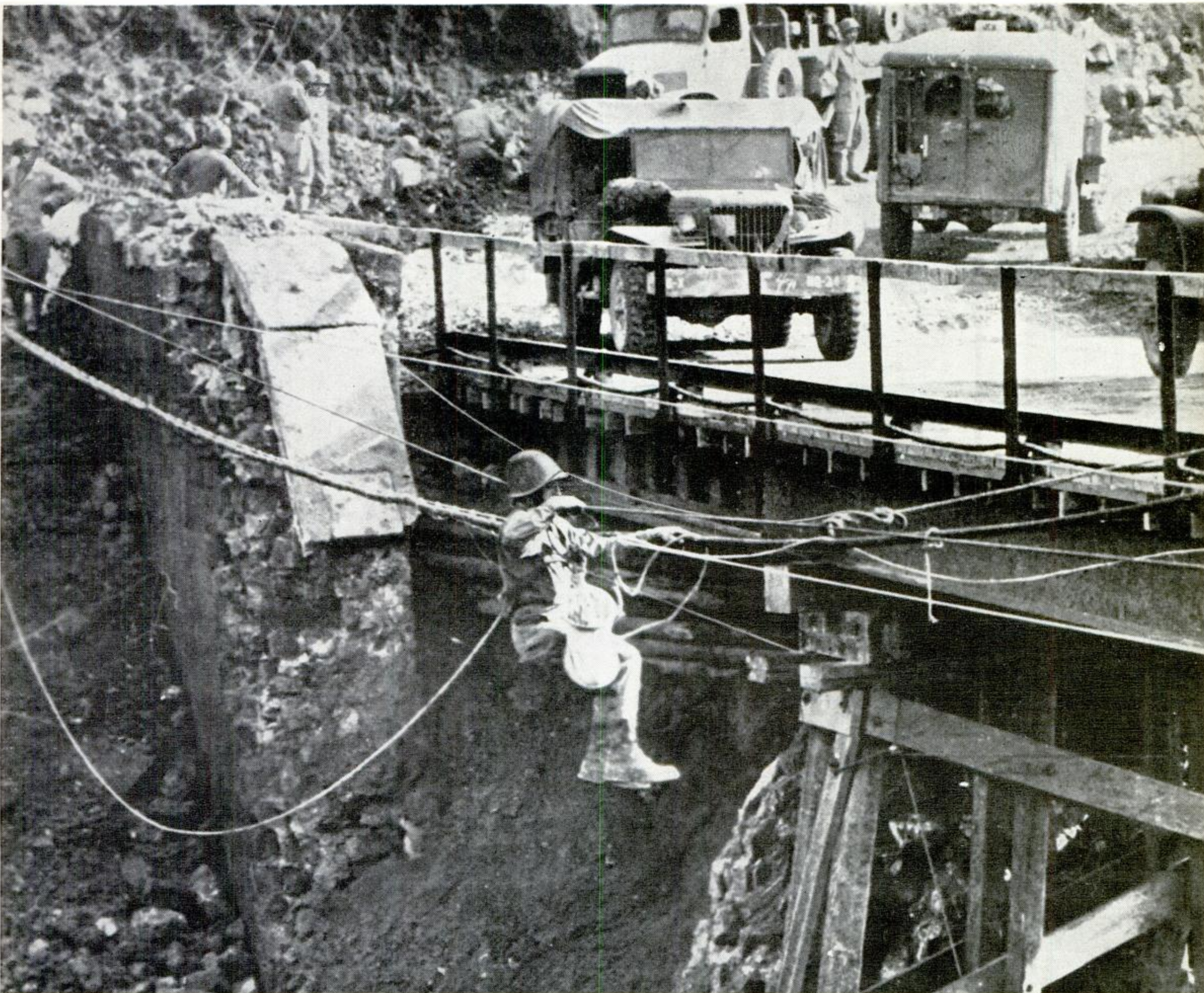
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LIFE
January 8, 1945

Volume 18
Number 2



Members of a Signal Battalion string telephone cable beside bombed bridge. This is the type of work for which the Army needed civilian volunteers

Bell System Cable Splicers Flown to Europe

"Send thirty cable splicers immediately". . . that was the gist of an urgent request from the Army shortly after the Normandy breakthrough.

The men were needed for building communications lines behind the retreating Nazis. Signal Corps forces already there were doing a great job but they needed help — and quick!

Many telephone men volunteered for this emergency overseas duty.

A number were selected, granted leaves of absence, given physical examinations and flown across the Atlantic.

There are 59,000 Bell men and women in uniform. Practically all the Bell System manufacturing facilities are on war work. That's the way we know you'd want it to be — even though it means waiting for home telephones.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR A HOME TELEPHONE *we'd like to thank you for being so patient. You can be sure we are doing everything we can to make the widest possible use of available equipment.*



This One



23BK-UQ8-5LH5



Dry Scalp is nature's danger signal...



help nature give you good-looking hair!



UNRULY HAIR SAYS HELP! . . . Loose dandruff? Lifeless-looking hair? Nature is saying you have Dry Scalp, that the natural oils need help. Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day supply the help your hair needs by supplementing natural scalp oils. Always use as a massage before shampooing, too. Try it. You'll see the benefits in the natural, "just-combed" look of your hair. You'll feel it in your scalp. But insist on 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It contains no harsh, drying ingredients.

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Aside from the fun I have had with the device, it seems the thing is really important, simply because one of the commonest things people do is eat.

RAY HUTCHENS
Editor

Relay
New York, N. Y.

OPENING OF THE OPERA

Sirs:

If Mrs. G. W. Kavanaugh (LIFE, Dec. 18) stood on her tiara at the Met . . . who gives a hoot?

CHARLES DICKINSON
Baltimore, Md.

BON REPOS

Sirs:

We at Neptune Storage have a personal interest in the story of Tommy Manville's house-furnishings sale at Bon Repos (LIFE, Dec. 18) because we conducted the sale itself. It received such widespread attention in the New York press that your readers may be interested in a firsthand recital of some facts surrounding this auction that threatens to end all auctions.

The 1,500 attendance figure you mentioned at the inspection before the sale at Bon Repos was only the beginning. Over the four-day weekend many thousands (we're still counting) jammed New Rochelle's Premium Point to its last geographic bulge and threatened to spill over into Long Island Sound. As the crowd (at 50¢ a head, benefit of the New Rochelle Hospital) filed into Tommy's mansion five abreast in a seemingly endless line, it seemed eager for some vicarious orgy. The larger-than-life-size photo of Billie Boze (Mrs. Manville No. 6) that adorned the foyer



MANVILLE AUCTION

brought a mixed reaction of giggles and grins, the "Beware—Marrying Manville Lives Here" sign over the dining-room doorway brought loud guffaws.

The first day of the sale itself brought more than 1,000 people to the New Rochelle Woman's Club auditorium, some coming two and a half hours before the first session began. Block-buster prices were paid for many items (two now-famous garbage cans brought \$60 each). But that's an auction for you. As the New York Sun's H. I. Phillips pointed out, sentiment is an intangible.

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When you return to civilian life you are still entitled to the full unexpired term of your LIFE subscription at the special military rate.

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INSIDE Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



Meet a man whose life is a nightmare. He's *hunted* by the London police who call him the "Mercy Killer," and *haunted* by the most ruthless gang of terrorists and spies ever let loose on the screen!

Only one person believed in him . . . a warm, beautiful girl who is mistrusted by the same police who want him.

It's two alone, against the terrifying

"MINISTRY OF FEAR"

The Ministers of Fear are specialists in murder, and diabolic experts in intrigue!

They roam London's murky streets to kill, to sabotage and to steal the world's best guarded secret.

Ray Milland outdoes his brilliant job in "The Uninvited" as the hunted and haunted victim of nightmarish terror.



While blonde and breath-taking Marjorie Reynolds is the girl who adores him . . . and lives in fear of more than her life!

Plus the diabolic effect of a fatally beautiful woman, gorgeous Hillary Brooke. She knows who broke the circle at the mysterious seance of death!



It's from the novel by Graham Greene, the famed writer of spy thrillers, and it's directed by Fritz Lang, "acknowledged as one of the great masters of suspense."

The terror, the suspense, the "gun at your head" excitement of "Ministry of Fear" will make you appreciate law and order.

And keep you indoors on dark nights.

Paramount Pictures

(continued on p. 6)

THE EIGHTH DEADLY SIN

IS IT WORSE THAN THE OTHER SEVEN?
WHAT SHALL BE DONE TO WOMEN WHO COMMIT IT?



WHAT shall be done with a beautiful woman who is so insanely jealous that she cannot bear to share any part of a man's love with anyone else or any *thing*? "Leave Her to Heaven" is the answer of Ben Ames Williams in his new best-selling book of that title. It is yours **FREE** if you join the Guild now—but first read about this crafty woman.

Ellen Berent lived to conquer, and stopped at *nothing* to win victory after victory over men, women and even children. She was uncanny in her analysis of human actions and reactions, and used every fair or foul means to bend them to her will. She lied, cheated, and deceived, artfully and skillfully, to attain her ends. To her, the Eighth Deadly Sin meant nothing!

While her own heart beat wildly at her daring, she played upon the heartstrings of others with masterful technique. Her eyes, her lips, her expression gave no hint of her falseness. Diabolically, she even cast suspicion on the innocent victims of her mad jealousy.

Seldom before has such a character been created. Seldom before has such a novel been written. You will be kept in impatient suspense until the very end. You will find yourself completely captivated by Ellen, by Harland, by Danny the crippled younger brother, loving, hating, comforting each as though they were part of your own life.



—AMERICA'S NEW BEST SELLER

Free **Literary Guild**

"Leave Her to Heaven" is more than a great, stirring novel—it is a powerful exposition of the Eighth Deadly Sin. "Will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page" says the New York Times. "Will hold you from start to finish, with your spine crawling like an inch worm and invisible hands massaging your scalp" says the Boston Sunday Post. "Wholly credible portrait of an amoral woman" says the Chicago Sun. It is a story you will long remember and discuss—a story you will be thankful you did not miss. And now you *need not* miss it, for you may obtain a copy absolutely **FREE** with Literary Guild Book Club Membership.

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As a Guild member you receive **FREE** each month the famous Guild magazine, "Wings," which contains

illustrated articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author. "Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely return the accompanying form, which notifies the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, you let it come automatically for your approval. "Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it keeps you informed of new publications by reviewing about 30 other new books.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

Guild service will start and your free copy of "Leave Her to Heaven" will be sent you immediately upon acceptance of your free membership. As a new member you can now buy any of the following recent Guild selections for only \$2.00 each. If desired, please indicate on coupon.

The Razor's Edge, by W. Somerset Maugham.
(Publisher's Price, \$2.75)

Green Dolphin Street, By Elizabeth Goudge.
(Publisher's Price, \$3.00)

Anna and the King of Siam, By Margaret Landon.
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Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "Leave Her To Heaven" absolutely **FREE**. I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine, "Wings," and all other membership privileges, including bonus books. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publishers' edition) within a year.

If you wish, you may have as your first selection any one of the following books for only \$2.00. Just check the box preceding the title.

☐ Earth and High Heaven ☐ Green Dolphin Street
☐ Anna and the King of Siam ☐ The Razor's Edge

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____ (Please Print)

Street and No. _____

City _____ Zone No. _____
(if any) State _____

Occupation _____ Age, if Under 21, _____
Slightly higher in Canada; 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK



A mighty good friend to have around!

HE's up there, high in the sky, a brave, fast-flying little fighter, picking off the enemies of the lumbering bomber below . . . a friend indeed in a great adventure.

In the little emergencies of home Listerine Antiseptic is that kind of a friend—one that looks out for you, watches over you, and pitches in and helps you when you need it most.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always handy in your medicine kit. There will be countless times when you will be thankful for the quick, business-like way it attacks threatening germs.

For more than 60 years it has

been a dependable first-aid in situations where rapid antiseptic action with complete safety was the prime requirement.

Aside from this, remember its wonderful test record in combating colds and sore throat. Tests made over a period of 12 years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Yes, indeed, Listerine Antiseptic is a good friend to have around any time . . . doubly so in an emergency.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

**THE DELIGHTFUL FIRST-AID
WITH QUICK GERM-KILLING POWER**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

After all, how interesting is a grandfather's clock, ceiling price and all, when it has told the time to only one wife? Other and more valuable items (gold dresser sets, a 328-piece sterling silver flatware set) went for substantially less than their true value.

Up until the OPA took formal notice of the proceedings, the entire auction was as giddy as any party LIFE ever went to. The last session of the sale, wrapped in legalistic tension, was a somber affair.

Life within the Manville aura is a wondrous thing indeed. Quietly, and a little sadly, we say farewell to the front paces and the gorgeous notoriety and return to our wives (only one each!) and our work-a-day world, leaving the Master of Bon Repos with 29 empty rooms with picture windows looking out on a lot of wind-swept water.

SEYMOUR FOGELSON
Asst. Vice President

Neptune Storage Co.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Sirs:

My congratulations to LIFE for its pictures of the auction at Tommy Manville's house. In days plagued by news of robot bombs, vitamin pills, dandruff removers and other such phantasmagoria of the scientific mind, it is possible to see, in the personal mementos of a man who has spent his adult life in nothing more serious than the mad pursuit of pretty girls, that the world has not completely gone to pot.

RICHARD DODGE

New York, N.Y.

MOVIE BUTLER

Sirs:

As one who has devoted a happy lifetime to domestic service, I should like to take violent issue with LIFE in its reprehensible action of further building up the myth that the Arthur Treacher one sees in the cinema is indeed the apotheosis of a good butler ("Movie Butler Sells Self for War Bonds," LIFE, Dec. 18). In the first place, whoever wrote the story is under the delusion that "butler" and "valet" are interchangeable terms. A valet is a gentleman's personal servant. He is charged with keeping his master's clothes in press, laying out his clothes for the day, shaving him, assisting him to recover from the effects of riotous evenings and generally in making him more presentable to the world than he would be if left to his own devices. A butler, on the other hand, is chief of the household and always addressed as "Mister" by the other servants. He is the guardian of the family cellar and, traditionally, is charged with keeping the family silver clean. He is the emissary of his mistress in delicate social matters and is expected to keep her children in line by spanking them if they should forget their manners. Second, Mr. Treacher, who "insulted" his master's guests, is behaving very badly. Any guest must be treated with a deferent courtesy; only to the family he serves does a good butler act with truculence—and then only when they have disappointed him by behaving badly in public or in private. It can fairly be said that few of the great English or American families would ever have become well-bred without the example of their servants to spur them on. Third, in three pictures Mr. Treacher is shown in a morning coat (very out-of-date) and unshined shoes (never). He is not wearing sock suspenders (or "garters," as they are sometimes called), which is incomprehensible; and he is wearing white socks. I do not wish to be stuffy, but this is *not done*. Mr. Treacher could well use the ministrations of a valet and butler himself.

PHILIP CURRIE
New York, N.Y.

(continued on p. 8)

Private Property



Let Johnny have his private CHAP STICK. He'll prize it, use it—if it's his very own. Especially medicated—especially comforting.

CHAP STICK for chapped lips

Sandpaper Lips



When you wake up in the morning with parched, scratchy lips . . . make a dive for soothing, smoothing CHAP STICK.

CHAP STICK for dry lips

Auto Lips



"Wind, dust and weather. That's what you get plenty of in a jeep. And CHAP STICK does the trick when my lips are in trouble."

CHAP STICK for parched lips



CHAP STICK . . . a best seller for chapped lips. A boon companion to men at war. A trouble-shooter for the lips of millions in all walks of life. After exposure to heat or cold—sun, wind or weather . . . Use CHAP STICK! It keeps lips fit.

Copr. 1945



On sale at drug counters
only 25c

KEEPS LIPS FIT



It's the story of guys like Alan,
Pinky and Irving!



Of girls like Dorothy, Helen and Ruth!



A Christmas party in the South Pacific
...like one back home!



The swellest kids you ever knew... what
they do... and talk about!



Danger... love... heroism... all told to
the rousing ring of song and laughter!

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20th

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with

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Sgt. Mark Daniels • Jo-Carroll Dennison • Cpl. Don Taylor • Judy Holliday
Cpl. Lee J. Cobb • T/Sgt. Peter Lind Hayes • Cpl. Alan Baxter

*Nothing like it
ever before on land
...on sea...in the air
and on the screen!*

MOSS HART'S

Winged Victory

HERE IT COMES! "OUT OF
THE WILD BLUE YONDER"
STRAIGHT INTO YOUR HEART!
THE STORY OF THE ARMY
AIR FORCES... IN TRAINING
... IN COMBAT... IN LOVE!

IT ROARS TO THE
SCREEN... DIRECT FROM
THE BROADWAY AND
HOLLYWOOD SMASH!

PRODUCED BY

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

DIRECTED BY

GEORGE CUKOR

Stage
and Screen
Play by
Moss Hart

What Happened

WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lial Eddy of Oklahoma City—and she did!

"WHEN YOU'RE only 24 and weigh 164, you're pretty unhappy. For a long time I had wanted to do something about it. When my husband left for boot camp training, I had a sudden inspiration. This was my chance to take the DuBarry Success Course! I kept it a secret, even from my friends. But I didn't have to tell them *something* was happening to me. "I had lost 20 pounds when my husband was transferred to a nearby camp and came home on a short leave. The morning I met him at the train was one of the happiest of my life. I was proud of my new figure, my new make-up and the smart new clothes I was able to wear. And the look on his face was my reward! Only a woman could understand the thrill of that moment!"

Today, instead of 164, Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, just right for her five feet seven and a half inches. Her rich red hair glows with a new lustre. Her skin is radiant. And she has the charm and poise that come with knowing she is a lovely woman.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for *every* woman, overweight or not!" says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person. More important than the change in my appearance is the change in my mental attitude. Life is rosier by far than when I enrolled for the Course. Now it seems all my friends want to take it!"

What Happened To Mrs. Eddy

	Before	After	Change
Weight	164	130	-34
Height	5'7"	5'7½"	+½"
Bust	39	36	-3
Waist	30	26¼	-3¾
Abdomen	38	31½	-6½
Hips	39	34½	-4½
Thigh	22½	21	-1½



Above — Mrs. Lial Eddy when her husband joined the Navy. At right — The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.



HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends, surprise a home-coming husband or sweetheart? More than 160,000 women and girls have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to beauty—to needed energy for war-time living. You get an analysis of your needs, then learn how to bring your weight to normal, remodel your figure, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Send this coupon or write at once for your copy of the book "Fit and Fair—Top-to-Toe!". It will bring you the full story of what this Course can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

Accepted For Advertising in Publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course you receive a Chest of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

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Dept. SN-25, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss _____
Mrs. _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone No., _____
if any

State _____

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

LENA'S LITTER

Sirs:

Contrary to the practice of a great many of your readers, I did not even try to count the number of puppies in the picture of Lena and her litter (LIFE, Dec. 18). I am perfectly willing to take your word for it that there are 23 pups and, any way you look at it, that is a lot of dogs.

MRS. EDWARD GROSSMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

How about the name "Skidoo" for the 23rd pup born to Lena?

MRS. M. E. SWANSON
Woodbury, N. J.

● Good idea but, as is the custom, all the names must begin with "L," first letter of the dam's name.—ED.

Sirs:

How come Lena is solid color while the puppies are all spotted? I am a breeder of English setters and pointers



SIRE "CALL"

and I know that all puppies of this breed show markings similar to their parents.

J. HOMER HEISEY
Manheim, Pa.

● All the puppies look like their sire, Call, a Penn-Marydel hound who is white, black and tan.—ED.

SURPLUS PROPERTY

Sirs:

LIFE's editorial on Surplus Property (LIFE, Dec. 18) was well done. I'm glad you showed the responsibilities of the Smaller War Plants Corporation under the act.

However, I don't get the "inefficient" angle—I just don't understand. There is nothing inefficient about wide distribution and strong protection of little business. That benefits the market and economy and our system of government. But any fair statement is O.K. with me and on the whole it was very good.

MAURY MAVERICK
Chairman

Smaller War Plants Corporation
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

In your Surplus Property editorial you quote Jefferson as follows: "I am conscious that an equal division of property is impracticable." Will you please be kind enough to tell me where that statement can be found?

E. W. NAPIER
Wichita Falls, Texas

● The quotation, which can be found in Jefferson's collected writings, comes from a letter written to James Madison in 1785.—ED.

WARNING- Watch Out for Sniffly, Sneezy Head Colds!



SPECIAL

DOUBLE-DUTY NOSE DROPS
Now Helping Thousands

Head colds can cause much suffering, so do not neglect them. Treat them seriously and do as thousands of people are doing. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol—the specialized medication—that does two vitally important things:

Helps prevent many colds from developing if used at the first warning sniffle or sneeze.

Promptly relieves sneezy, sniffly, stuffy distress of head colds. Makes breathing easier.

By keeping a bottle of double-duty Va-tro-nol handy—ready to use when needed—you may save yourself from a great deal of distress. Try it! Follow directions in folder.

**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing, help loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its famous poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep. **VICKS VAPORUB**

Gems worth boasting about!



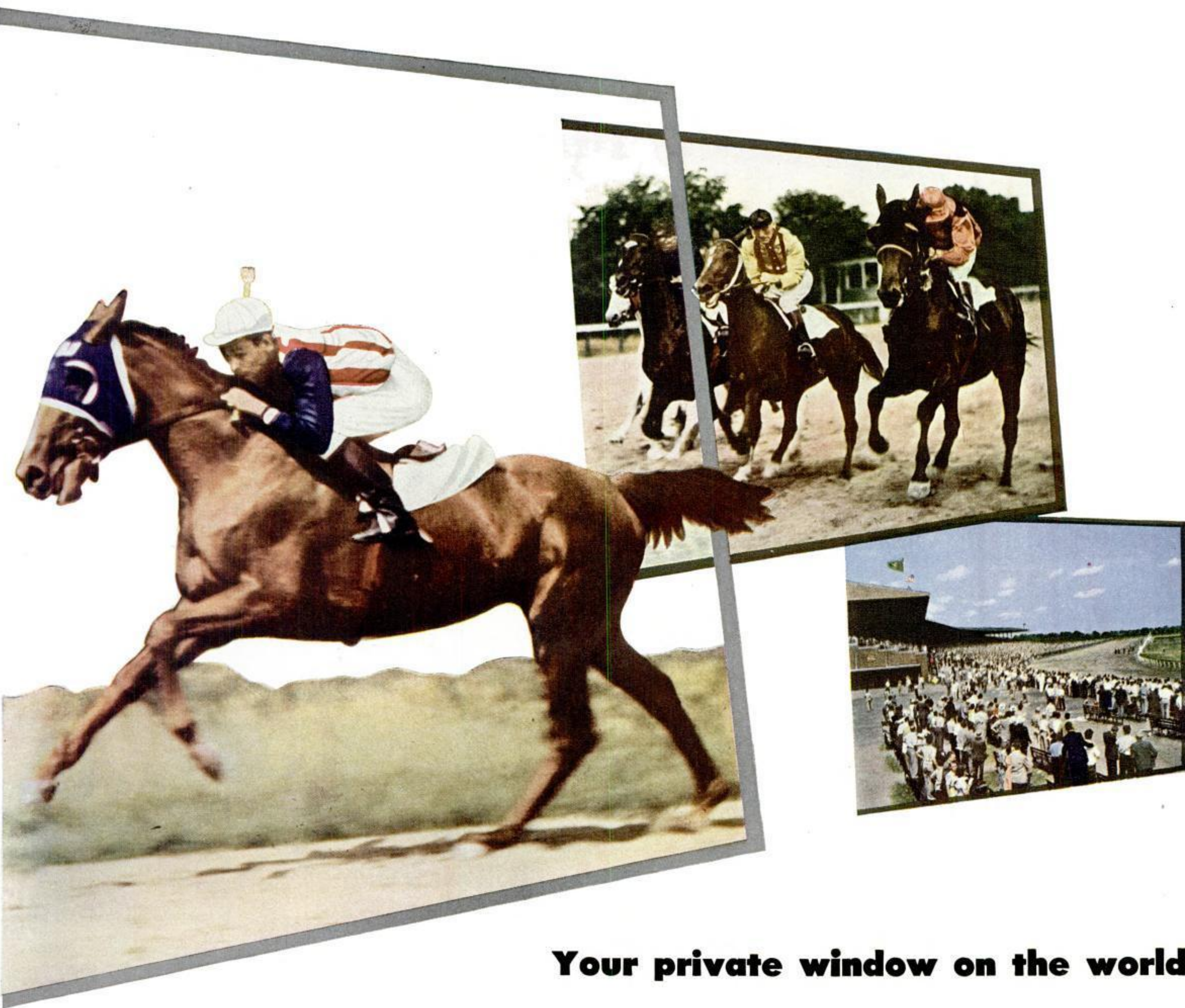
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OF CHICAGO

REGINA KNIT SPORTSWEAR CO., CHICAGO



Your private window on the world

IN THE coming age of television, your home will be a stage where famous personalities act their greatest hours. On your television receiver—like a magic window with a world-wide view—you'll watch and hear sports, entertainment and news events *while they are taking place!*

The Farnsworth laboratories that bring you the pleasures of superb phonograph and radio will be ready with the newest magic of all—*electronic television.*

Finer Capeharts and new Farnsworth phonograph-radios and radios will come, after the war, from the Farnsworth factories that now hum with production of Radar, military radios and other highly scientific electronic equipment.

Tomorrow's models will take advantage of wartime discoveries with even better record reproduction and radio reception. Many will include interference-free FM reception, dependable, time-proven

record-changers that provide hours of entertainment of your own selection without attention.

You will choose from a rich selection of cabinet styles and sizes, from the modestly priced Farnsworth instruments to magnificent Capeharts. And each one, creation of the distinguished Farnsworth engineering staff, will reflect the very finest quality at its price. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

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Television · Radio · Phonographs
FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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★ Social Aspects of ★

★ Business ★

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It is misleading to envisage a great enterprise as a private institution.

A corporation, owned by tens of thousands of stockholders, is private only in a very special and technical legal sense.



Take Armour and Company, for example; during the fiscal year 1943, it redistributed more than twelve times as much of its total receipts from its customers, to government in taxes, and to labor in wages and salaries, as it accumulated in net earnings for its stockholders.

Far from representing a special interest, business constitutes the services of supply of the American people in war and in peace.

Business is the mechanism through which breadwinners earn their living by making and exchanging goods.

Prosperity, resulting from a balanced economy, yields a high level of employment and a plateau of material wellbeing for 35 million American families.

Business provides, in time of peace, the material foundations for fulfilling the human hope for rising living standards.

Gracious living persists the year round. Armour and Company has seen to that through applying refrigeration in the handling and transportation of fresh meats. This method changed the eating habits of the whole nation by supplementing the ordinary summer diet of cured meats with fresh meats.



For exceedingly small rewards (in 1943, 1c on each dollar of sales or 1/6 of a cent per pound of product) Armour serves not only one seventh of the nation's consumers with a dependable supply of quality products made available in the principal retail markets at decreasing cost, but it also provides a way of life for many families on the farms and in the cities. Armour constitutes a daily cash market on which the nation's livestock producers can sell a substantial part of the meat animals they produce. Armour also makes available jobs, at going rates of pay as steady as can be found in any fundamental industry, for many thousands of men and women.

And in addition to performing this important task, the modern corporation takes on additional functions.

For example, it acts as tax collector for government—national, state and local.

By way of illustration, Armour and Company in 1943 received from its customers in the selling prices of its products the sum of \$33,252,020 which the company redistributed in taxes to help defray the cost of the war and the regular running expenses of government.

Hubert H. H. H. H.

President, Armour and Company

Seventh of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

Armour's Star on this sweet, tender ham promises you the pick of the pack

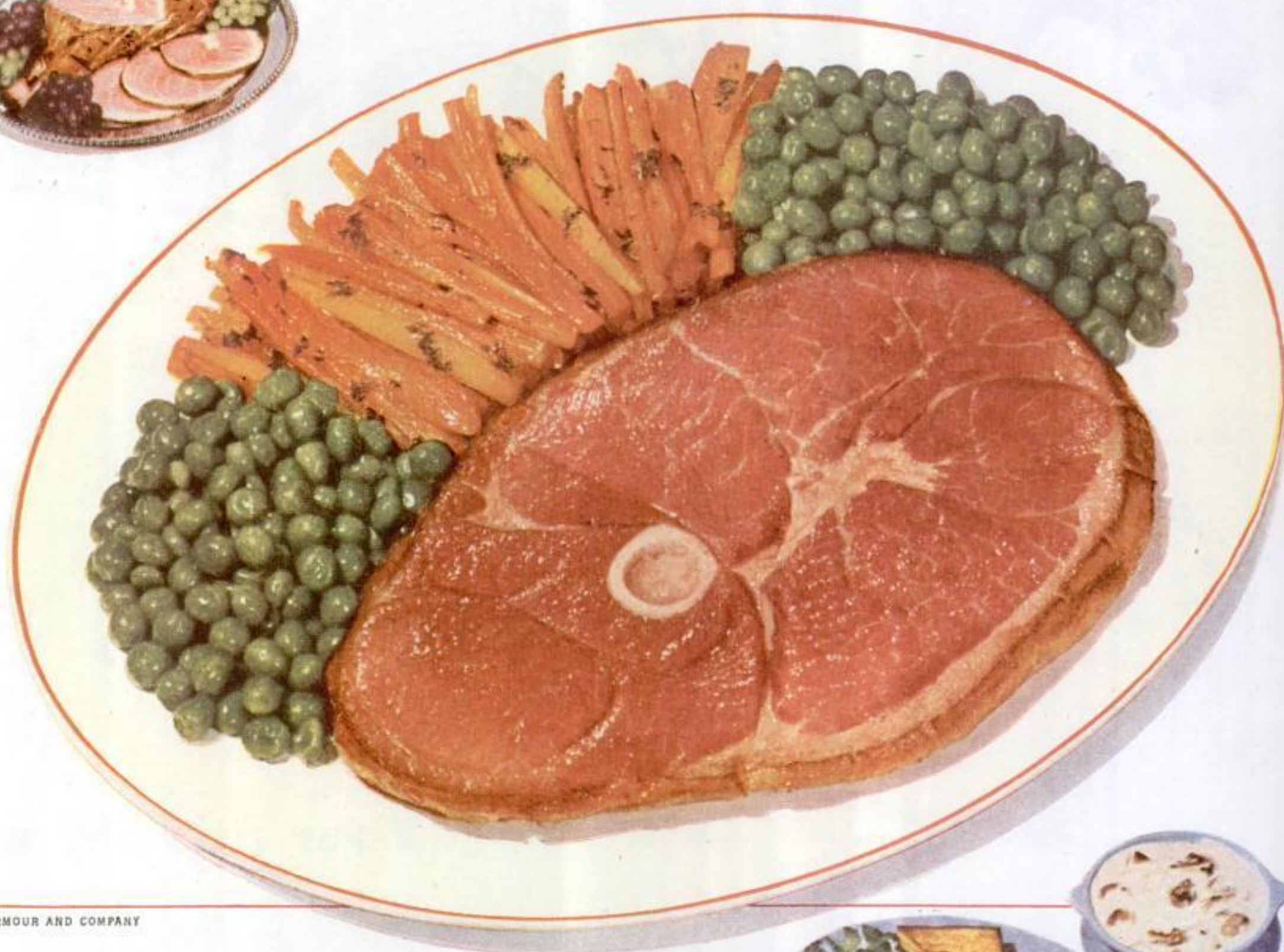


Mild and mellow . . . sweet and tender . . . fine ham is a real treat! And that's what each Armour's Star Ham is!

For these hams are carefully chosen—the pick of Armour's great pack. They are selected as the hams that promise the proper marbling, finest texture and juiciest meat. Then sugar-curing and fragrant

smoking over hickory and hardwood fires brings out their wonderful flavor and increases their tenderness.

Always buy the best—buy Armour's Star Ham. Here Armour shows you two delicious ways to serve this pick-of-the-pack ham. Save the recipes! They are easy to use . . . and especially good.



© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Fried Armour's Star Ham with Glazed Carrots and Peas

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 center slice of Armour's Star Ham
cut 1/2 inch thick (about 3/4 lb.) | 1/4 cup brown sugar |
| 1 can peas or 1 package frozen peas | 2 tbsps. corn syrup |
| 4 medium carrots | 2 tbsps. water |
| 2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or
Mayflower Margarine | 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
or fresh mint |

Slash fat edge of Armour's Star Ham to prevent curling. Have frying pan moderately hot, place ham in pan and fry slowly for 4 minutes to the side. Serve with buttered peas and glazed carrots. To make glazed carrots, cut into long, thin strips. Cook until almost tender in boiling, salted water. Glaze in syrup made from butter, sugar, corn syrup and water cooked until clear in color. Sprinkle parsley or mint over top.

Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, every Monday Night
over CBS. See Local Papers for Time.

ARMOUR
and Company



French Fried Armour's Star Ham Salad Sandwiches

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1 cup ground, cooked Armour's
Star Ham | 1 Cloverbloom Egg,
slightly beaten |
| 1/4 cup finely chopped celery | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper | 8 slices buttered
bread |
| 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing | |

Combine Armour's Star Ham, celery, green pepper and mayonnaise and spread between 2 slices bread. Remove crusts and cut cornerwise. Combine eggs and milk, dip sandwiches in mixture and fry until brown in a small amount of Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine. Serve with mushroom sauce. To make mushroom sauce, add 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms which have been browned for 5 minutes in a little butter, to 1 cup seasoned white sauce. 4 servings.

Help Fight Infantile Paralysis
January 14-31

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tender as his



feel wonderful
as his



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cool Ingram
shave...



● Man... listen what Ingram does to make shaving a breeze! Bursts into billows of whisker-wilting lather *fast!* Helps condition your skin for shaving. Cools and soothes burns and stings. And then... that refreshing Ingram coolness lingers! Treat yourself to a fresh-feeling face tomorrow. Get Ingram Shaving Cream today.



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SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

The head covering worn by Leslie Venable is a hand-crocheted triangular scarf crossed in front and fastened with two crochet buttons. It is one of many Greta Plattray crochet items now being sold by fashionable stores throughout the country. For additional crochet designs see pages 65-66. Leslie Venable is a little (5 ft. 3 in.), soft-spoken model from Venable Station, Va. She is 24 years old and has been modeling two years.

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The shirts have Reliance patented elbow-action safety sleeves, strain-proof yoke and convenient watch or cigarette pocket.

Better stores everywhere feature BIG YANKS. At times they may not be able to supply you quickly, for so much Reliance production goes to our armed forces.

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

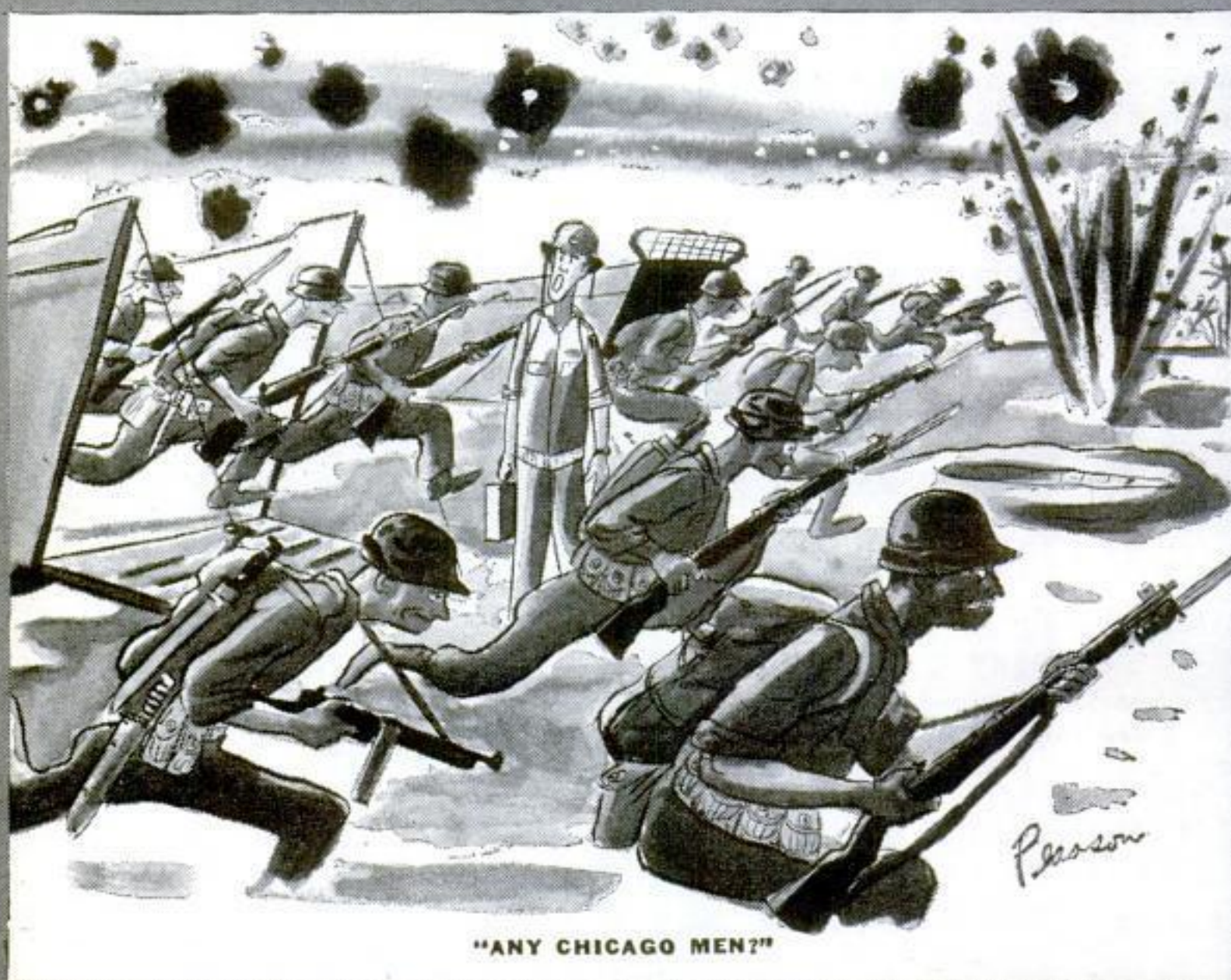
. . . A SOLDIER CARTOONIST KIDS WAR CORRESPONDENTS



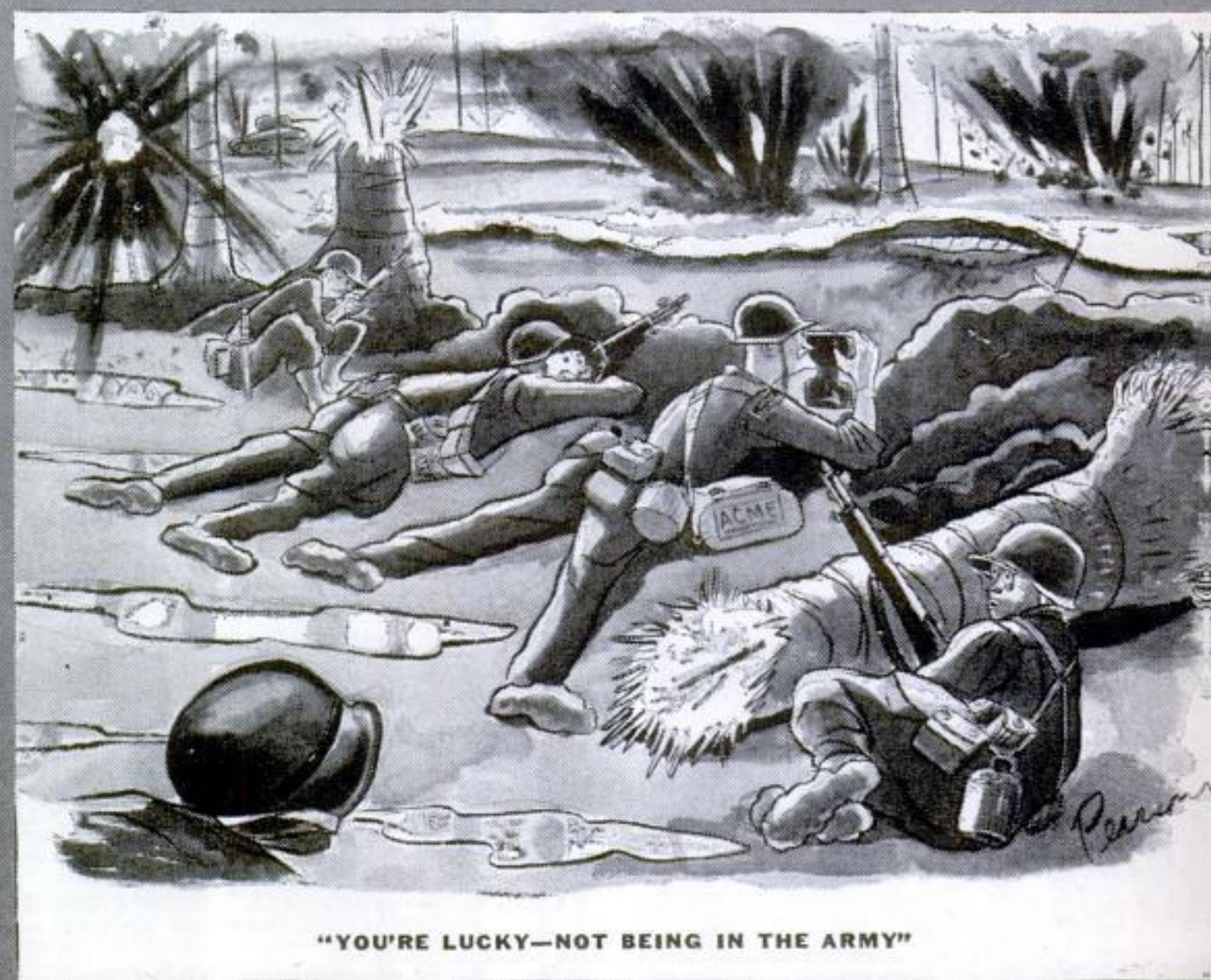
"FIFTEEN IS NOT ENOUGH. AP FOUND A GUERRILLA WHO KILLED 20"



"COULD YOU TELL ME IF THERE'S A CORRESPONDENT HERE FROM THE SAUK CENTER HERALD?"



"ANY CHICAGO MEN?"



"YOU'RE LUCKY—NOT BEING IN THE ARMY"

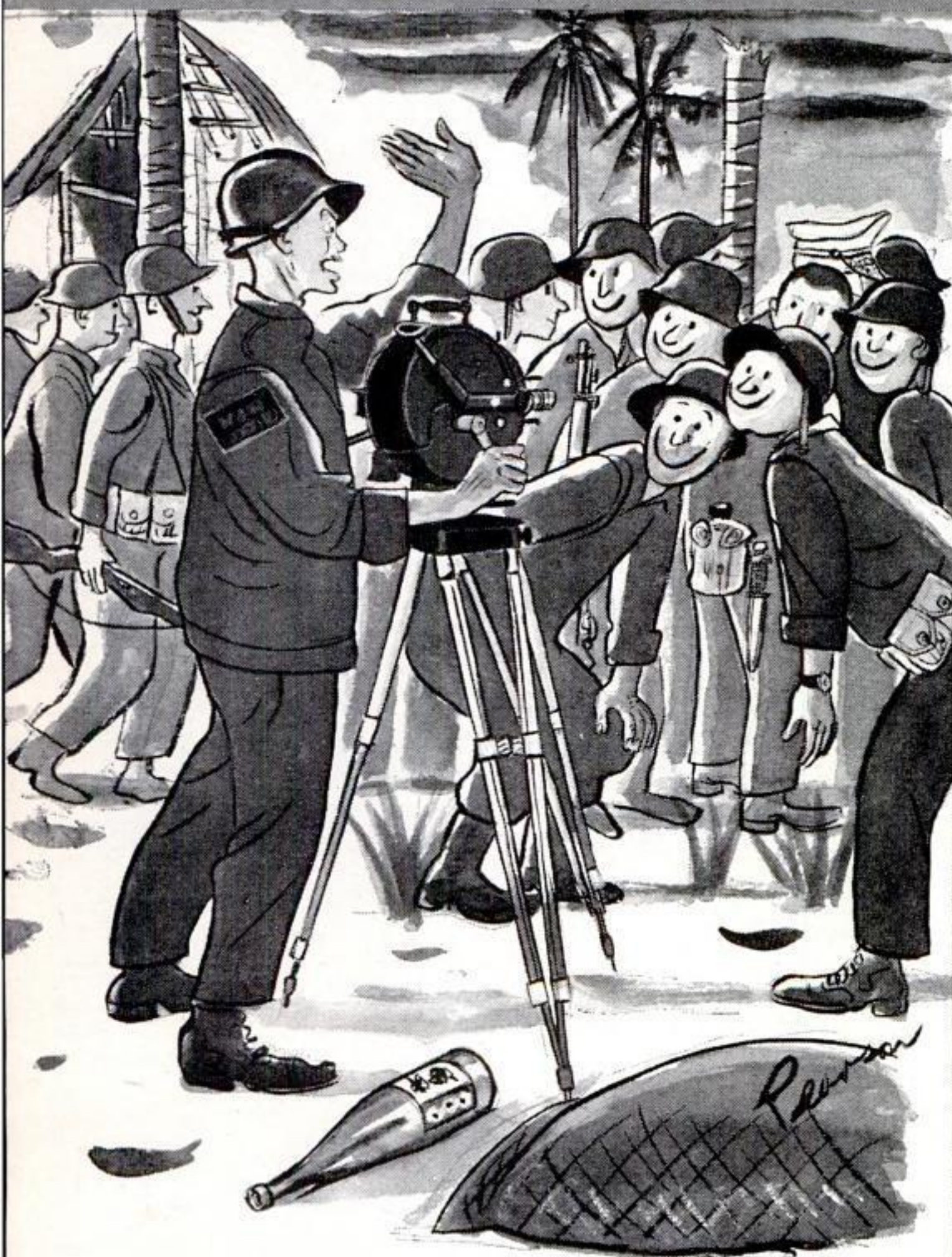
Soldiers, who find very little humor in war, often think the newspaper and magazine correspondents who travel with them are very funny. This is mainly because they see correspondents incredibly working at a civilian job in the midst of battle. In a way this is one of the few contacts which soldiers have with the strange, far-off world where the prob-

lems of life are not exactly problems of life and death.

These cartoons, drawn by *Yank's* Sgt. Charles D. Pearson in the Philippines, show some of the things correspondents do that make soldiers laugh. Many of them also depict real newsmen, such as LIFE Photographer W. Eugene Smith (*bottom, right*).

Like most jokes about war, jokes about war cor-

respondents are funny only in a bitter way. Most correspondents are very serious men trying to strike a balance between the needs of a civilian press and the realities of war. In the course of this difficult job, 54 American and British war correspondents have been killed, a casualty rate which is probably higher than that of any other group of men in uniform.



"PLEASE—JUST THE GENERAL"



"YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN TOWN.
THERE WERE A COUPLE OF SWELL GHQ HANDOUTS"



"NOW I SUPPOSE HE'LL WRITE
ANOTHER EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF A BOMBING RAID"



"NOT YET! WAIT UNTIL THE LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER IS READY"



6 A.M....you heave a sigh!

HOW COME? What's giving you the early-morning dumps? Have you forgotten about Sal Hepatica? If what

you need is a laxative — take a sparkling, refreshing glass of Sal Hepatica before you do another thing!



8 A.M....you all but fly!

THINGS HUM! You're going at the job full tilt! Good you took Sal Hepatica. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour... brings quick, easy relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity... and helps

turn a sour stomach sweet again, too. *Reminder:* 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a survey, recommend this famous saline laxative. *Suggestion:* try Sal Hepatica next time you need a laxative.

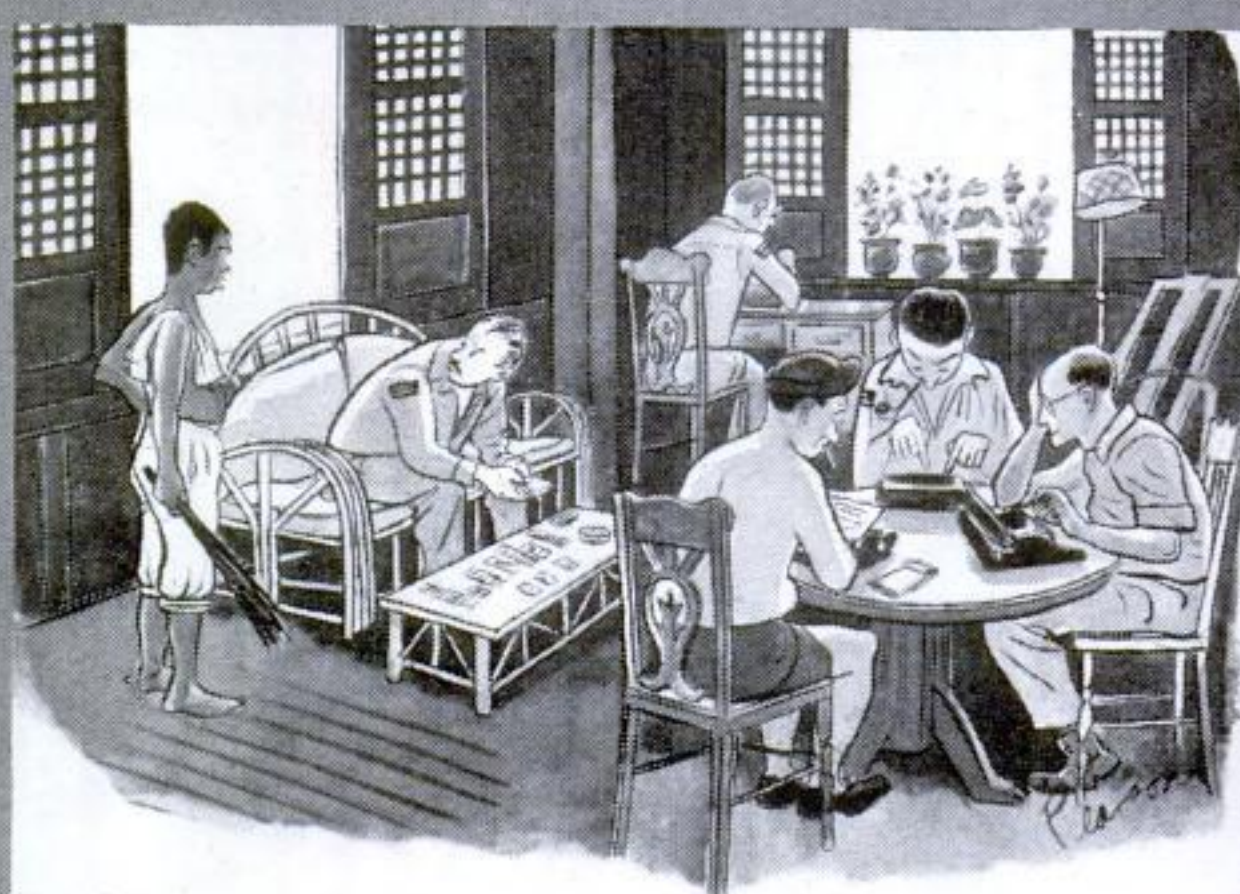
**Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA**

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

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"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., E.W.T.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



"YOU NOT GOING TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES, TOO, SEER?"



"REMEMBER NOW, I'M THE FIRST CORRESPONDENT INTO CAPOOCAN"



"THIS IS GOING TO BE A HELL OF A PLACE TO TRY TO MAKE UP LOSSES IN YOUR EXPENSE ACCOUNT"



"My dearest three..."

A gentle young wife. Two tousle-headed kiddies. This Dresden-china trio is the dynamo that powers the toughest Marine in the outfit.

Don't let *your* fighting man down; don't relax *your* war efforts. Our heartening victories do not mean that shortages are over. Textiles, for instance—particularly sheets—will continue to be scarce. So coax every last bit of wear out of the sheets you have,

and when at last it becomes necessary to replace them, buy wisely.

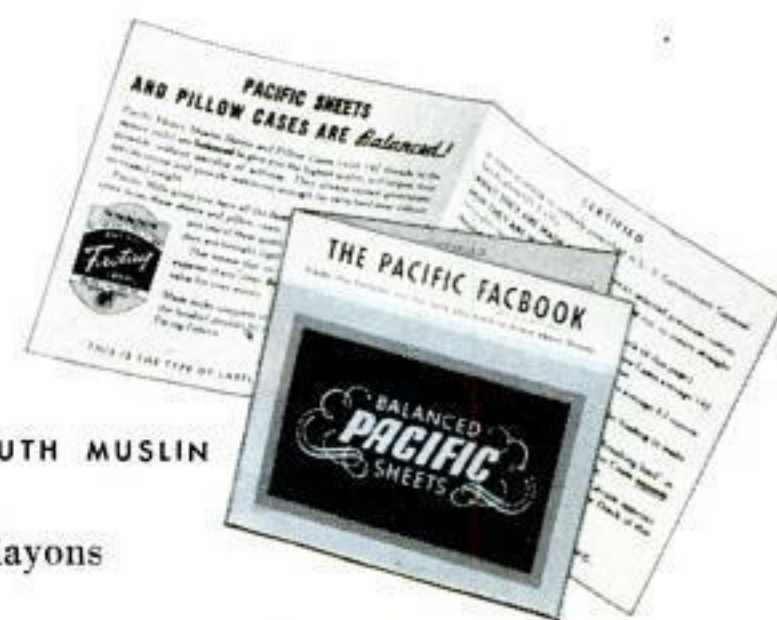
Look for the best possible combination of desired qualities at the lowest price. Look for *Pacific* Sheets, in which smoothness, softness, whiteness, firmness and strength are skilfully *balanced* to give you the utmost in service and comfort.

They're at better stores everywhere, identified by the Pacific Facbook. Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York 13.

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In Pineapple **LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION**

● Here's pineapple as the Islanders know it: peak flavor ripeness . . . real *fresh* fruit tang! The two elusive qualities in pineapple, always so difficult to capture in a can!

Next time you turn out Libby's golden slices or pour a glassful of Libby's sunny juice, notice the fresh fruit *fragrance*. Then taste . . . *critically*.

Never any too-sweet sweetness with Libby's! Instead, the full, natural goodness that comes only from fruit picked at the very peak of ripeness.

Have some of this glorious fruit soon . . . a *special* treat these days. In buying, see the name, "Libby's", to make sure of peak flavor ripeness in both pineapple slices and refreshing juice. In fact,

when buying *any* canned fruit it's always smart to look to Libby's—for *perfection*!

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PINEAPPLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE

WHERE FOODS GROW FINEST . . . THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Ogden M. Pleissner, who painted the pictures of the St. Lô breakthrough on pages 46-52, is regarded as one of America's most skilled water-colorists as well as a fine artist in oils. A native New Yorker, he had won a considerable reputation as a painter of fishing scenes and of Western landscapes when LIFE commissioned him to record the crucial Normandy assault. He flew to England and back, spending three months there and in the Normandy sector at the front.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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4—OSMUND LE VINCES JR.
8—HAROLD CARTER
12, 13, 14—All cartoons by CHARLES D. PEARSON
17—PAUL JULEY
19—U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY
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20—A. P. WIREPHOTO from U. S. SIGNAL CORPS RADIO
21, 22—Maps by ANTHONY SODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN
23—U. S. SIGNAL CORPS RADIO from INT.
25—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
26, 27—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
28, 29—AAF PHOTO, PACIFIC OCEAN AREA
30—GEORGE LACKS *exc. L. H. HAL MOU-*
LIN—LOS ANGELES TIMES
31—GEORGE LACKS
32—DMITRI KESSEL
35—HAROLD CARTER
36—HAROLD CARTER—HAROLD CARTER—
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38—HAROLD CARTER—WALLACE KIRK-

LAND—HAROLD CARTER
41—WALTER SANDERS
42—Rt. WALTER SANDERS—rt. WALTER SANDERS—WHITE STUDIO, WALTER SANDERS
44—WALTER SANDERS
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56—CULVER SERVICE
57—A. P.
63—JERRY COOKE-PIX
65, 66—NINA LEEN-PIX
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73—RALPH CRANE—WARNER BROS.
74 through 77—RALPH CRANE from B. S.
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82—DAVID E. SCHERMAN
87—ACME
90—ROBERT DOISNEAU—ALLIANCE
93—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT-PIX
94—HERBERT GEHR
95—PHILIPPE HAIMAN
96, 97—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT-PIX
98 through 100—JERRY COOKE-PIX

ABBREVIATIONS: *exc.*, EXCEPT; *rt.*, RIGHT; *T.*, TOP; *A. P.*, ASSOCIATED PRESS; *B. S.*, BLACK STAR; *INT.*, INTERNATIONAL



How we retired on an income that will last as long as we live!

To Men and Women Who Want Lifelong Security

ONE DAY a few years ago Ted, the postman, gave me an important-looking letter. "Looks like a check," he said.

And a check it was—for \$150. When I got another check the next month, he was obviously curious.

"This check," I explained, "is my retirement income—mine and Kay's. These checks will keep coming every month as long as we live. And all because Kay is a far-sighted woman."

"Far-sighted?"

"Yes, Ted. When I was in my forties, Kay began thinking about the time when we'd be older, when maybe I'd be tired of working so hard. She said, 'Harry, I'm worried about our future. We haven't saved much. We haven't got security. You're a wonderful provider, but we're spending money as fast as it comes in. Let's do something about it!'

"Well, sir, I started putting money away each month and for a while it looked as if we were getting somewhere. But things came up and the savings didn't grow very fast.

"Then I thought about securities and bought a few shares that looked good. I was about to buy more, when the market nose-dived.

"Kay and I became discouraged. And then

one day we heard about the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The minute we saw this Plan, we knew it was just what we needed. It showed how we could get a retirement income, beginning when I reached 60. And it wasn't just an income for me alone. The Plan actually guaranteed an income for both Kay and me as long as either of us lived!

"I began using that Plan. I invested a portion of my earnings in it each year. And now, Kay and I are getting a retirement income.

"We have the things we want—security for both of us, the opportunity to relax, to live fully and well. We can laugh at worries. We can be sure of comfort and happiness in the years ahead—with an income guaranteed for life."

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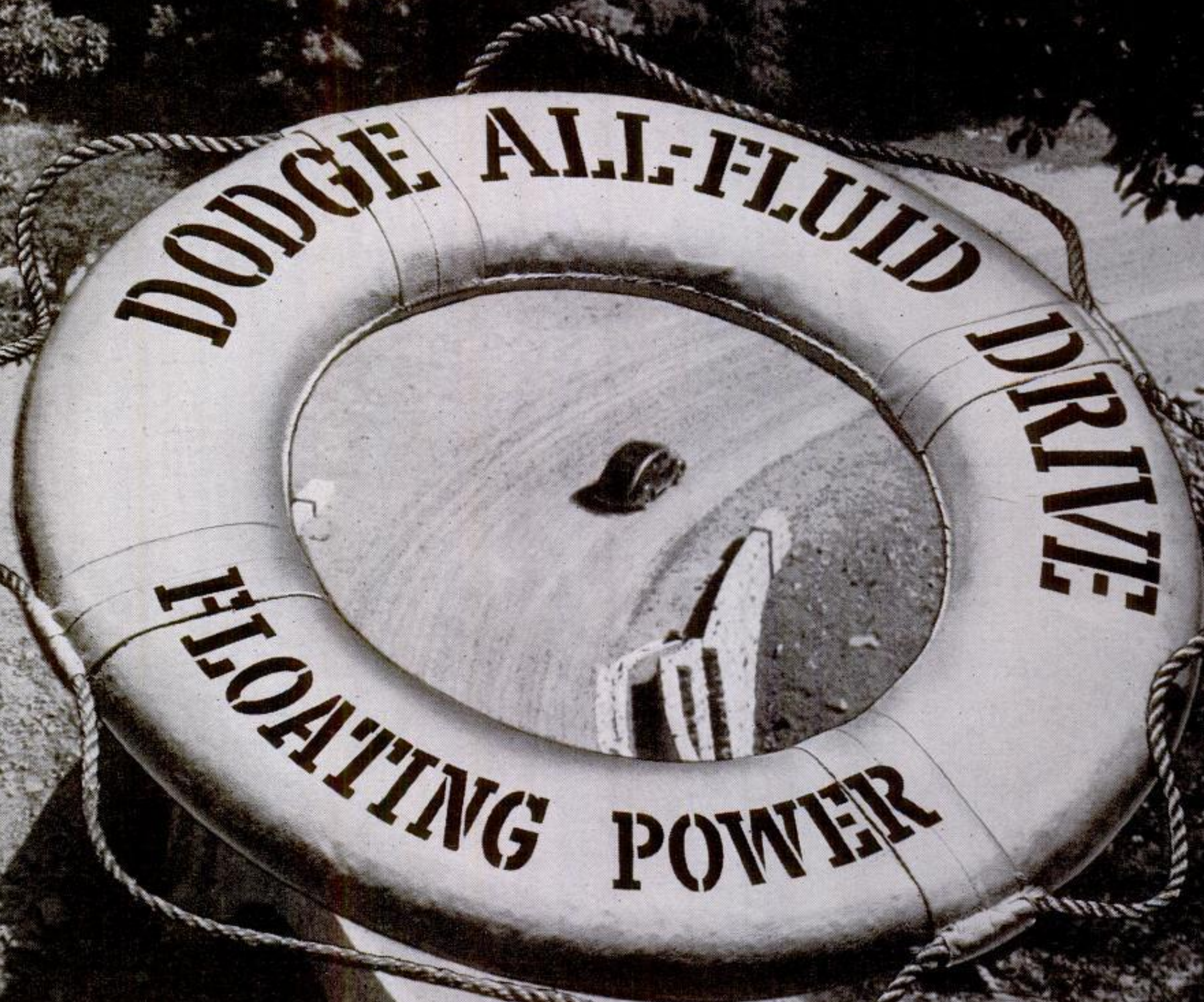
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A Life Preserving Cushion for the Vitals of Your Car

AMERICANS BATTLE THE GERMAN BIG PUSH

GI'S AND GENERALS FOUGHT HEROICALLY TO STEM ENEMY RUSH

by CHARLES CHRISTIAN WERTENBAKER

In reacting to the great German counteroffensive the U. S. press and public have again shown a deplorable lack of stability, blowing either too hot or too cold. When the Germans advanced, headlines often cried disaster. When they were stopped, the headlines acclaimed victory for our side. Neither of these things was true. This state of affairs is due partly to the U. S. love of big news, whether good or bad, and partly to a thick haze of military censorship, which makes it hard for people at home to get a complete or balanced picture of what is going on at the Western Front. To put the picture in proper focus LIFE asked its chief correspondent at the front to write a sober, balanced account of what happened when the Germans broke through in Belgium and Luxembourg.

LUXEMBOURG

On the morning of Saturday, Dec. 16, 1944 the situation of the 12th U. S. Infantry Regiment, Colonel Robert H. Chance commanding, was, as the commanding officer later put it in a laconic official report, "far from favorable." The 4th Division, of which the 12th was a part, had been relieved after weeks of bitter fighting in the Hürtgen Forest (LIFE, Jan. 1) and sent to a quiet sector in Luxembourg to rest and rebuild its strength. Its front ran for nearly 25 miles along the west bank of the Sauer and Moselle Rivers and all three regiments were in the line. Because of its large sector and a shortage of equipment, communications were strained. Its artillery was scattered and shells were scarce. Its attached tank battalion, which had also taken heavy punishment in the Hürtgen Forest, was trying to repair its tanks in spite of an acute shortage of parts. One fourth of its tanks were stripped for cleaning; many others would not run. The battalion had only 26 tanks which could be considered operational. The 4th Division, in other words, was in no condition for a fight.

Nobody expected it to have to fight. Along a 70-mile front between the area of Monschau and the area of Echternach, American troops were lightly spread. We were massing our strength in other sectors and the enemy was considered too weak to attack us. And so inside the small towns of eastern Luxembourg, in Echternach, Berdorf, Lauterborn and the twin towns of Osweiler and Dickweiler, the officers and men of the 12th Infantry loafed and enjoyed the local beer. Outdoors, in the patches

of hardwood forest and in positions sheltered by small hills, they made themselves as comfortable as possible in rain that drizzled all day. During the night the enemy usually sent over a few shells and the regiment artillery wasted a few of its rations on him.

During the night of Dec. 15-16, the enemy behaved as usual. Then just after 6:30 a. m. the enemy increased his artillery fire. Through the half-light shells whistled in and burst in all the pretty toy towns near the river. They were especially heavy in Echternach. Through spies or extraordinarily good observation the Germans had plotted the location of battalion and company command posts and these received heavy fire. By 9 o'clock the regiment had lost wire contact with all its units below battalion level. Just after 9 a. m. the enemy infantry attacked.

In fog that lay thick on the sides of the hills and blotted out the towns, rifles and machine guns spoke and were answered. A dozen small battles developed. But because of the fog and the surprise and because their wires were cut, the units of the regiment did not know what was happening to the other units, nor did they know what they were supposed to do. And so what happened during the rest of that day and during the days which followed might be taken as an example of what good soldiers do when they are infiltrated and cut off and surrounded.

For a long time after the battle began Colonel Chance himself knew little of what was going on. The telephone in his command post had warned him at 9:21 to be alert; the division to the north was getting activity. By 9:27 he had passed on the warning in his foghorn voice to all his battalion commanders. At 9:45 Company F reported from Berdorf that it was being attacked by a 15-man patrol armed with automatic weapons. This patrol later proved to be an entire battalion. From Lauterborn Company G reported that it was being attacked by a squad. This later proved to be another battalion. The colonel ordered the light tanks guarding Radio Luxembourg near Junglinster to be ready to go to the aid of Berdorf and Lauterborn.

At 10:49 E company was surrounded in Echternach. At 11:37 Company G was surrounded at Lauterborn. At 12:50 Company I was surrounded at Dickweiler. At 14:15 (2:15 p. m.) Major General Raymond Barton, commander of the 4th Division, issued the following order:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



In captured German picture Nazi Tommy-gunner trudges along road littered with burning, abandoned U.S. vehicles.



Column of U.S. prisoners being herded to rear passes German King Tiger tank. Prisoner toll was high in first few days.



Dead Americans are looted of equipment by two scavenging German soldiers. One man at left has been robbed of shoes.

AMERICANS BATTLE GERMAN PUSH (continued)

"There will be no retrograde movement in the combat team 12th sector."

By 14:25 the enemy had infiltrated between Osweiler and Dickweiler and attacked Company L at Osweiler. By then all the regiment's forward OPs had been overrun. At 14:45, 35 cooks, mechanics and radio operators of the supporting tank battalion were sent to Radio Luxembourg, left unguarded when the tanks moved forward. The staff of Radio Luxembourg was preparing to depart.

At 15:30 Company L had two companies of the enemy on its left and right and had committed its last reserves. At 16:20 L Company was surrounded in Osweiler. At 16:51 the situation with the 3rd Battalion was desperate. I Company and L Company were surrounded, K Company was committed. The battalion CP was getting direct fire from enemy 88s and the battalion commander was destroying his papers and getting ready to evacuate. At 17:21 the enemy was in Osweiler and it was too late. Colonel Chance said over the telephone, "Hold on. We'll get more help to you tomorrow."

At 17:29 the fog was turning from light gray to deep gray as darkness fell.

But by then the situation was clearer not only in this regiment's sector but all along the front. The entire corps front to the north was under attack; five enemy divisions had already been identified. Against the 12th Infantry the enemy had thrown a full Volksgrenadier Division and his intentions were obvious. He had surrounded and bypassed Echternach and was moving southwest toward Scheidgen. If he could break through here he would ride Highway No. 11 down to the city of Luxembourg, then drive his panzers eastward into the Ardennes as he did in 1940.

Between the enemy and his objective stood the battered, undermanned 12th Infantry Regiment with what reserves the division could send to its aid. At nightfall the situation at Berdorf and Lauterborn was still what was known as "fluid." Weary Colonel Chance wiped his glasses and jotted quickly in his notebook, "This is the last action as of 16 Dec. 1944."

At General Eisenhower's headquarters, there seemed no particular reason on the day after the start of the new offensive for a change in the General's routine: up a little after 6, breakfast of an egg or sausage topped off with the hominy grits which have been flooding in to him ever since Bing Crosby broadcast that the general has a fondness for them. Where he lives is of course a military secret, but he had just returned from a 4,000-mile trip to the fronts and there were tired lines under his snapping blue eyes. He paced back and forth before his fireplace when I saw him late in the day, his ruddy face a little brighter than it was last summer, a few extra pounds around his midriff because he hasn't had time for riding.

The day had called for some of those moments of thoughtfulness that come in times of crisis. The general talked of other things. But it would appear natural that on such a day he had probably been remembering past decisions, strategic and diplomatic, and, in his own well-disciplined mind, been weighing them in the light of events as they turned out. Two years ago there had been Tunisia, which he gambled on taking with four untried divisions. He failed but nobody will say that the gamble was not worth taking. He probably was thinking, too, of that far more dangerous gamble, the invasion of France, which he began working on in February 1942 and in which he believed with such a hardheaded faith that skeptics like Winston Churchill came also to believe in it, and which succeeded so brilliantly that in retrospect it no longer looked like a gamble.

After that had come the two principal strategic decisions he had to make during the summer and fall. The first was after the St. Lo breakthrough when his armies were around the enemy left flank and almost across the base of the Brittany peninsula. The plan called for the quick taking of Brest and other Brittany ports. Eisenhower scrapped it. He had said at the time that an army on the run can be licked by an army one fifth its size, and the German army was on the run. So he gambled on taking the ports farther north. That gamble worked brilliantly.

The second decision was whether to use the British army and the airborne troops in England to try to turn the Siegfried line and the Rhine or whether to concentrate on taking Antwerp quickly. Ike gambled again. One third of the operation succeeded—we took one of the three Rhine bridges—but the two bridges that the British could not hold cost Eisenhower his gamble.

All strategy, like poker, is a gamble based on knowledge of your own hand and speculation about your foe's. Von Rundstedt made a smart bet when he threw a pile of blue chips into his surprise offensive. Rommel had done the same thing at Kasserine Pass in Tunisia. In each case the German commanders achieved surprise. We didn't know they had the stuff to do it with. Yet in each case the German move and its advantages were obvious: throw the other man off balance, mess up his supply, make him take time to regroup and resupply before he can hit again. Then meanwhile, maybe he'll fall out with his friends or maybe you can think up a strange and wonderful new toy, possibly one whose name is prefixed by the letter V.

The first thing General Bradley did when he heard about the breakthrough was to throw in reserves of armor from the south to try to contain

the breach. He cut short a weekend visit with Eisenhower, tossed his extra socks in his bag and rushed back to his headquarters at the front. Before the day was over other divisions were on the move. One stood squarely in the path of the German westward advance, was by-passed and surrounded and became the famous Bastogne outfit which held out while its commander said "Nuts!" to German demands that he surrender. Another division started for the relief of the battered 4th Division in Luxembourg, but it would be six more days before it could arrive. For those six days the 4th had to hold the southern wall of the corridor the Germans had cut into Belgium.

By Sunday morning 60 miles of the front had been overrun and the corridor at its base was 60 miles wide. One U. S.

division which fetched up 30 miles to the rear with a complement of 200 men reported that seven German divisions went through it in 24 hours. Through the corridor thus cut by the infantry the panzer divisions poured, trying to break up and encircle our forces, racing toward Liège and the Meuse.

The German plan was daring, clever and executed with every means of deception at the enemy's command. It took advantage of our own eagerness to win the war. It took us completely by surprise. Amateur strategists, Congressmen and possibly future historians will argue about whether we underestimated the enemy's capabilities or whether he overestimated his own; or perhaps the battles this week and next will settle the argument. But it is the judgment of our commanders, not the quality of our military intelligence, that is at stake in victory or defeat.

We knew that the enemy was bringing heavy reserves into the Trier area, but we had observed these reserves going both north and south from Trier and we thought he was reinforcing other sectors. Instead, for every division that went north or south probably two divisions stayed near Trier. Finally, the German forces concentrated without using wireless (which could have been picked up) and they took advantage of thick weather that kept our aerial observation at a minimum. Von Rundstedt used his best panzer divisions, some of his best SS and infantry divisions and the pick of his Volksgrenadiers.

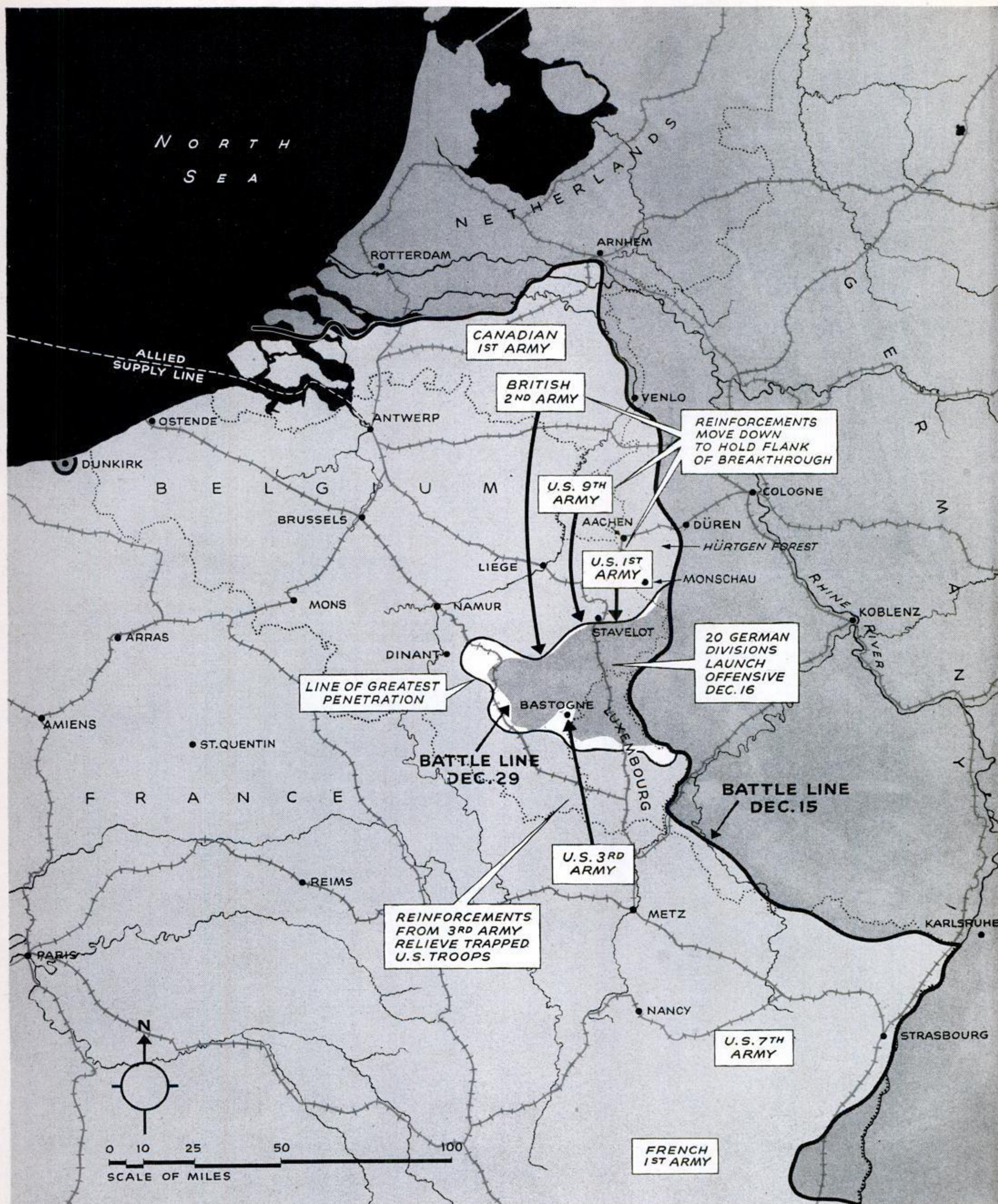
The enemy plan looked suspiciously like 1940 with some desperate innovations. There were the same parachutists dropped behind our lines to try to cut communications and spread panic. But this time they wore American uniforms and were subject to shooting as spies. And this time some of them had orders to murder our top commanders. There were the same appeals to the fifth column, the same rumors spreading through the civilian population. (But this time they did not work.) The enemy used tactically every V weapon in his armory. And he may yet use gas.

We had gambled. We had gambled that the enemy probably could not attack in great force, that if he did attack he could not get farther than the Meuse, that if he risked coming out in the open we could beat him in the open. The enemy was gambling, too, but his maximum and minimum ob-



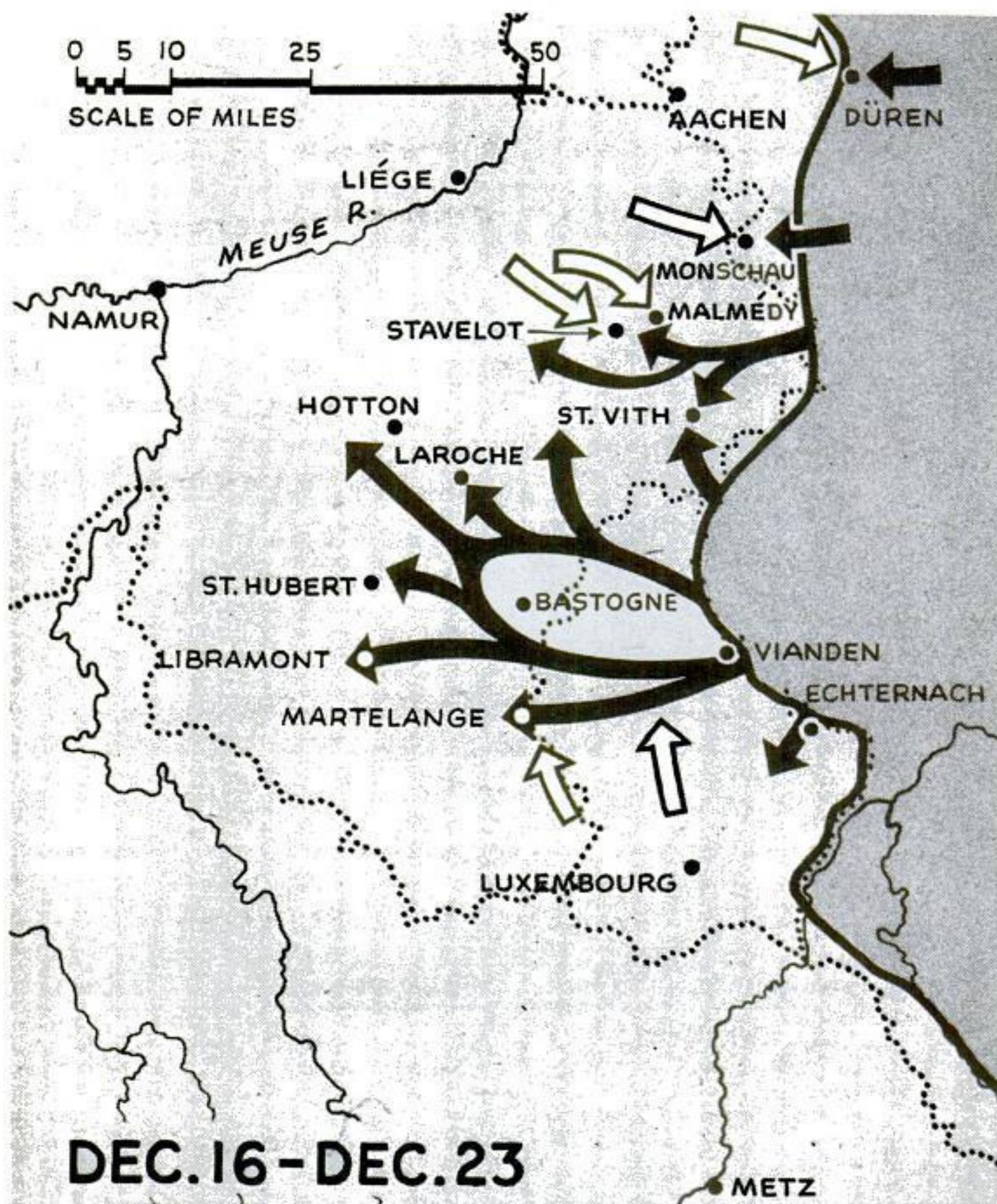
Captured U. S. equipment, including a jeep, is inspected by German soldiers in Belgium. The mud under their feet is evidence of the planeproof bad weather, one of the greatest allies of the German offensive.

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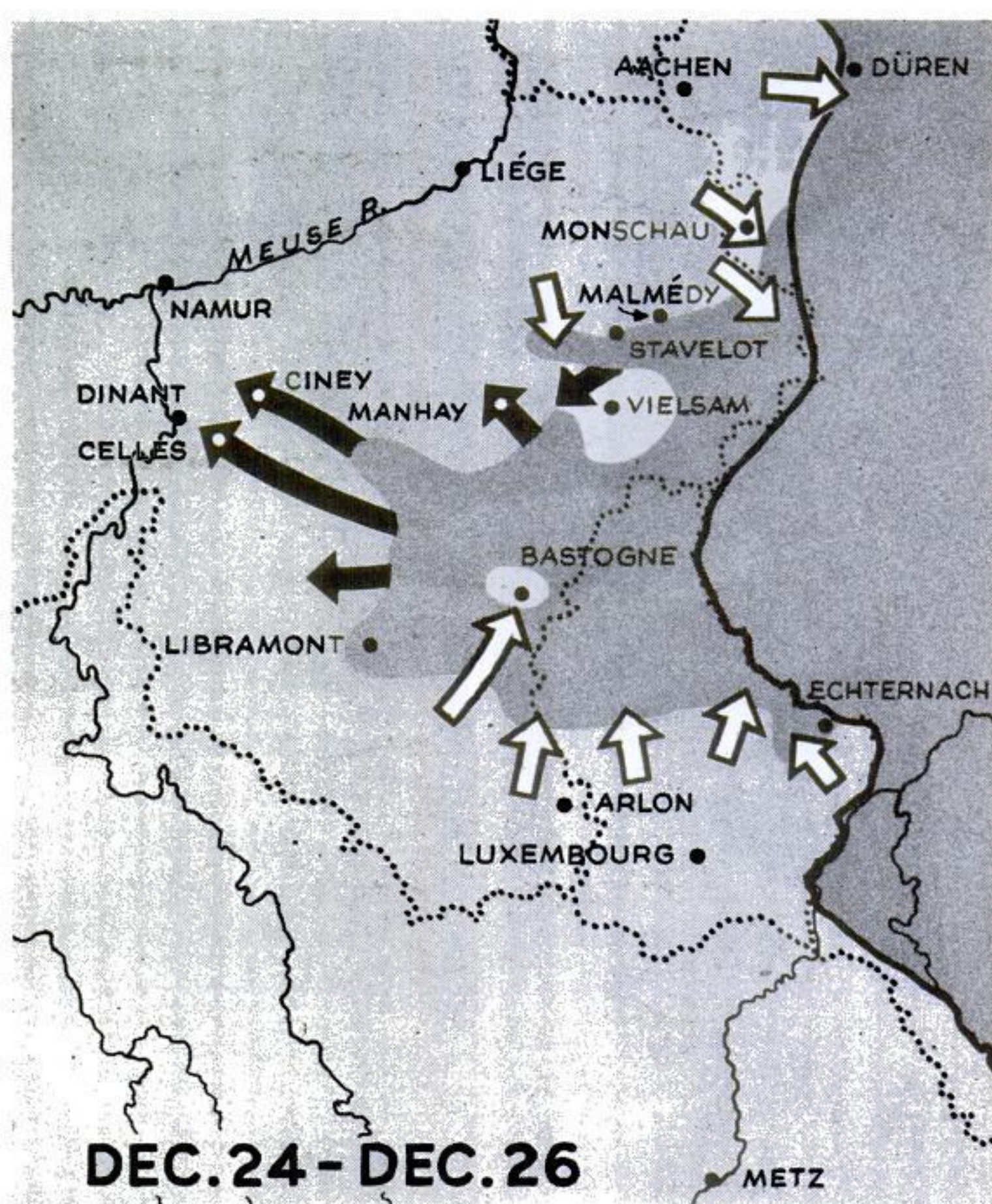


The German bulge, although it did not reach any major objectives, disrupted the Allied battle plan in western Europe. Three German armies, pushing through the thinly held center of the Allied line (see sequence maps on next page), forced four Allied armies to divert troops from their main drives toward the Ruhr and the Saar. The Germans lashed out with all weapons, including their own special brand of planned treachery. They used new 75-ton *Königstiger* (King Tiger) tanks, jet-propelled planes, flying bombs and an undisclosed "secret weapon."

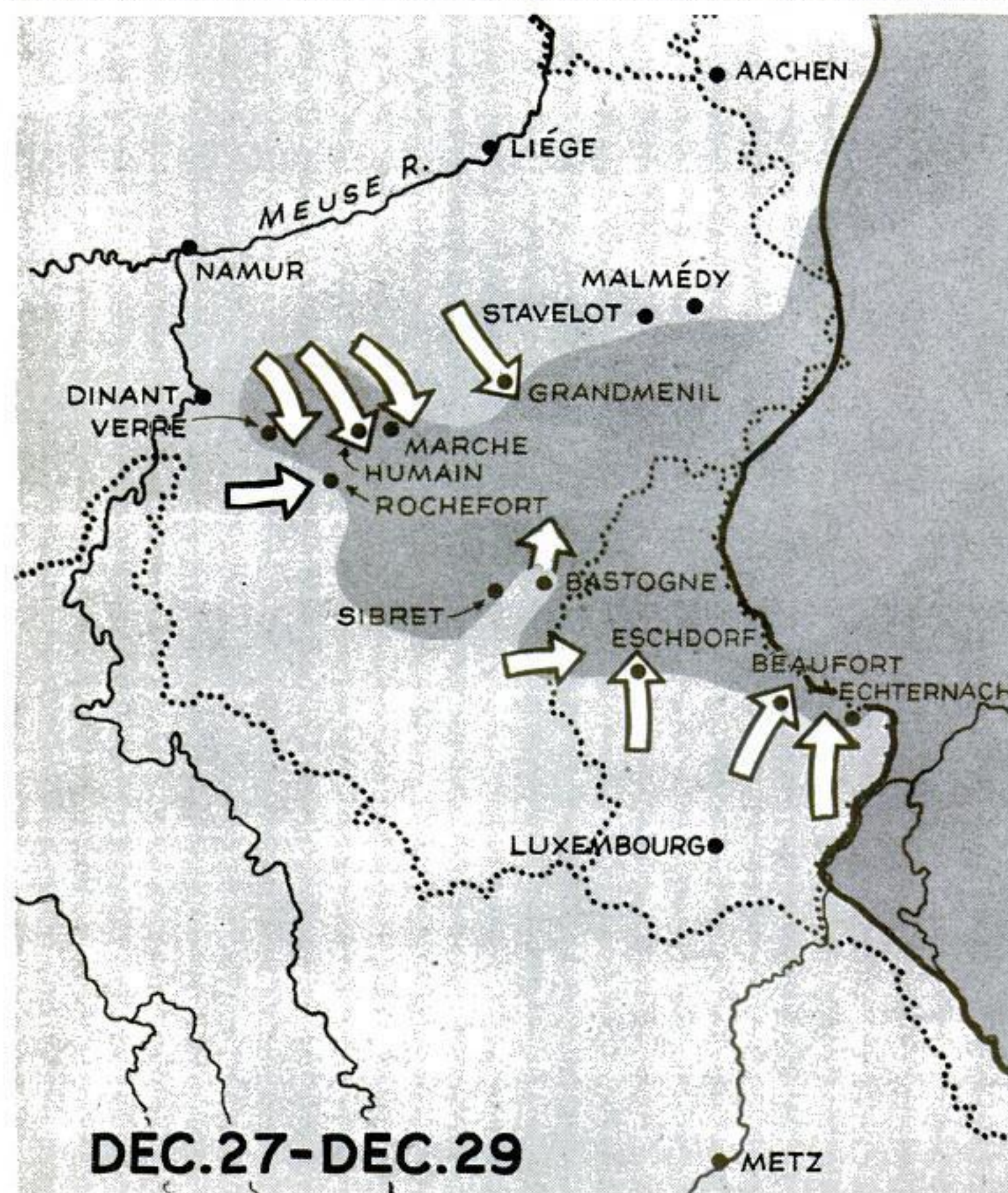
Squads of English-speaking spies were dropped behind Allied lines, some of them specially trained trigger men with instructions to kill Allied commanders. In some instances columns of German ambulances blandly hauled up shells behind the stampeding tanks. The Germans also used murder in their offensive. In several places they shot prisoners, apparently because they didn't have time to escort them to the rear. In recaptured towns Allied troops found bodies of civilians who had been shot or burned. The killing was all very methodical and very German.



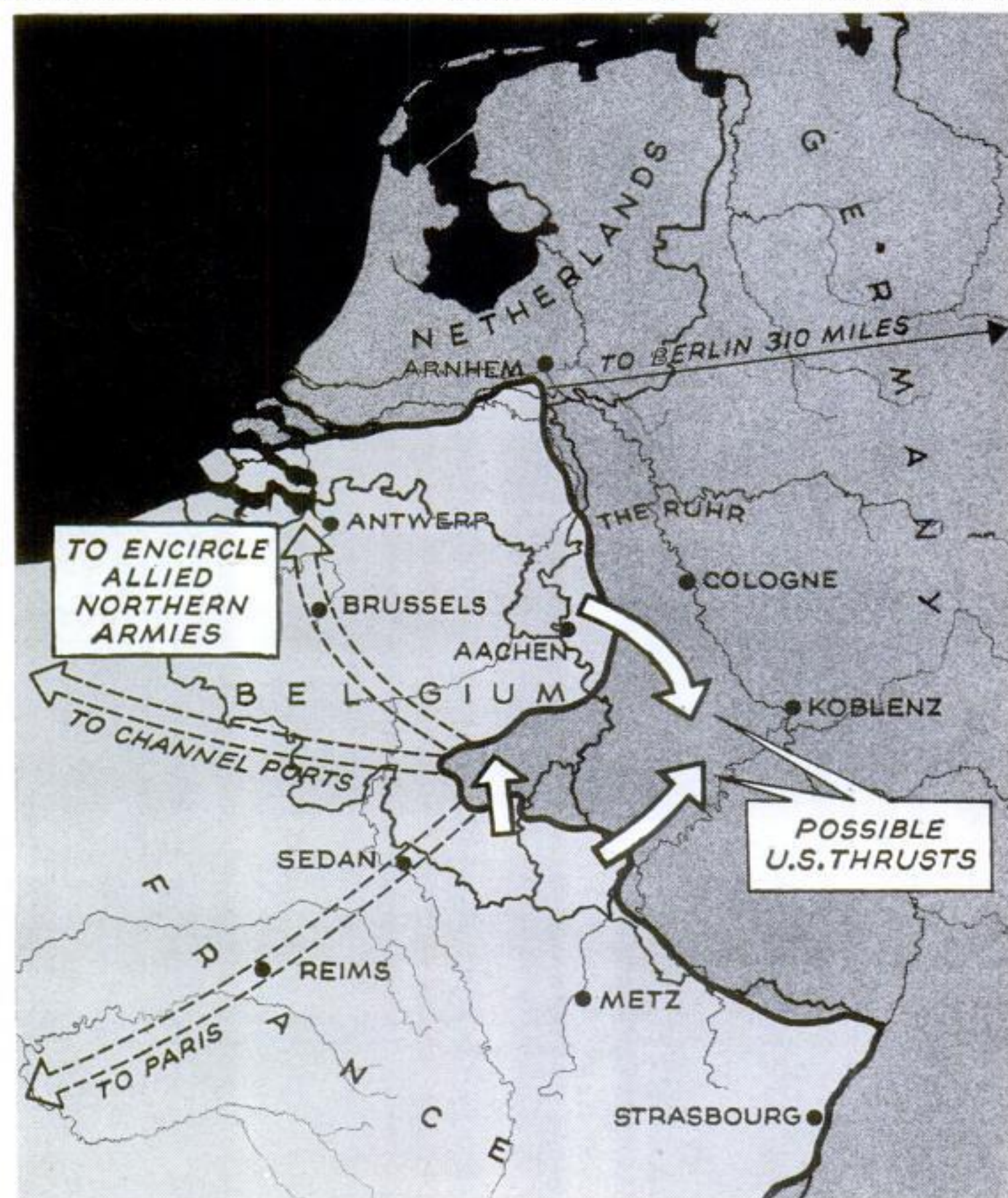
First stage of the drive began on Dec. 16 when tanks advancing out of the Siegfried line fingered through the forests of Belgium and Luxembourg. One spearhead broke through below Monschau but was kept from turning north by the U. S. defense around Malmédý and Stavelot. Sheltered from planes by low-hanging clouds, the tanks moved in dense, powerful masses.



In second stage the Germans drove a great triangle into Allied lines, almost to the Meuse. Reinforced Allied troops began to press at the sides, but they were unable to dull the spearhead at the tip. The break came when the weather cleared. For the first time planes pounded the triangle and the roads behind it. The Germans had to break up their tight tank formations.



In the third stage the German drive lost momentum. Allied troops, including fresh units, were in position around the triangle and were squeezing it hard. General Patton's tank-strong Third Army relieved besieged Bastogne and narrowed the corridor behind the German spearhead to a distance less than medium artillery range. For the moment the Germans had lost the initiative.



The possible objectives of the German drive were Paris, the Channel or Antwerp. At the end of last week the Germans were possibly regrouping for new attacks and had already attained their first objective: the lessening of Allied pressure on other parts of the front. The Allies had also lost a lot of men and equipment, but so had the Germans, who could afford it less.

AMERICANS BATTLE GERMAN PUSH (continued)

jectives were clear. The minimum was to throw us off balance, cut up at least one army and delay our knockout blow many months. The maximum was to cut through to the sea, roll up our northern armies, then swing south through France again. In either case, by coming out from behind the Siegfried line he had risked everything on this battle.

We did not react as he probably hoped we would. We threw in a couple of divisions to try to slow his advance, but after that we did not try to halt him frontally. Instead, we prepared to attack him on the flanks. While Patton's columns rolled day and night from the south to hit his southern flank, the division in northeast Luxembourg fought desperately to keep that flank from caving in.

On the morning of Dec. 17, the second day of the offensive, the enemy had infiltrated four kilometers into the lines of the 12th Infantry Regiment and had isolated it company by company. E Company was isolated in Echternach, F Company in Berdorf, L Company in Osweiler and I Company in Dickweiler. The enemy hoped to break up and isolate the regiment so that his panzers could pass through. The problem of Colonel Chance was to make contact with his isolated units and form a line.

At 9:02 elements of Company B, reinforced by medium tanks, fought their way into Berdorf; one tank crashed through the entrance of the hotel, found it occupied by 60 troops of Company F. The 12th held the town all day and through the night.

But beyond Berdorf the enemy was advancing southward up the Schwarze-Ernz River valley toward the town of Müllerthal. An antitank gunner on outpost duty watched five enemy companies move through the valley. A

task force was formed to intercept the enemy on the high ground south of Müllerthal. When it met this task force the enemy turned west and was engaged by another division. What happened in this battle the men of the 12th never knew but they saw no more of this enemy force.

At 13:30, 200 enemy infantrymen were sighted near Scheidgen. At that time the defense of Scheidgen and Consdorf to the west depended on one medium tank, several tank destroyers and a handful of cooks, stragglers and MPs. A ravine to the west of Consdorf was blocked by the tank and seven infantrymen. Then a dismounted antitank company took the high ground dominating the two towns and the situation for the moment was saved.

By the end of Dec. 17 the 12th had formed the semblance of a line on its right and left but in the center, where the enemy was pushing from Echternach toward Consdorf and Scheidgen, the situation was still fluid. On the morning of the 18th a task force counterattacked toward Scheidgen. Another task force counterattacked toward Lauterborn and Echternach. Two tanks got into Echternach and found Company E in the cellars. Company E reported that it had received orders from General Barton that there would be no retrograde movement, that it had received no contrary orders, that it had killed 150 Germans, that it would therefore stay and kill some more. The tanks left.

By the end of the 18th the situation looked better. The 12th had retaken Osweiler and Dickweiler; isolated companies still held out in Berdorf, Lauterborn and Echternach. But one company was down to 50 men, another to 29. The night was quiet in Echternach.

On the 19th our tanks again reached Company E in Echternach. They helped it to reconsolidate its positions and get locations where supplies were later dropped by air. By the time Company E got its orders to withdraw, the tanks had gone, the enemy had moved in armor and the tanks could not get back.

On the morning of the 20th a fresh attack came. A and G Companies retreated from Lauterborn to the vicinity of Michelshof. B and F Companies moved from Berdorf back to new lines near Consdorf. All attempts to relieve Company E in Echternach failed. The 100-odd men there were trying to work their way out in small units. Few succeeded.

On the 21st the enemy attacked all day. Sixty cooks, orderlies and MPs from Division Headquarters were attached to a battalion to reinforce the new line at 13:30 on Dec. 22. A regiment of the enemy attacked the center of the 12th's line near Michelshof. The defenders held their fire while they counted 158 Germans advancing across an open field. When they came near, tanks, TDs, machine guns, engineers and infantry opened fire. Three Germans crawled away. There were 154 dead.

That was the last concentrated attack. Wrote Colonel Chance: "At close of day combat team BLANK took a line just short of the line we held. From 22 December enemy activity was uneventful. Combat team 12 was relieved of its sector by combat team BLANK and combat team BLANK, BLANK Infantry Division, about 16:00, 24 Dec., 1944."



Another German peers curiously at a four-gun U.S. light antiaircraft trailer, which was abandoned by the road when first swirling German rush cut lines of retreat for many back-pedaling American units.

The Luxembourgais say that St. Peter is a German and St. Peter is God's weatherman. On the second day of the attack there was half a day's good flying weather and on that day the Luftwaffe flew more than 450 sorties. Although the effort cost it at least 95 planes and pilots, the German air force did keep our air forces from interfering too greatly with the advance of German ground troops.

Then the weather closed in again and for five days thick fog clung to the ground like a smokescreen. For those five days the enemy moved without hindrance from above, and he moved deep into Belgium.

But it was not his westward drive that worried our generals as much as his pressure on the sides of his corridor. They staked everything on our ability to close the corridor from the sides. General Patton's Third Army was making one of the fastest moves in military history—helped also by the heavy fog that hid everything from the air. By Friday, Dec. 22 Patton was ready to attack.

That Friday began with a snowstorm, which Major General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, commander of the 9th Air Force, greeted with a wry crack. "D'ya think," he said, "that Hitler makes this stuff?" Late in the day he called in his weatherman, Major Stuart J. Fuller, and asked, "How much longer is this going to last?"

The major thought the weather might clear by the 26th.

"Suppose it's clear tomorrow?" said Vandenberg. "What are you going to say?"

The major murmured that he would probably have to shoot himself.

The next day it was clear. Of the great air battle that was fought in the following days there will be many stories written, when all the returns are in. As I write this the battle is still going on and so I can report only the Allied objectives and the measures of success to date.

Objective No. 1 was elimination of the German air force. The score through Wednesday, Dec. 27 was 634 enemy aircraft destroyed. Allied losses: 292 aircraft.

Objective No. 2 was the isolation of the battlefield by breaking up the enemy's supply without having to knock out the heavy Rhine bridges. They marked as targets the nine rail bridges over the Moselle and its tributaries. The score to date was five bridges impassable, three damaged probably beyond use, and one damaged.

Objective No. 3 was the destruction of the enemy on the ground. The score is now 600 tanks and armored vehicles, 4,000 motor transport, 1,500 railroad cars, 80 locomotives and 300 gun positions destroyed, much of it at the tip of the German thrust.

And so by Thursday, Dec. 28, by air and by tank and by foot soldier, Rundstedt's thrust had been blunted and contained. We were now on the offensive. Patton's army had relieved the Bastogne pocket and was pushing slowly north. From the north, American forces were attacking to help close the corridor, which was less than 20 miles wide. The enemy might have another trick in his armory, for this was his last great effort, but unless it was a very good trick he had failed in his maximum objective. If he could get back through his corridor and slam the door of the Siegfried line, he might accomplish his lesser objective of delaying the war's end. But we still had a good chance of cutting him off.

1945 ON THE HOME FRONT

THERE WILL BE LESS OF EVERYTHING FOR ALL, EXCEPT THE MORAL SATISFACTION OF ENDURANCE

"The first quality of a soldier," said Napoleon, "is constancy in enduring fatigue and hardship. Courage is only the second." Recently the news has shone with stories of American courage, as at Bastogne. Not a single U.S. soldier in Europe has been court-martialled for cowardice. Yes, Americans are brave. But before 1945 is over we shall need and hear more of the first soldierly quality: endurance. Especially on the home front.

The past two months of war have changed a lot of calculations about its duration. Brass hats, even at the front, paid off a lot of summer wagers when New Year's Day came and went without a German surrender. And officials in charge of the home-front war have changed not only their prophecies but their plans.

The word went around Washington early in December to stop all talk of a short war. The planners stopped worrying about reconversion. Instead, draft and manpower regulations have been tightened; civilian production has been frozen; rationing has been extended. Last week the Byrnes office ordered all race tracks to close and 4-F athletes are being re-examined. All the official signals are set for a longer, tougher war.

A Run of Luck

Well, it is high time. The official optimism of 1944, both in Washington and among the generals, was getting a little out of proportion. Our leaders were showing more fear of Congress and the voters than of the Germans. We have fought magnificently with one hand while scratching ourselves with the other.

The showdown stage of the war, which we are now approaching, is its most terrible one. It is something for which our successes to date have not entirely prepared us. If you look back over the major crises of this long, long war, you must grant that the American position has been the beneficiary of some very narrow escapes. Suppose Rommel had broken through to Cairo from El Alamein, as he nearly did? Suppose the Battle for Britain had been lost, or Stalingrad? Suppose the German submarines, which were rapidly isolating us from England, had not been abruptly stopped by a revolutionary development in antisub technology in 1943? These suppositions are useful only to remind us that the war could have been much worse for our side than it has been. And still can be.

The fact that Germany is fighting a two-front war is the surest guarantee of her ultimate defeat. But the U. S. is also fighting a two-front war. And our Asiatic war has been stepped up to a degree obscured by the European news. MacArthur has seven divisions in the Philippines. They are harder to supply than several times that number in France.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

A week after Roman gangs of young rowdies and some women had looted black market stores, LIFE Photographer Margaret Bourke-White found the

Meanwhile, as Undersecretary of War Patterson said last month, the Japanese Army is more powerful than it was in 1941 and Japan is now turning out more aircraft than we are destroying. It is not impossible that our luck may change, that the Axis, not the Allies, will have the narrow escapes in 1945. In that case we cannot win with one hand. So we had better be prepared to use both.

Let us admit that 1944, for civilians, was pretty much of a lark. We made more money, spent more, ate better and lived higher than in any year in our history. We placed about one billion dollars' worth of bets at the tracks Mr. Byrnes has just closed, and enjoyed a complete baseball season. In a mad rush of Christmas buying we reduced department-store inventories to almost nothing. We also paid more taxes and saved more than ever before; yet the taxes were less than half the cost of war and the 6th War Loan, in sales of E bonds to individuals, was at last accounts one third below quota. We shipped more and traveled more over the groaning railroads than ever; and not all of the mad rush was in uniform. The black market in gasoline, where we ran the price up to \$1.25 a gallon, gave the underworld a new lease on life such as it has not had since Prohibition. We indulged in strikes at Chrysler, Wright and other vital war plants. Absenteeism and high turnover lowered our efficiency and we have left many war jobs unfilled.

Quite a year, 1944. Its lark aspect was well summarized by the lady who remarked loudly in a Kansas City bakery, "I hope the war lasts a long time so we can pay off our mortgage." Another lady took a lemon pie from the counter and pushed it in her face; and some soldiers in Italy, reading about the incident, sent the second lady an appreciative \$7. But it looks now as though the first lady would get her wish.

Of course, that is not the whole story. Considering that it was an election year, we might have demanded and got an even larger dose of inflation. But OPA stayed on the job and so did many an unsung home-front hero. America's great war-production record continued throughout 1944, slacking off toward the last quarter only because the services slacked off their orders. Certainly nobody can justly blame the current munition shortage on "civilian complacency."

But if we need not go looking for hair shirts, we can at least be aware of the terrible irony of our situation. Ten years ago the irony was "poverty in the midst of plenty." Today it is plenty in the midst of war, famine, disease and death. That can't last.

1945 Will Be Different

Housewives were furious last week over the sudden cancellation of their extra food-ration points. But we simply have no surplus

of food. The bounty of the past five years has been due in large part to a very lucky run of weather. It has been the policy of the War Food Administration, which is farm-bloc-minded, to avoid surpluses lest they depress farm prices. A drought this summer in the corn belt would make our present rations look generous indeed.

Even if Americans do not go hungry in 1945, they may wish they had raised more food. For the relief of Italy and other foreign countries, now handled meagerly out of Army stocks, will become even more desperately urgent. If we muff it, our Army, like Britain's in Greece, may find itself shooting and being shot by people we thought we had liberated.

Our vaunted shipbuilding program, too, has not proved adequate for all needs. Last month it was increased by 186 cargo vessels and tankers. The postwar shipping surplus, which furrowed so many able brows in 1944, can be forgotten for the present.

In his message to Congress a year ago the President proposed both a National Service Act and a "realistic" tax bill. He insisted on neither. As a result we have added 50 billion dollars to the public debt, increased the cost of living, suffered acute manpower shortages and practically invited another coal strike this coming spring.

In lieu of a National Service Act, the War Manpower Commission, the War Production Board and Selective Service have at last got together on work-or-fight sanctions—a plan first suggested by Bernard Baruch in August 1943! The only progress toward "realistic" taxes is purely negative: official plans for *reduced* taxation in 1945 have been dropped.

There will be fewer shoes for civilians this year. There will be fewer clothes and fewer tires and fewer automobiles. There will probably be a little less of almost everything. For this is the year of the showdown and we can no longer trust to luck.

The Compensations

A vigorous democracy, like the world of a baby, is such a "big, buzzing, blooming confusion" that even its political failures sometimes look like triumphs. So far America has fought a good war with a minimum of civilian discomfort. But in the process we have postponed and disguised the reckoning.

If the reckoning comes to civilians this year, it will bring its own uncontrived compensations with it. Much food and drink and money are pleasant; but when the death toll mounts, their irony becomes a spiritual burden. Let us welcome the chance to be "constant in enduring hardship and fatigue" for our soldiers' sakes, as they endure for ours. Courage is inspiring, but endurance will bring us closer together.

black market thriving on the Via Tor di Nona. The commodities on sale are (*from left foreground, reading back*) cheese (\$1.36 lb.), tomato sauce (91¢

lb.), flour (45¢ lb.). Actually these prices, though high, were not exorbitantly high for inflation-ridden Italy and the people were glad to pay them.



Rome flocks to black market to pay high prices for cheese, bread, salt and all-essential "pasta"



GENERAL MARK CLARK BRIEFS CONGRESSMEN: FROM LEFT, COSTELLO (D., CALIF.), THOMAS (R., N.J.), BROOKS (D., LA.)

WAR INSPECTION

Congressional committee gets data firsthand on the European fronts

As delegates of the American people to inspect the Army's war, 17 Congressmen set out for Europe Nov. 24. They formed a sizable part of the House Military Affairs Committee. They worked hard, their average day beginning at 8 and ending late at night. They saw bombed England, ravaged Normandy, the Western Front, Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton, Spaatz. And finally, as shown on these pages, they reached the Italian front and General Mark Clark. By that time

WAC TENT AREA HAS USUAL "OFF LIMITS" SIGN. HERE MRS. LUCE IS WITH LIEUT. VIVIAN WATSON OF INDIANAPOLIS



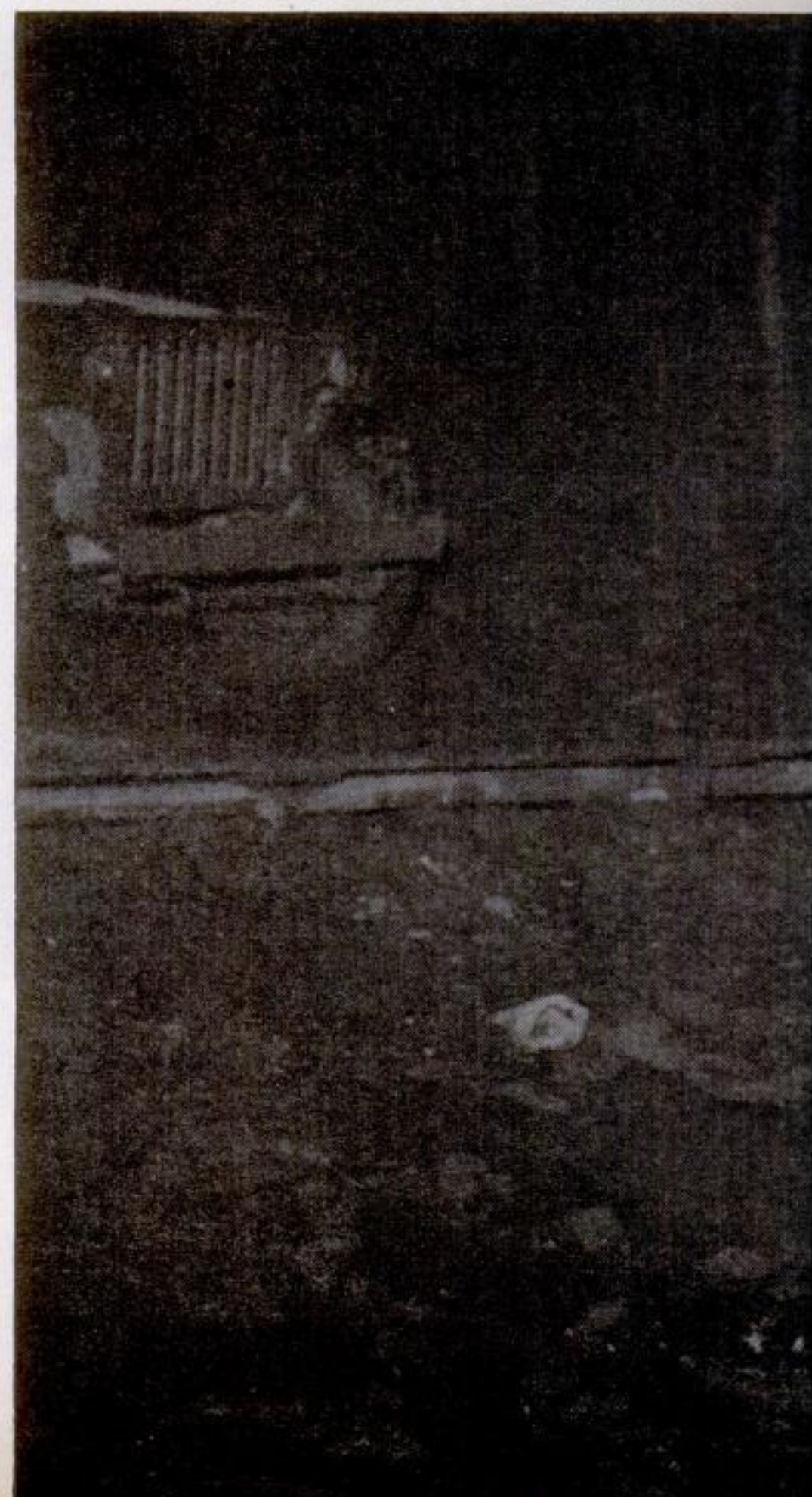
MRS. LUCE TALKS WITH A WOUNDED SOLDIER AT THE

nearly half of them had bad colds and Chairman Merritt was in Paris with pneumonia.

For the last three days of their trip, they rose at 6:30 a.m. to inspect the Italian front. General Clark told them the going would be tough (*left, above*). The Army cautiously kept them at least four miles back from the front, but the going was tough enough.

Inevitably the attention-getter of the party was the only woman congressman along, Clare Boothe Luce.

SLOGGING THROUGH THE MUD, CONGRESSWOMAN ADDS





EIGHTH EVACUATION HOSPITAL ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

She took up the GI gripe that Italy is the "short-changed theater" where the American soldier could do with "a whale of a lot more fellows like himself." With one group of soldiers she held an off-the-record political discussion which *Stars and Stripes*, the soldiers' newspaper, vainly insisted should be widely published. When the others went home, she stayed behind with a sinus infection but managed to get up close to the front for Christmas Day. The troops liked her, kidded

SOMETHING TO THE GI FUR CAP, PARKA AND GALOSHES



ONLY MRS. LUCE IS ADMITTED TO WAC TENT, DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS. NOTICE TOY SANTA CLAUSES ON WIRING

her by placarding a tent they had thoughtfully erected for her as a battlefield powder room with the title of her first successful play (right).

Acting Committee chairman John M. Costello gave the press the committee's preliminary conclusions: "Morale is very high. The men are doing an exceptionally fine job." There appeared to be no critical shortage of supplies, though commanders in the battle zones "naturally would like to have more of everything."



CONGRESSMAN PAUL W. SHAFER (R., MICH.) WAVES GOODBY AT HOSPITAL TO SOME OF HIS SOLDIER CONSTITUENTS





TOKYO'S LONG-KEPT SECRETS ARE OPENED UP BY SUPERFORTRESS PICTURE. IN THIS CROWDED AREA OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST CROWDED CITIES LIVE SOME 600,000 PEOPLE

TOKYO EXPOSED

B-29s take their first air views

The best and indeed the first up-to-date air view of Tokyo so far released was taken in November by a U.S. B-29 Superfortress. Since the first Superfortress raid on Tokyo Nov. 24, the big planes of the 20th Air Force have visited Tokyo 12 times, an average of once every three days, leaving from four to seven tons of bombs apiece. Five missions involved "sizable forces,"

up to more than 100 planes, the others only one or two planes.

The magnificent view above looks east, *i.e.*, the left-hand (or north) side of the picture should be at the top in comparing it with a map of Tokyo. The river at bottom is the odorous, slimy Sumida from whose banks drunken coolies watch boat races in the spring. At



IN PREPARATION FOR POSSIBLE INCENDIARY RAIDS ON THESE INFLAMMABLE SLUMS, JAPS HAVE CUT FIRE LANES, VISIBLE AS GRAY SWATHS. MANY BRIDGES AND ROADS ARE NEW

upper left is the Arakawa Drainage Canal which takes the excess mud from the Sumida. A big new bridge is being built across it. Tokyo Harbor is off to the right. This is the industrial and slum section in the eastern part of the city. It is all on reclaimed land which was underwater in the 16th Century. Above the Sumida is the Honjo (Main Place) district, with more than 300,-

000 people jammed into it, and below the river is the Asakusa district with another 300,000. The wide gray strips are fire lanes, sometimes two blocks wide, cleared since Pearl Harbor. The diagonal white lines are the new highways. At the lower left are the Minami-Senju freight yards and near them are a gas plant, textile factories and camouflaged oil tanks. The bridges are

(from left) the new Shirahige (White Whiskers), Kototoi, new railway bridge, Azuma, the new Komakata, Umayu (Horse Stall). At upper right begins the zone of Honjo's huge, modern factories. The great modern plants in the corner are chemical and textile works. At bottom is the edge of Tokyo's gaudy, flimsy red-light district, which burns down periodically in peacetime.



CAROL ANN SITS QUIETLY ON HER MOTHER'S LAP IN COURTROOM AND WATCHES THE PATERNITY TRIAL PROCEED

THE CASE OF CAROL ANN

Baby waits for Los Angeles court to decide if Chaplin is her father

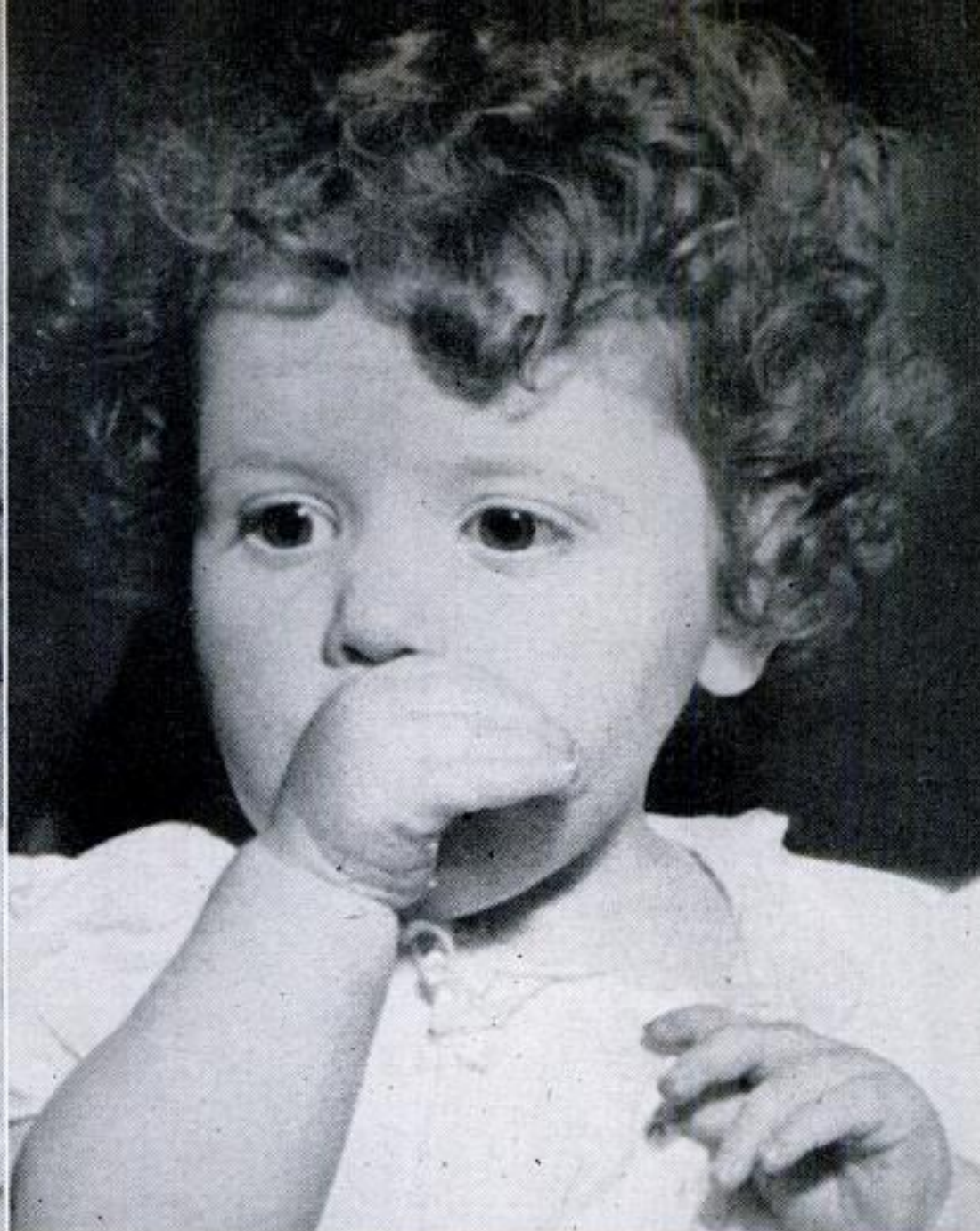
The best-known baby in the U. S. last week was a wide-eyed, red-haired 15-month-old who went by the temporary name of Carol Ann Berry. She became well-known because a Los Angeles court was trying to decide whether or not her permanent name might be Carol Ann Chaplin. During her three days in court the question of whether or not Comedian Charles Chaplin was her father and would have to provide for her future made no difference to Carol Ann. Showing none of the temperament of her mother, Plaintiff Joan Berry, who sobbed on her attorney's shoulder, or Defendant Chaplin, who shouted his denials, she quietly amused herself by napping, yawning and gurgling (see right). She also chewed on a compact, played patty-cake, completely ignored the trial. Even at her big moment (below) her mother had to turn Carol Ann's head around so that she would face the

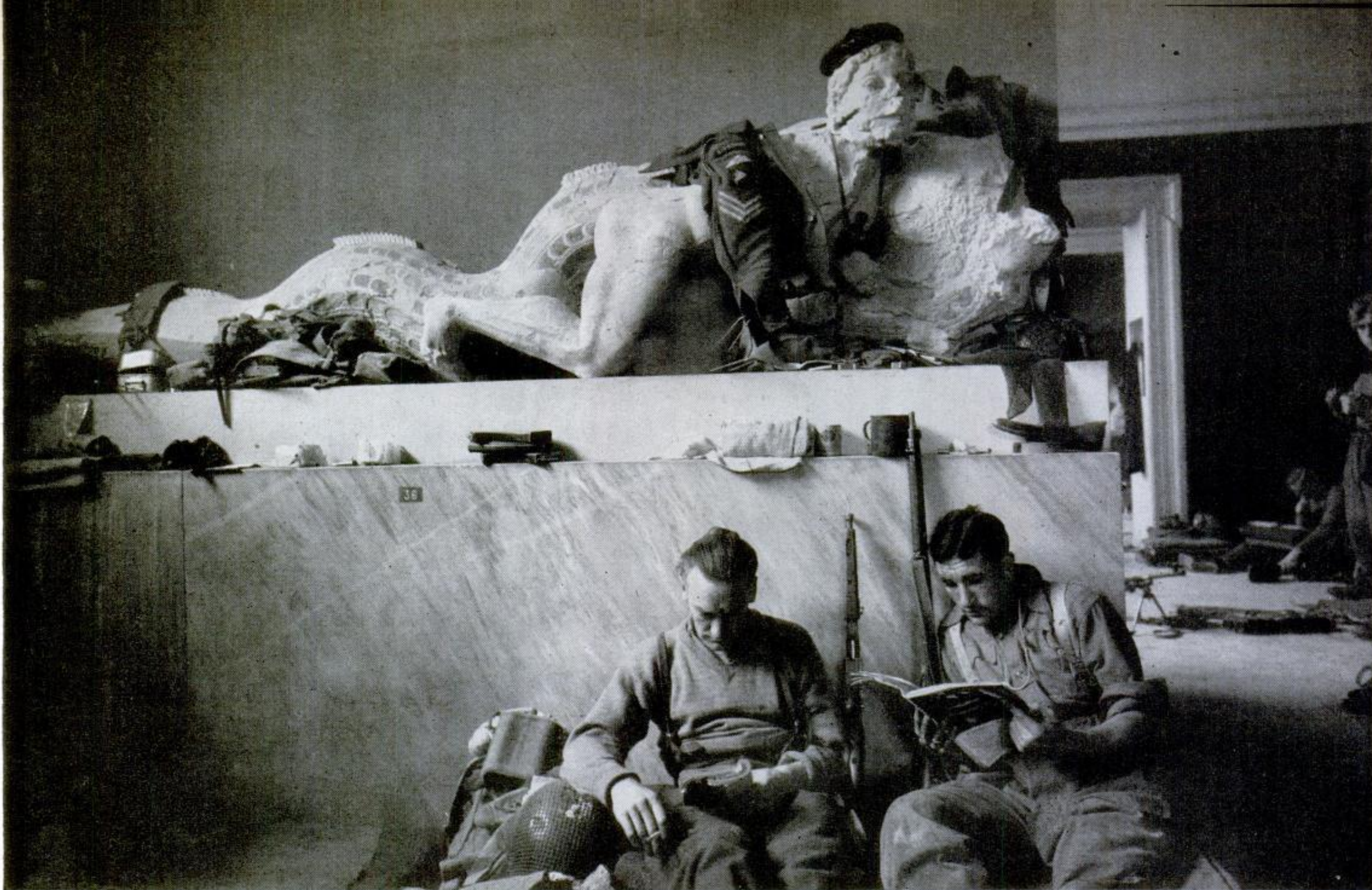
jury and show that she did or did not take after her alleged father.

But Carol Ann was just about the only one in the U. S. who did ignore the trial. In tabloids all across the country it was followed avidly. The question seemed simple: was or was not Chaplin the father of Carol Ann? The testimony was contradictory. Joan Berry's case rested on her remarkable memory for dates, conversations and details, which she recited precisely and at length. Her memory was even exact enough to eliminate other possible fathers. Chaplin's case was basically a scientific one. Three physicians made blood tests of him, Joan Berry and Carol Ann. Their findings: Chaplin could not possibly be the father of this particular baby. But his trouble was that although blood tests are conclusive evidence in other states they are not considered such in California.

CAROL ANN SOLEMNLY FACES JURY AS MOTHER HOLDS HER BESIDE CHAPLIN FOR JURY TO STUDY ANY RESEMBLANCE







TOMMIES SMOKE AND READ IN THEIR MUSEUM BILLET, OBLIVIOUS IN WAR TO RELICS OF GREECE'S GRANDEUR WHICH IN PEACE MEN TRAVELED THOUSANDS OF MILES TO SEE

THE ACROPOLIS

War in Athens once more makes
a fortress of its classic temples

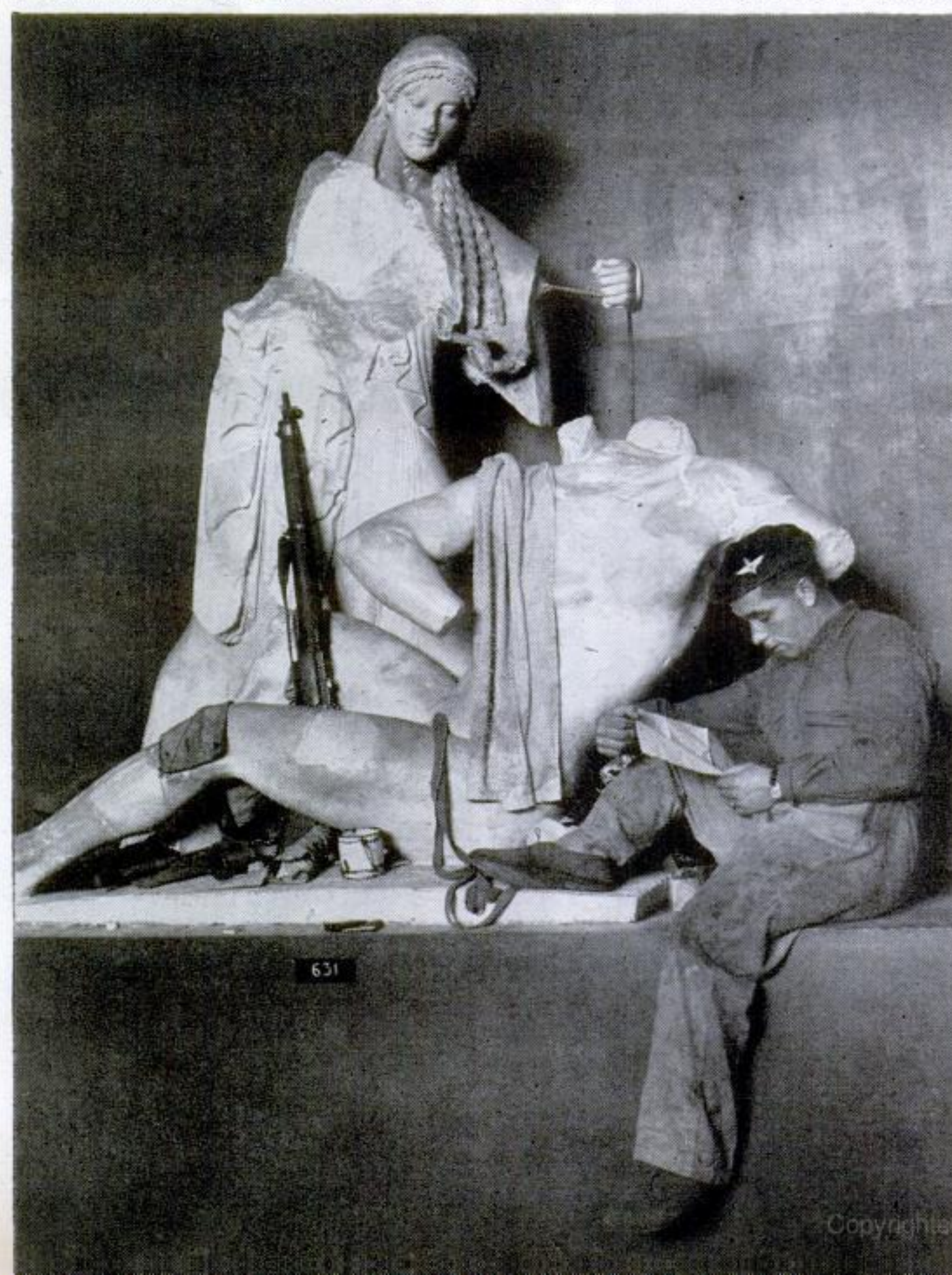
The Acropolis in Athens (acropolis literally means highest city) was a fort before its matchless temples made it a shrine. Last week it was once more a fort. One night early in December a British paratroop column swung through the only gate giving access to the precipitous hill and occupied it. Billeted in the Acropolis Museum, the Tommies made irreverent use of its ancient statuary as hat racks and gun stands. But, as the fight between British and the left-wing ELAS forces went on, there was more serious busi-

ness on the Acropolis. Tommies and ELAS troops, on nearby Monument Hill, sniped at each other. Bullets chipped the Acropolis' hallowed columns. Luckily, damage to the temples revered by all the world had been slight up to last week. By then Churchill, who had come to Athens to make peace between ELAS and the British-supported government of Premier George Papandreou, was back in England and had persuaded King George II of Greece to proclaim Archbishop Damaskinos as regent to govern the country.

PARATROOPER CLEANS RIFLE BEFORE HEADS FROM AN ANCIENT TEMPLE'S PEDIMENT



A TOMMY READS MAIL WHILE "ATHENA ATTACKS A GIANT" HOLDS HIS GUN FOR HIM



THE TIME IS NOW Start right, swing your partner and catch the beat . . .

ONE — for Real Mildness
TWO — for Cooler Smoking
THREE — for Better Taste

One-two-three and your smoking pleasure's complete.

ENJOY CHESTERFIELD'S RIGHT COMBINATION ★ WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



"Can't think of a better way to be snowed in, Bill"

There's more to a highball than meets the eye when it's made with choice Dry Paul Jones. For, Paul Jones does for a drink what we honestly believe no other whiskey can do. You'll notice the difference the very first time you take a Paul Jones highball in hand. Soon, we hope. *Blended Whiskey 86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*



Paul Jones
... a distinguished whiskey since 1865



CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED AT COUSIN CHAUNCEY McCORMICK'S LUSH APARTMENT. BRIDE WORE GRAY CREPE WITH THREE-INCH SILK FRINGE AND PURPLE HAT AND SHOES

McCORMICK WEDS

At 64, famous Chicago publisher marries an old family friend

Chicago's most interesting wedding of 1944 came when the year was almost over. On Dec. 21 Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, publisher of the powerful *Chicago Tribune*, married Maryland Mathison Hooper. The Colonel is 64. His gay, attractive bride, who was recently divorced from the president of the Lake Shore Fuel Company, is 17 years his junior. An old friend of the Colonel and his late wife, the second Mrs. McCormick shared with them a fondness for outdoor life and horses. For a

time she and her former husband had lived in one of the houses on the Colonel's large Wheaton, Ill. estate.

The wedding was the occasion for bringing together more members of the rich and influential McCormick family than had been seen in one room for years. The ceremony was unpretentious and the Colonel, usually gloomy and aristocratically aloof, was as excited and misty-eyed as any young swain. Said a friend of the bride's afterwards, "This marks the beginning of a new era in the publishing world."

The Spinster and the Burglar



1 "I'm a burglar, see, and am I havin' a pushover relievin' Long Island millionaires of their valuables. One night I'm climbin' in the window of a 40-room shack, when an ole gal in a wheel chair turns a flash on me!"



2 "At last!" she announces. "I've been waiting for you. Sit down!" I sat—don't ask me why. "Now, my man, what made you become a burglar?" She's lookin' tru me wit those bead-like eyes—and I'm talkin'!"



3 "Coffee! That's what done it, lady! Geez, am I nuts about coffee! But it keeps me from sleepin'—the caffein in it. Well, I can't sleep nights—so I take up burglin'! But I'm not robbing poor folks, only rich."



4 "I knew it!" she crows. "You're a good man at heart! All you need is Sanka Coffee!" An wit dat she shoves me into the pantry. "See?" she says. "Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free—and it can't keep you awake."



5 "But, lady, this coffee wit no caffein—does it taste good?" "Delicious!" she says. "Grand flavor, delightful aroma! If you drink Sanka Coffee, you'll enjoy fine coffee, sleep well, and become a respected citizen."



6 "O.K., but how do I make my living then?" "Work for me!" she cries. So now I'm an old lady's companion. I don't make much dough—but do I go for the ole gal's elegant Sanka Coffee! And do I sleep nights!"



SANKA COFFEE

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

TUNE IN 2 GREAT RADIO SHOWS! NBC: "Those We Love," Sunday, 2 p.m., E.W.T.
CBS: The New Kate Smith Hour, Sunday, 7 p.m., E.W.T.

McCormick Weds (continued)



Receiving line consisted of cousin Captain Joseph Patterson, publisher of New York Daily News, who was best man; Mrs. Chauncey McCormick, who was matron of honor; bridegroom; bride; cousin Chauncey McCormick, who gave bride away.



Officiating minister was young Dr. Robert Stewart, from Presbyterian church in Wheaton of which the Colonel is a member. A forward-thinking churchman, Dr. Stewart dons shorts in summer, walks Wheaton's streets with Russian wolfhound.



Mrs. Joseph Patterson and cousin Robert Hall McCormick chat over the refreshments. Robert Hall McCormick has been confined to wheel chair since falling from a horse years ago. He is an attorney and was chairman of trustees of Chicago Opera.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

"Look, sister—men do not like feminine women!"



1. **SHIRLEY:** Jackie, you can *quote* me: Men go for gals with big biceps and no nerves!

JACKIE: 'S'matter, honey? Your Big Heart-Beat give you a chill?

SHIRLEY: Nope. It's that Boss of ours! He ought to hire *stevedores* for typists! Look...



2. **SHIRLEY:** See what grief it is to type one single letter on this monster? Why, I have to *pound* and *pound* the keys...

JACKIE: No wonder... with *that* machine! Now, if you were lucky enough to have a Royal, you'd be sittin' pretty! Royal's Touch Control adapts key pressure to your touch—makes it your *personal* typewriter—just by turning a dial!



3. **SHIRLEY:** And I s'pose Royal has a cure for *this*, too. See how I have to bend way over to set the margin stops—*by hand*?

JACKIE: Certainly Royal has a cure! It's called MAGIC*Margin! You just flick a little lever and, *whoosh*, margins are set *automatically*! Greatest little friend a busy typist ever had!



4. **SHIRLEY:** Well, here's what really beats me! This carriage! Bobs up and down every time I press the shift key!

JACKIE: Not with a Royal, precious! On a Royal, only the type bar segment moves. And that, my dear, means *easier* typing, *better* work!

SHIRLEY: My, my—aren't we smart today!

JACKIE: Why not? You see, I still *have* a Royal—lucky *me*! But, cheer up, maybe you'll have a *brand-new* Royal soon—maybe sooner than you think! When that great day comes, you can relax and be as feminine as a kitten!



If you're as lucky as Jackie—and own a Royal—take care of it, by having your Royal man give it a Wartime Checkup. Another thing—even though it's the most durable machine that ever warmed the heart of an efficiency expert, take it easy on the rough stuff. Instead, save your strength for something *really worth while*—like giving blood, staying on the job—speeding Victory!

ROYAL

World's No1. Typewriter

*Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

Copyright 1945, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Even if you don't have 7 babies...

READ THIS!



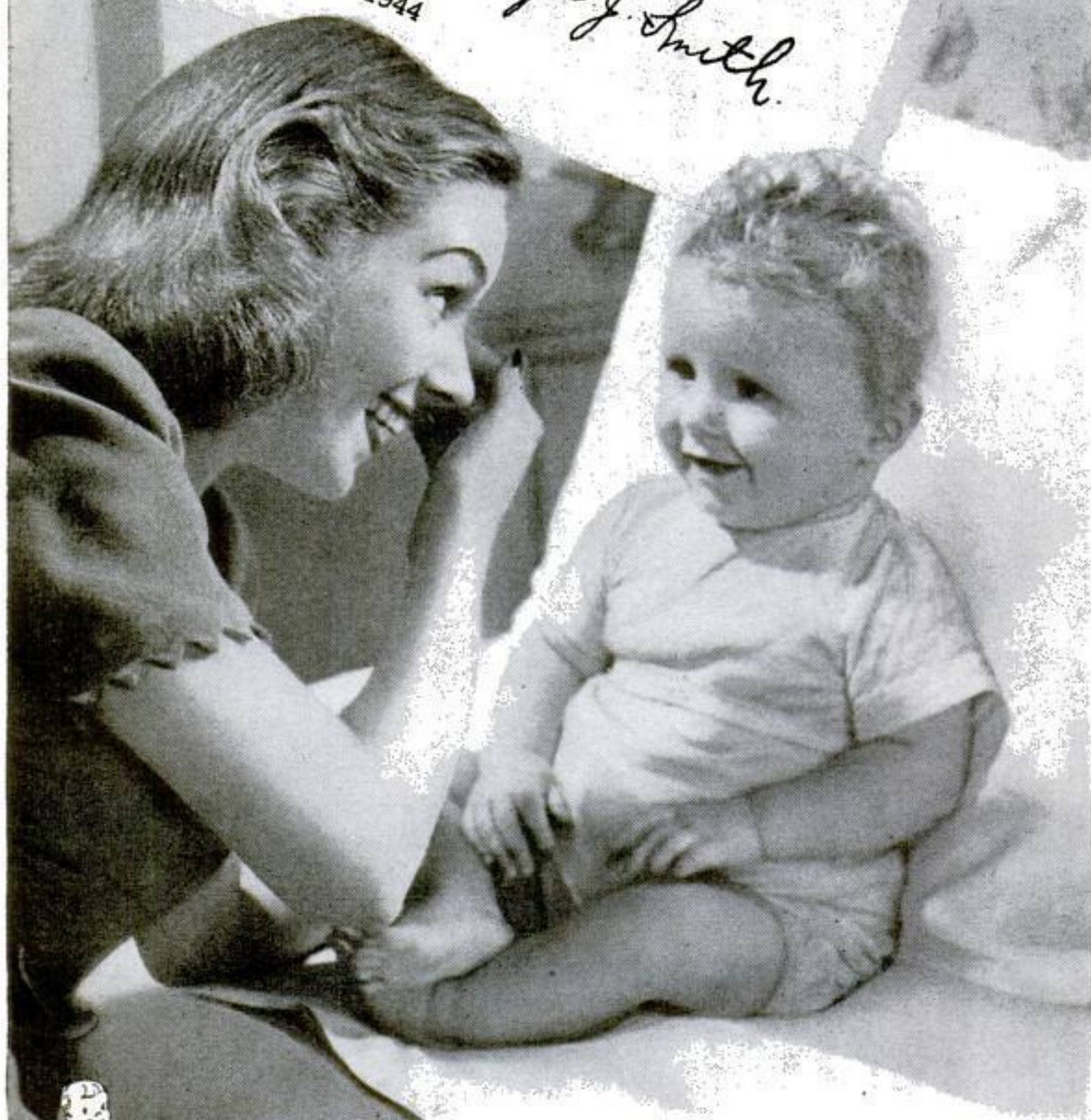
Dear Pequot Mills: Toledo 11, Ohio

I thought when I was getting linens for my trousseau I would get the best, so I got Pequot sheets and cases. They have worn wonderfully, in spite of weekly laundering. I have two children of my own and board five others, and you know seven youngsters are rough on sheets. But I found the first break in one of those Pequots only this week. I hope the time will come soon when I can stock up on Pequots again.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Doyle J. Smith.

October 5th, 1944



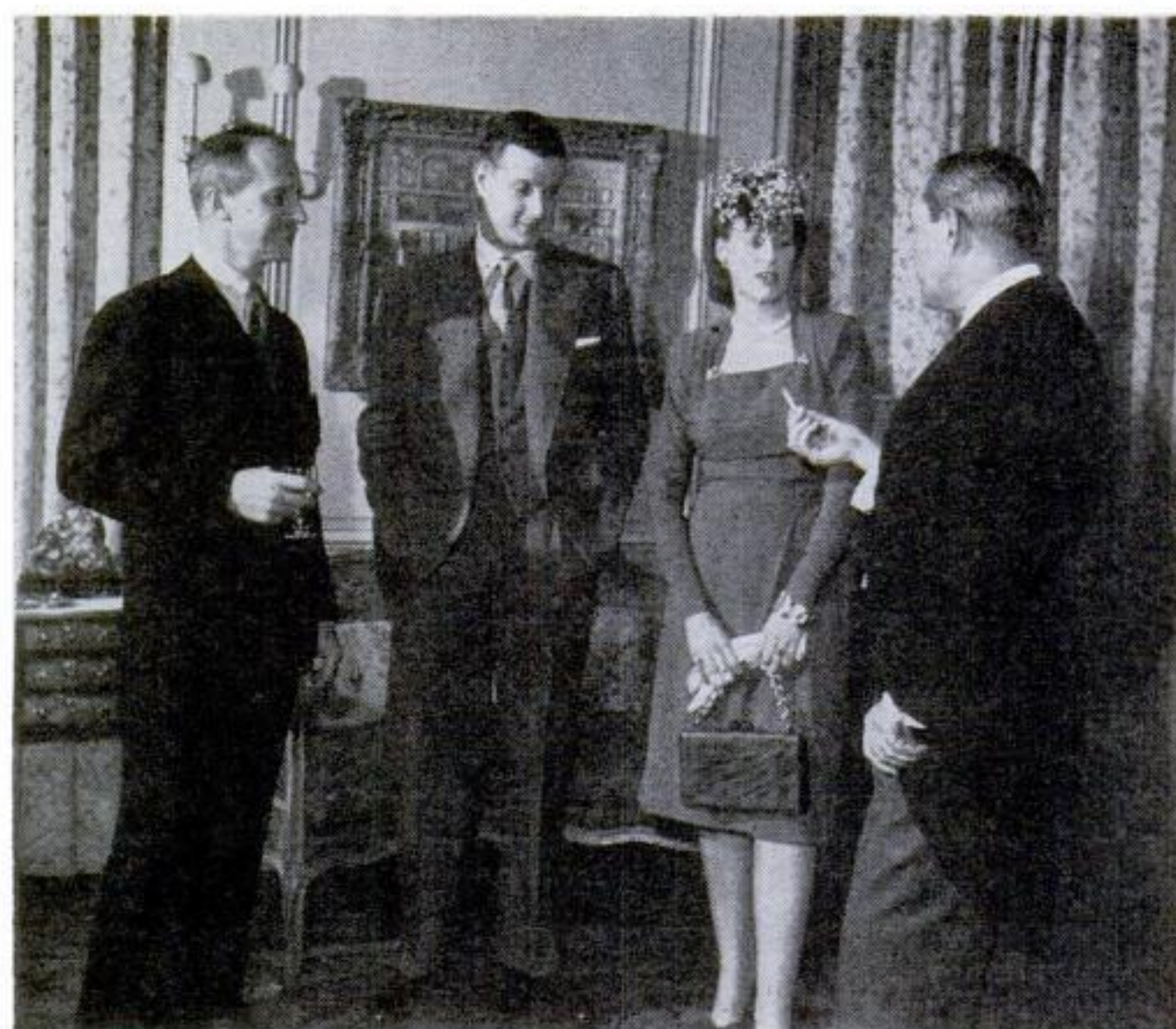
Yes, ma'am, we know how rough those weekly launderings, and babies, and just general wear, can be on sheets. That's why we've made Pequots so sturdy.

But we've made them beautiful too. Yes, ma'am! Pequot's smooth close-woven texture mellows softly, like old linen. Keeps that bleached-in whiteness to the very end (which comes eventually, even for Pequots!).

And remember, with Pequots you get two *exclusive* features—double-tape selvages, and handy, projecting size tabs. Uncle Sam still requires most of our output, but there are some Pequots for civilians. If you need sheets, get Pequots. Pequot Mills, Salem, Massachusetts.

PEQUOT SHEETS
so good-looking—so long wearing!

McCormick Weds (continued)



More cousins: Fowler McCormick; Brooks McCormick, son of Chauncey; his wife; and Chauncey. Presence of so many McCormicks moved a doorman to say, "This place is dead most of the time, but today it's more fun than a barrel of monkeys."



Still more cousins: Howard Linn, William McCormick Blair, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Linn. Absent: Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms (ill), "Cissy" Patterson (travel difficulties) Mrs. Fowler McCormick (retired), Katrina McCormick Barnes (family rebel).



After the reception the newlyweds drove to Wheaton estate, were greeted there by huge bonfire and by pet dogs with white satin bows around their necks. There had been snow and houseman had cleared path for them in the shape of a huge heart.



They'll have to put the world together! ...so see that they're husky and fit

Today's youngsters face a challenge. It will be their job to fashion a brave new world out of the present jumbled pieces.

Wise parents are trying to make their children mentally and spiritually fit, to grasp the need. Physically fit, to carry out the plans.

In that vital matter of *balancing the diet*, they follow the advice of nutrition experts. And they pay special attention to *milk*, the children's prime essential.

Here Carnation Milk plays its trusted part. It's as nourishing and wholesome to drink *at any age* as when the doctor recommended it for babyhood. And tempting in all sorts of milk-rich cooked and frozen dishes.

Carnation is good whole milk with nothing removed but part of the natural water. It contains every valuable milk nutrient, plus the benefits of extra "sunshine" vitamin D, through irradiation. And it's sterilized for safety and digestibility—and homogenized, so the butterfat is evenly distributed and easily assimilated.

This famous milk is a blessing *any* child can claim! A vital food—doing a splendid job—like your precious War Bonds, mounting in value day by day. And proudly helping to build boys and girls who may make famous names of their own one day.

OATMEAL MEAT LOAF Good Cereal Protein Here

- 1 lb. ground chuck beef or lamb shoulder
- 1 1/4 cups rolled oats
- 2 1/4 tps. salt
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. powdered sage
- 1 cup Carnation Milk
- 3/4 cup canned tomatoes
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 cup apple jelly
- 2 tps. hot water
- Orange sections



Combine all but last 3 ingredients. Pack in greased loaf pan. Bake in 350° oven 1 hr. Turn out onto baking pan. Cook jelly and hot water till smooth. Spoon some of this glaze over loaf. Return to oven for 10 min. Remove. Garnish with orange. Spoon more glaze over all. Serves 6 or 8.



FREE! "Clever Ways With Carnation"—a book of easy ways to cook better than ever—and give your family the milk-rich foods they need. Get these delicious, timely recipes. Address Carnation Co., Dept. L-43, Milwaukee 2, Wis., or Toronto, Ont.

IRRADIATED Carnation Milk "FROM CONTENTED COWS"

TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR" MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK

Invest in Victory
Invest in Peace
Invest in Security
BUY WAR BONDS!

No Wonder Snider's Chili Sauce Tastes So Different!



GRANDPA SNIDER still talks about it as The Day Grandma Got the Notion!

She started by sayin', kind of thoughtful, "Seems a shame, Grandpa, that some people don't ever taste real Old Fashioned Chili Sauce! I've a notion folks would like Snider's Chili Sauce if they could buy it down to the store!"

"Guess the neighbors have been puttin' a bee in your bonnet, Grandma," says Grandpa. You see, folks used to keep askin' Grandma how she got the temptin' tang that made her Chili Sauce so different!

Well, of course Grandma had her own secret recipe, and she'd flavor up every batch



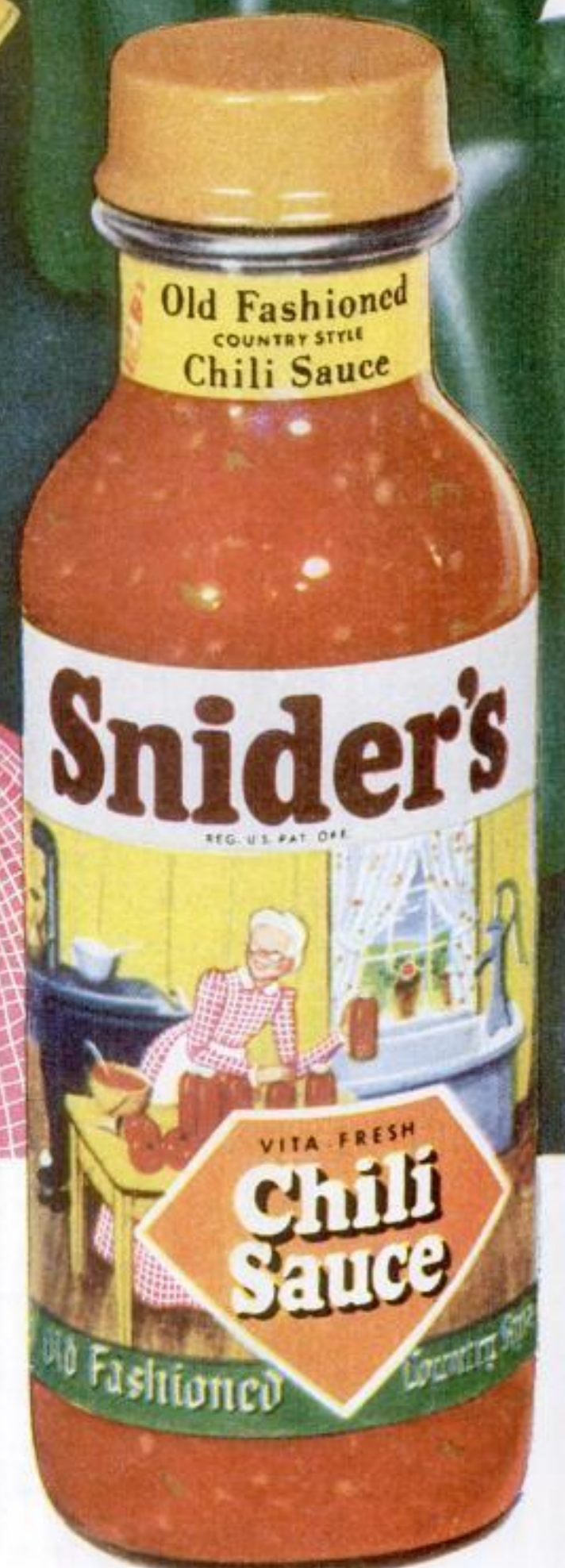
of sauce just so—using a dash of this and a dash of that from her famous collection of old-fashioned spices.

Not too much! Not too little! Just right, to bring out the flavory goodness of the ripe tomatoes, and onions, and peppers, and celery! And of course, those tomatoes would be peeled and cut by hand to make it nice and chunky too—the way any self-respectin' Chili Sauce should be.

Yes, sir! 'Twas no wonder Grandma's Chili Sauce tasted different! That's why, today, when folks want the real country kind, they ask for Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce! We just put Grandma's recipe in a bottle!

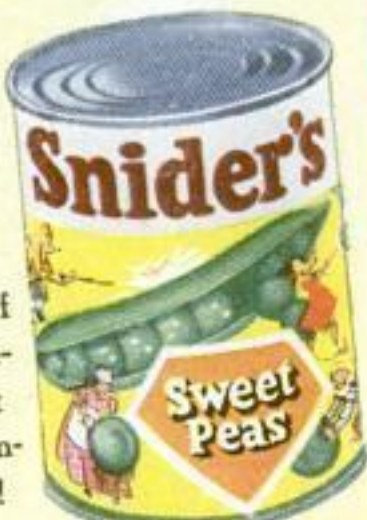


The Snider Folks



Snider's Canned Foods are famous, too!

Farmer Snider says, "Have you tasted **Snider's Canned Vita-Fresh Sweet Peas?**" Tender, tasty young peas, put up fresh from the pod! Snider's Peas are just one of a long line of fruits and vegetables the Snider Folks put up... all famous for that farm-fresh flavor. Try 'em today!



"You could sail the seven seas," says Old Salt Snider, "and never find a Cocktail Sauce like Snider's!" It's got zip, and zest, and tang, and a flavor that can't be beat! It's famous wherever folks enjoy good sea food. Try **Snider's Cocktail Sauce**, too!



And when you're in the store, don't forget—**Snider's Catsup!** Real country-style catsup with a flavor all its own. It's quality catsup, folks... makes the simplest dish a treat. Different, delicious, the first taste says Snider's!

If the Snider Folks put it up... it tastes like home

Copyright 1945 by General Foods Corp.



TEACHERS COLLEGE FACULTY SITS FOR A 50TH BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT. PROFESSORS EMERITI (FIRST TWO ROWS) SURROUNDING DEAN WILLIAM RUSSELL (FIRST ROW CENTER)

TEACHERS COLLEGE

The Columbia pioneer school that has helped mold U. S. education celebrates its 50th anniversary

Teachers College of Columbia University in New York City has just celebrated its 50th anniversary. More than just a jubilee, it was also the 50th birthday of modern U. S. education. In its half century of life, T. C. has spread its pedagogical principles and its influence through the schools of the entire nation.

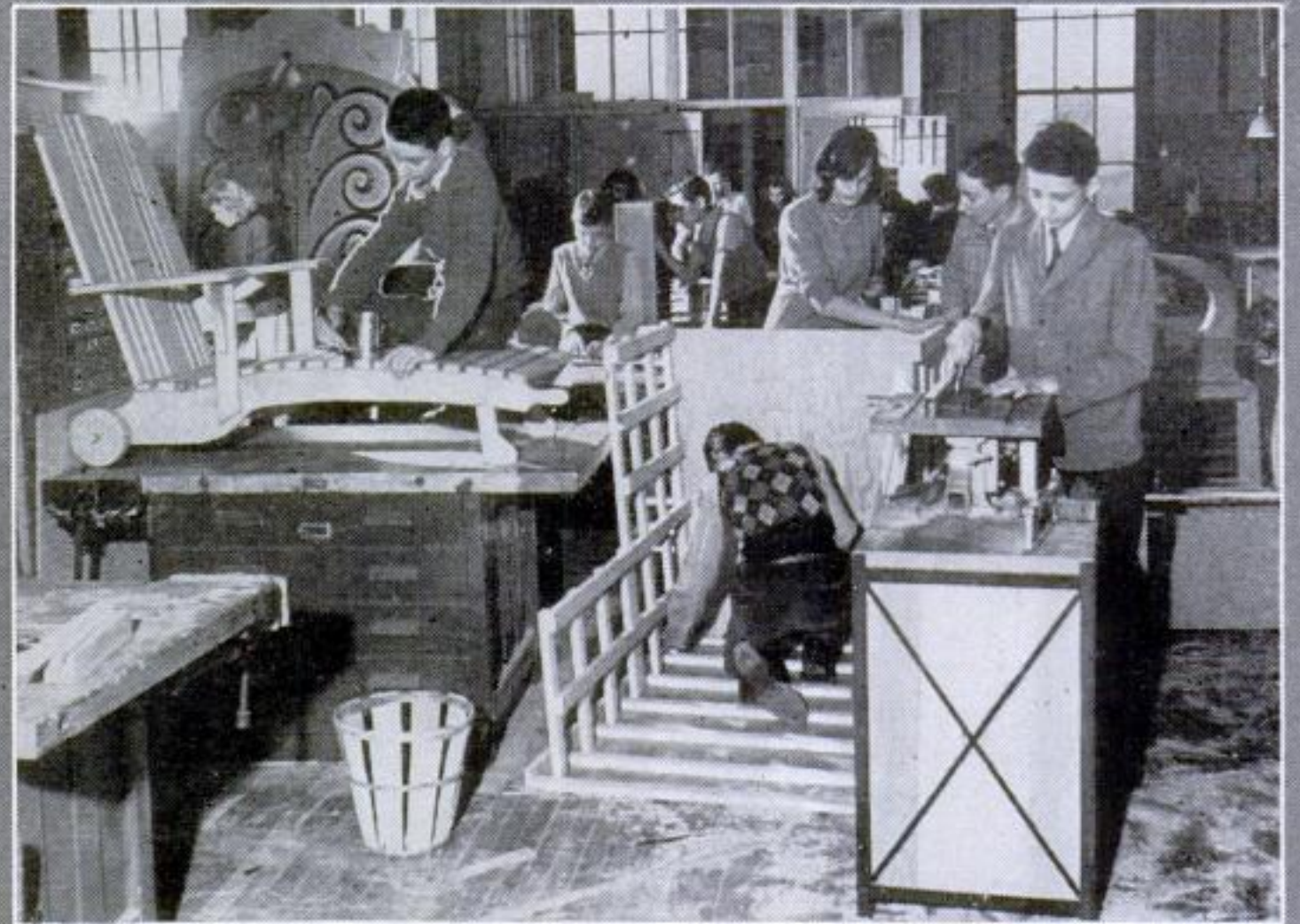
It grew out of classes started in the 1880s to teach domestic arts and manual training. Both were then "radical" subjects for schools. Seeing the need for better instruction methods, the sponsors also founded what became Teachers College, a school to teach teachers how to teach. Since then, almost 75,000

teachers, principals and superintendents, spurred by the fact that courses at T. C. are steppingstones to academic promotion, have studied there and gone on to preach its doctrine that genuine education is not mere passive learning but active student participation in scholarship, the arts and crafts.

Teachers College became a part of Columbia in 1898. Influenced by Columbia's revered philosopher, John Dewey, its faculty has given much of American teaching a strongly progressive direction which is being challenged by the University of Chicago's Robert M. Hutchins, who advocates classical methods.



Manual training in 1892 was taught at Industrial Education Association which became Horace Mann-Lincoln School, where Teachers College puts its theories into practice.



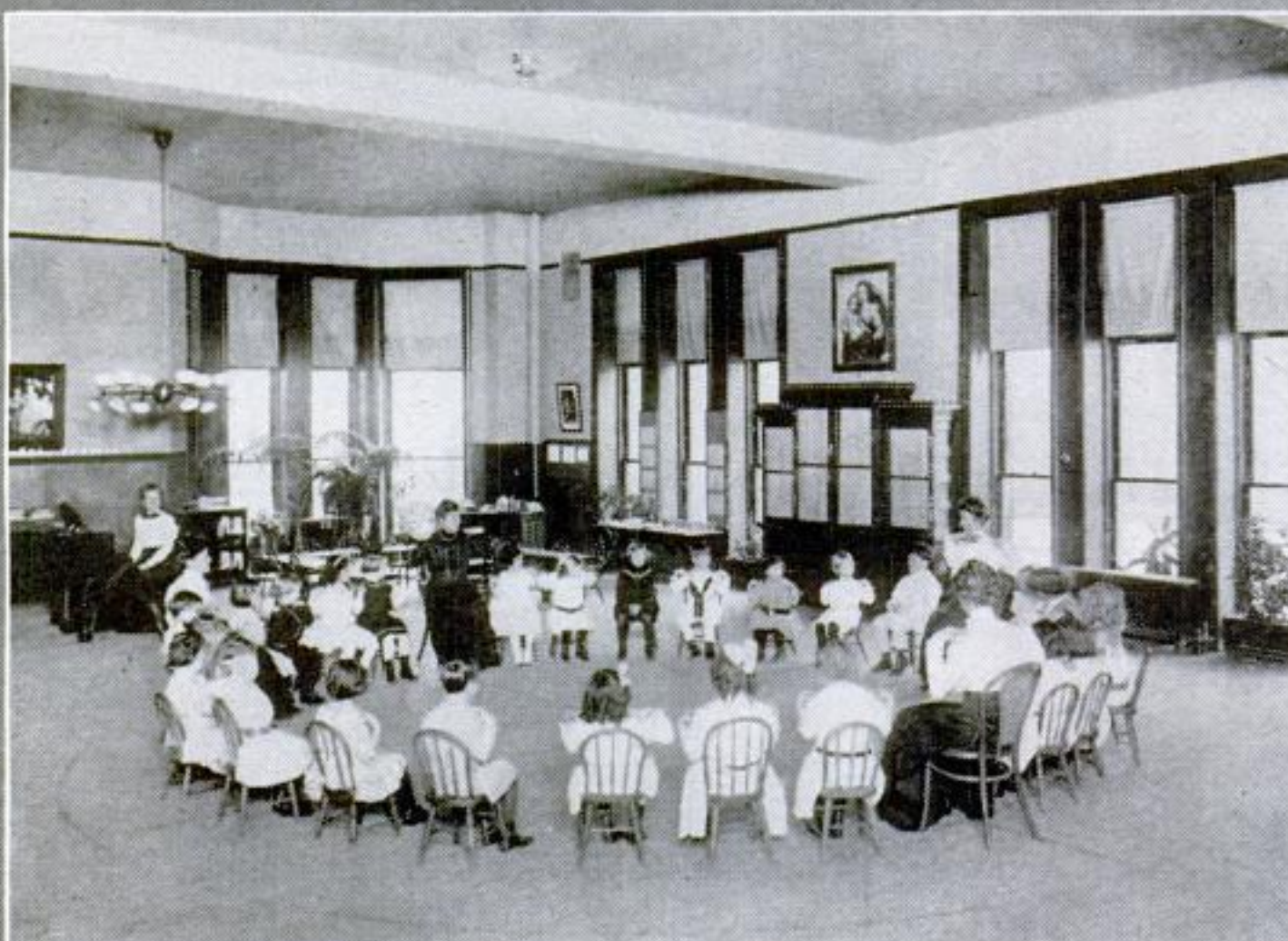
Industrial arts class in 1944 permits the Horace Mann-Lincoln students to make what they please. Note that some of students are girls. Similarly, boys often study cooking.



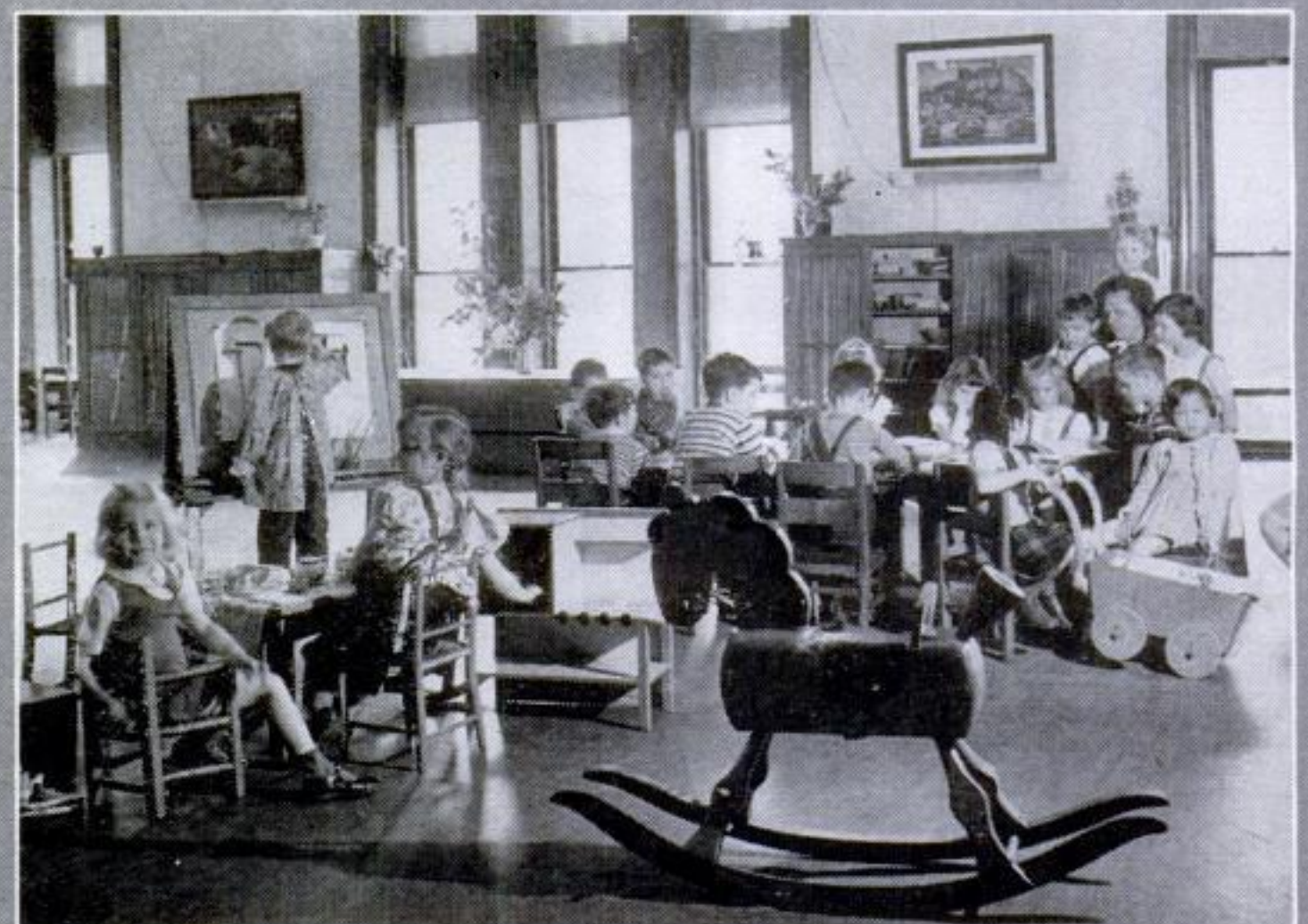
Cooking class in 1896 not only taught prospective teachers domestic science but also taught them how to teach it. Early classes learned to make fancy and difficult dishes.



Cooking class in 1944 at Teachers College is still held in same room as at left. But now room arrangement is informal, emphasis is placed on low-cost, nutritious meals.



Kindergarten in 1910 at Horace Mann illustrates early schools' formality. Teacher is kindergarten pioneer Patty Hill. Horace Mann grew from 1880s' "radical" courses.



Kindergarten in 1944 also still in same room, lets its youngsters play informally at what they please—tea parties, painting, reading—and provides a host of playthings.



1. If you'll do this . . .



2. Instead of this . . .



3. Someone who really needs it will get this . . .



4. And you won't risk being stranded far from home!

Last year thousands of winter-vacationists had to wait weeks for reservations home.

Many stayed up all night at railroad ticket-offices in order to be first in line next morning.

The travel situation will be just as bad this year—maybe worse—for military needs

are even heavier. And the Office of Defense Transportation has already announced that there will be *no extra train service* for those who may be stranded.

So pleasure travel—much as we regret to say so—is still something to look forward to rather than enjoy right now!

★ **Keep on Buying War Bonds — Keep on Keeping Them!** ★

PULLMAN

For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation



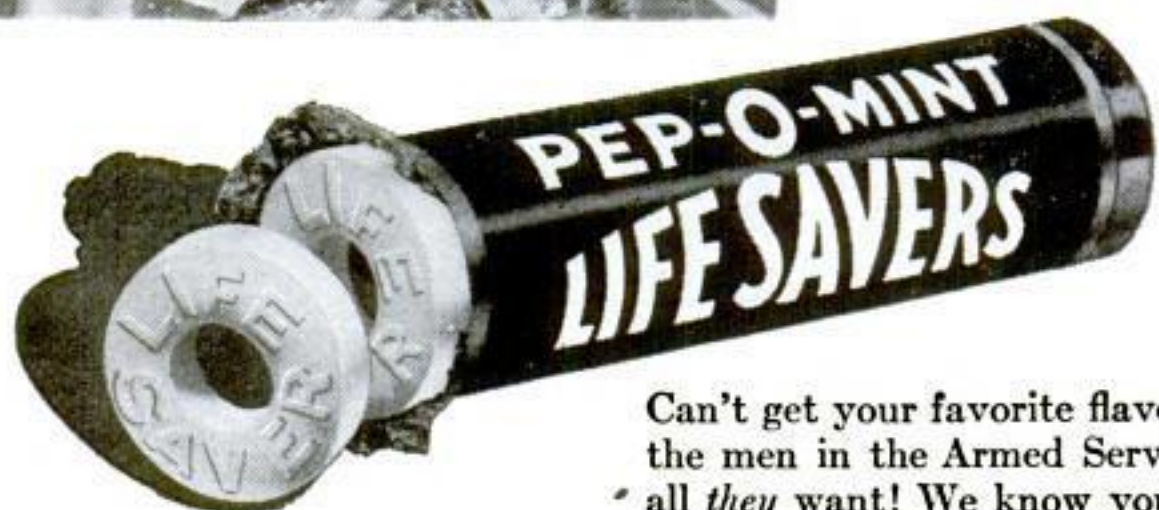
If HE wants to dodge like this . . .

When YOU want to dodge like this . . .



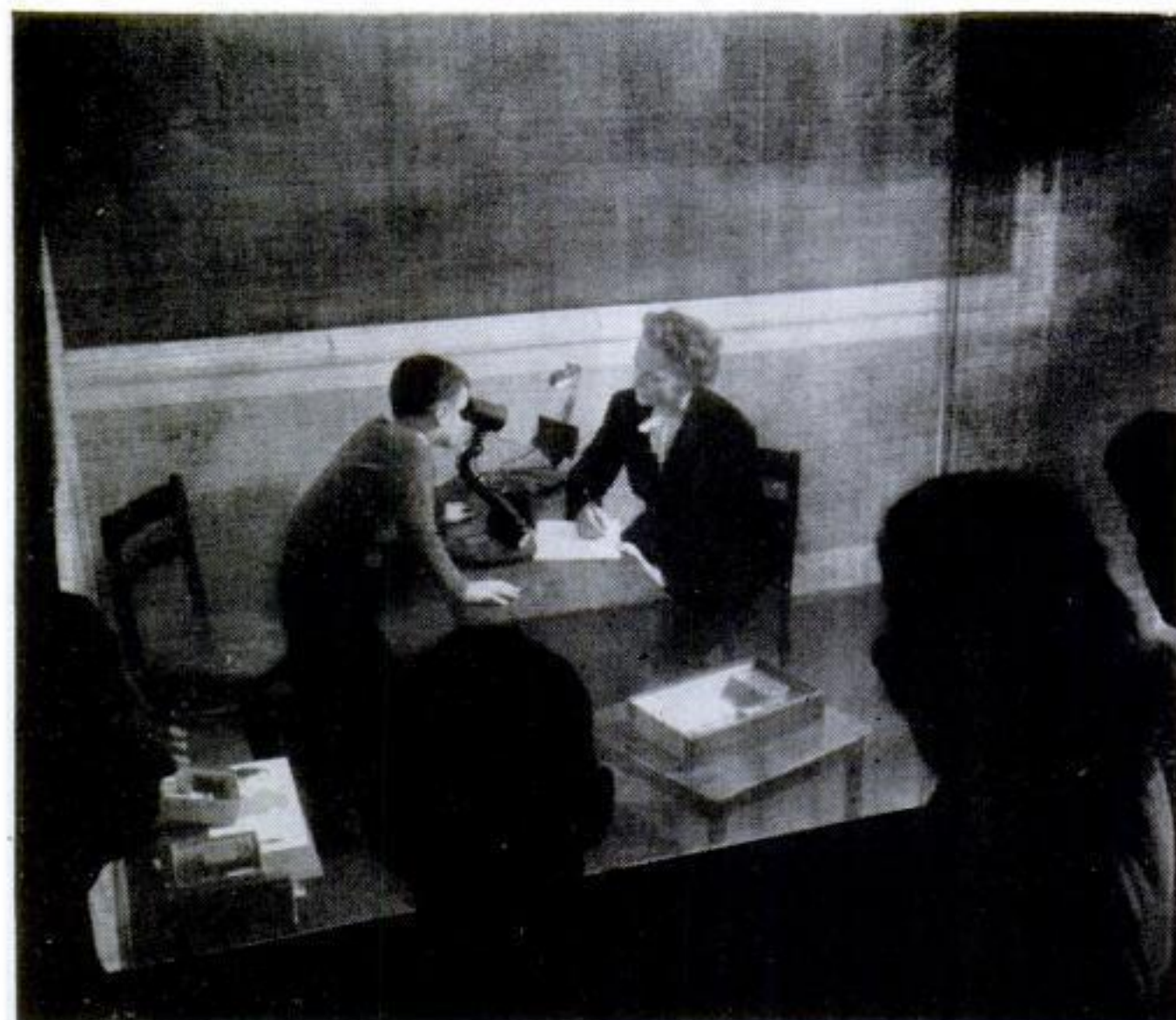
TRY THIS

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.

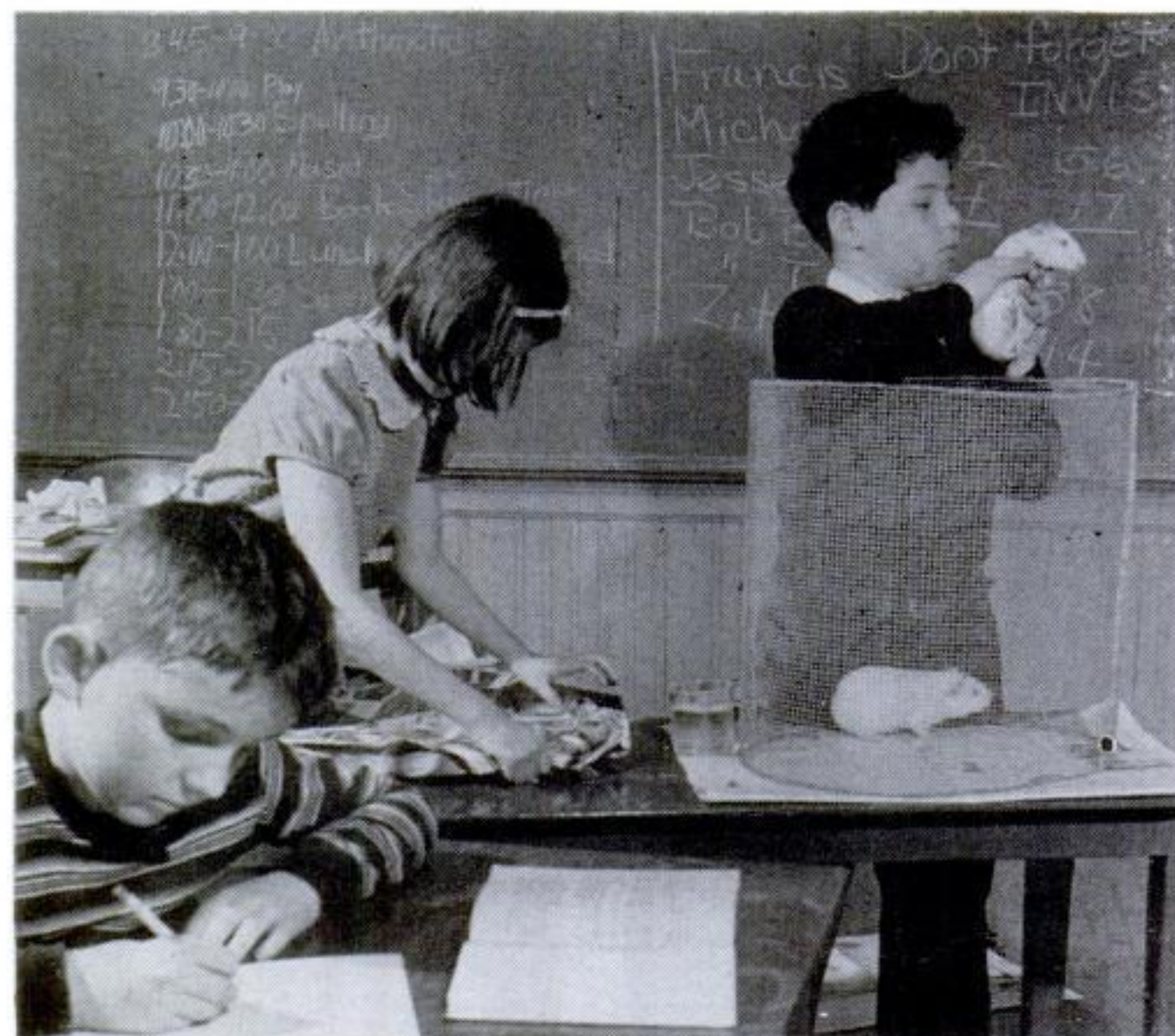


Can't get your favorite flavor? That means the men in the Armed Services are getting all they want! We know you'll understand. Please try one of the other Life Savers . . . they're all swell!

Teachers College (continued)



Visual efficiency test, part of Teachers College's modern scientific methods, is given by Dr. Esther Lloyd-Jones, Guidance Laboratory director, to a 10-year-old to diagnose his reading problem. Student teachers (foreground) watch through a screen.

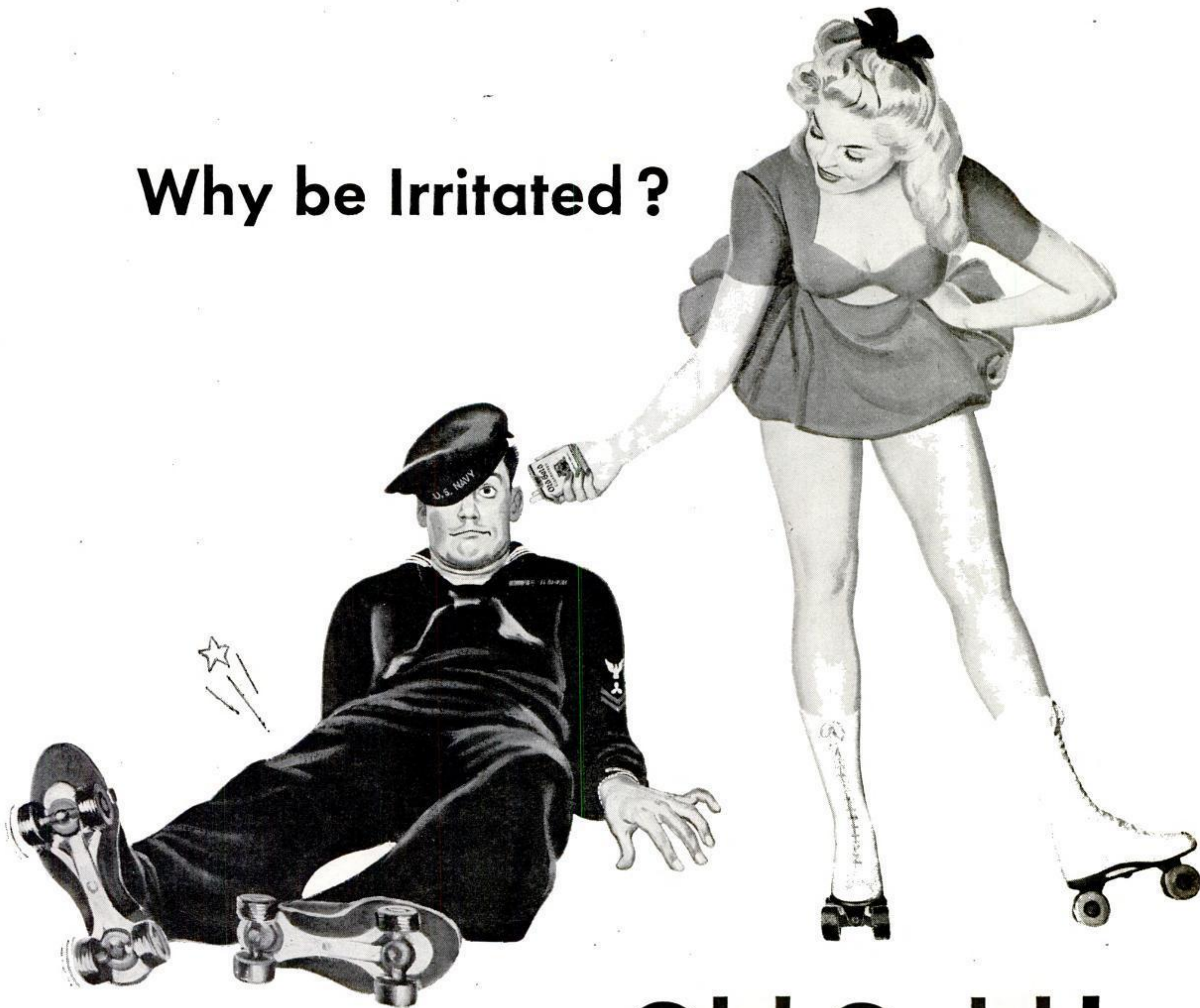


Nutrition education is taught at Horace Mann-Lincoln by letting children feed guinea pigs and observe respective effects of balanced and unbalanced diets. Typical of the school's informality, lad in foreground studies on, oblivious to other activity.



Nursing education class at Teachers College studies how to teach a new mother to care for her baby. Instructor is at right of the bed. Students themselves are public health nurses or graduate nurses who hope to become instructors in nursing schools.

Why be Irritated?



Light an Old Gold!

Apple "Honey" helps guard O. Gs. from Cigarette Dryness

You're never let down—by Old Gold's extra pleasure and its special protection from cigarette dryness! . . .

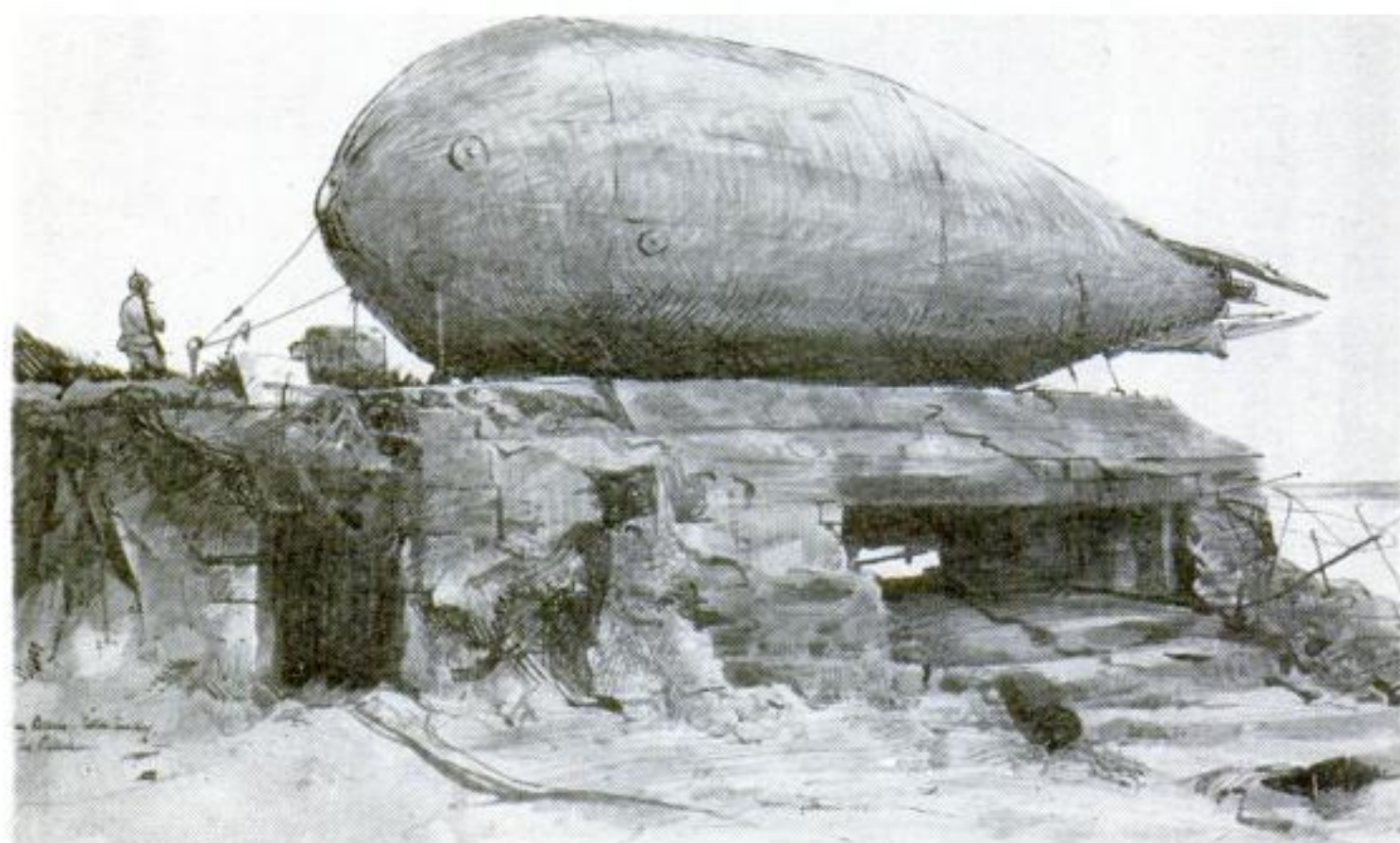
You'll discover the superbly satisfying taste of a blend of many pedigreed tobaccos—with a touch of costly, imported Latakia leaf for *extra flavor*. Plus the special protection of Apple "Honey"—sprayed on those fine tobaccos to help hold in the natural moisture, *help guard against cigarette dryness*.

Try Old Golds . . . and see why they've tripled in popularity!
(If your dealer's supply is short today, just ask again tomorrow.
We're doing our best to keep up.)



KEEP ON BUYING
WAR BONDS

LISTEN TO
WHICH IS WHICH?
Wednesday Evenings CBS—and
THE COMEDY THEATRE
Sunday Evenings NBC



A U. S. BARRAGE BALLOON IS MOORED ATOP A GERMAN PILLBOX ON OMAHA BEACH



DEAD CREW LIES NEAR NAZI TIGER TANK KNOCKED OUT ON DAY OF BREAKTHROUGH

BREAKTHROUGH AT ST. LÔ

PLEISSNER PAINTS HISTORIC TURNING POINT OF THE WAR

If the Allied invasion of June 6, 1944 opened the west door of Hitler's Europe, the breach in the German lines subsequently effected by U.S. troops was the first momentous step taken through that door. After being penned 50 days in a small arc of Normandy, Allied headquarters decided to smash with all strength at a single point near the town of St. Lô until something gave way. Presently it did. The Nazi line cracked. The St. Lô breakthrough became a World War II turning point.

As such it has been recorded for history in oils, water colors and black-and-white drawings by Ogden M. Pleissner, LIFE artist-correspondent who spent three weeks in Normandy, most of it with the 9th Air Force, which had a vital part in the breakthrough. His paintings tell the story chronologically—the softening-up missions, the aerial and seaborne flow of supplies, the attack and finally its awesome results.

The critical day of the battle was July 25. In the

morning some 3,000 U. S. planes dropped their loads on a mere ten-square-mile area and turned it into a quaking hell. American armor and infantry then poured through the gap. During the next few days the breakthrough was speedily exploited, columns radiating out over the Breton peninsula and into central France. Months later history turned about and the Germans, breaking through the U. S. front, left behind American lines scenes of desolation like those shown here.

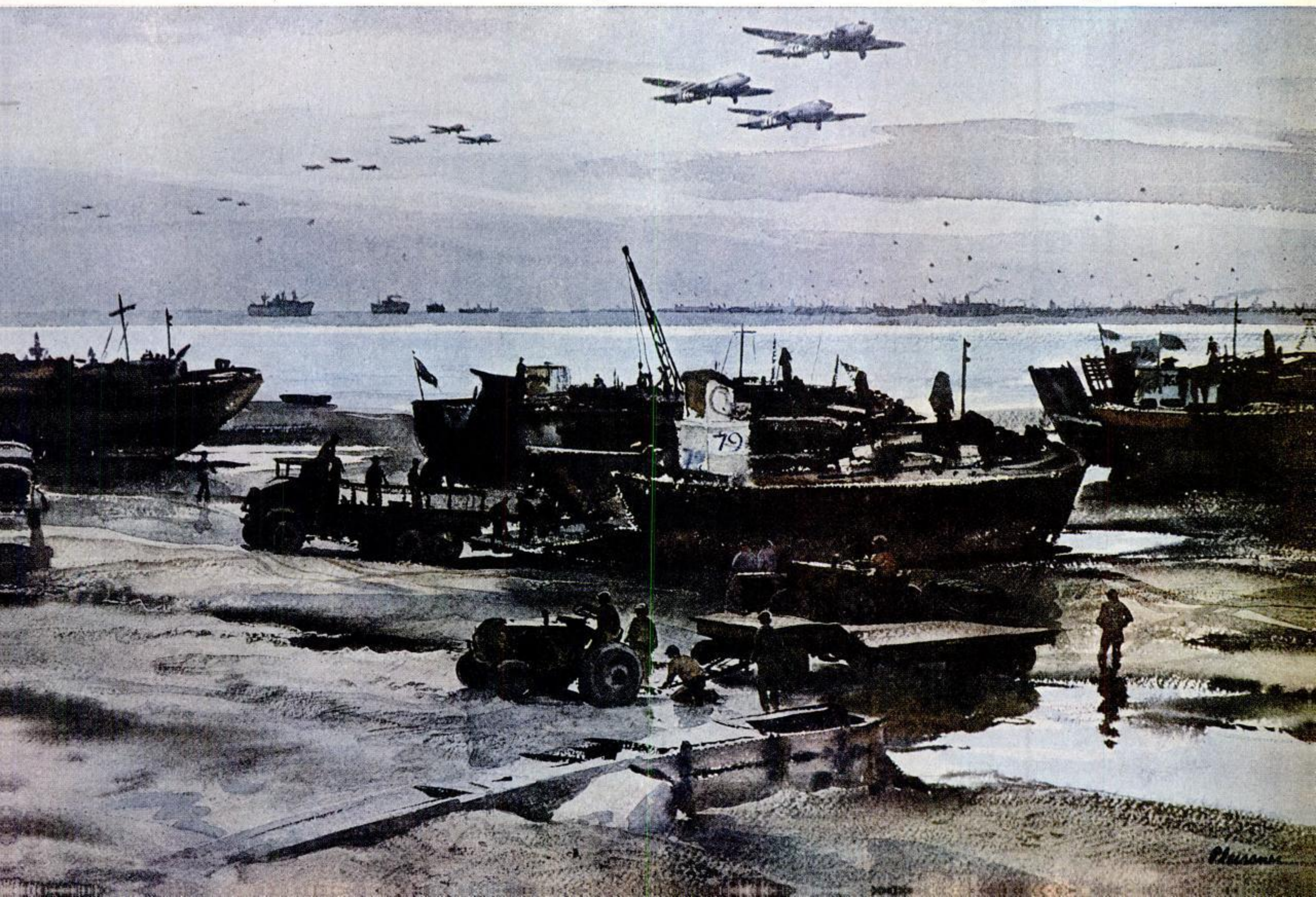


WHILE GIs WALK TOWARD THE NEW LINE, A MUSTANG FROM A FIGHTER GROUP TRIUMPHANTLY "BUZZES" WRECKED GERMAN TANKS NEAR ST. LÔ AFTER THE BIG AIR ASSAULT



FROM FIELD IN ESSEX, Marauder bombers, still wearing D-day stripes, take off to soften German defenses across the Channel on a clear morning a few days before the breakthrough. Ground crews, near 250- and 500-lb. bombs, watch the take-off anxiously.

ON OMAHA BEACH (below), scene of the bloodiest invasion landings, converted Thames barges unload ammunition. Overhead, transports fly much-needed plasma to the St. Lô River front due south, their lowered wheels signaling, "Friendly—don't shoot."





NAZI STEEL-CONCRETE FORT guarding Omaha Beach, which was captured in the first invasion lunge, is now topped by a tented U. S. signal post. Pillars (left) apparently supported a pier. Pleissner painted this from sketches made shortly before July 25.

GRANDCAMP'S CEMETERY (below) near Omaha Beach, its neat graves and bead-strung arches ravaged by battle, is still decorated by the French peasants. Symbolically, a World War I veteran's grave (lower right) has been splintered by a World War II shell.





ON THE MORNING OF THE BREAKTHROUGH, July 25, the people of the desolate coast towns stand in the rubble and wave to the 3,000-plane armada roaring toward the St. Lô front to deliver a shattering bombing that preceded the infantry's advance.

NEARER THE FRONT (*below*), same day, Pleissner sketched ground-crew men at a P-47 base as they watched B-24s, two of which were downed by ack-ack, bomb Nazi positions. Soon P-47s took off to support the advance with their bombs and new rockets.





BY THE EVENING OF JULY 25 what had been picturesque Normandy pasture land looked like this. Bombs of 3,000 planes had been entirely concentrated on a mere 10 square miles in an awesome air assault that rendered German troops, taken prisoner after-

ward, hysterically speechless. Now the once lush meadows are cratered by thousands of bombs, rutted by the treads of countless German and Allied tanks, bloodied by hundreds of young bodies and laced with the scraps and tendrils of steel armor. At left lies



a disabled German Mark VI tank. At lower right another Mark VI, blown to ribbons, is still smoldering. In the foreground is the corpse of one of the tank's crew and, upper center, one of the many cows which were casualties of the Normandy battle. In the

background, under a sooty sky, U. S. tanks prowl relentlessly forward in a pursuit of the enemy that was eventually to carry beyond Paris. Pleissner painted this stark landscape from a number of sketches that he made that evening while he strolled the battlefield.



THE HAZE OF BATTLE—smoke, plaster dust and churned soil—hangs over St. Lô and clings to the earth for days after the breakthrough. Through it P-47s wing home, some Sherman tanks move up and a Tommy-gunned GI herds newly taken prisoners.

ST. LÔ SQUARE (*below*) a few days after July 25 boasts a tricolor and little else. MPs (*center*) have moved in to direct military traffic through an unpeopled city. The Germans had honeycombed the square with emplacements but they were blasted out.



WHEN I GO HOME...

The guns fade down . . .

And it seems to me I hear a dog's sharp bark, and a girl's voice and the shrill of my own clear whistle . . .

And the next thing I know, I'm over the gate and out of the war and . . . it's Christmas again and I'm home.

I stop to make sure this house is mine, and I hear the slam of a door, and my feet crunch deep in the soft cool snow and I take the steps at a leap and she's standing there just as I see her now. And she says, "Tom, how brown you are" because there are no words for what she means. And the world stands still for a while.

And then . . .

I'm walking into a room with the biggest and brightest tree in the world and the kids look up from their toys and jump to their feet and come running to meet me and their voices are sweet in my ears, and I duck down quick and hold them tight . . .

The night comes on . . .

The music stops and the carols are stilled and the bombers come up and the fighters scream against the surf-beat of the guns and I'm back where there's still a war to be won.

But I know when I go home . . .

I'll go home sure no kids of mine will ever spend *their* Christmases in jungles, in fox-holes, or on beachheads.

When I go home, I want it understood the victories we've won . . . the peace we have secured . . . will be meaningless to us unless all our strength, all our power to destroy can be the power to create . . .

Unless the power of men and women working together to win a war can be the power to prevent a war. Unless the power to free nations can become the power to free men and women and children from greed, hypocrisy and vice. Unless the power to kill can become the will to make for all of us a new and finer life . . .

A new and greater America than we have ever known before, where every man will

have the opportunity to live his life in peace and in security.

That's what I've fought for . . .
That's what I'll still fight for . . .
When I go home . . .

Here at Nash, when our war job is done, it will be our obligation to convert all our new strength, all our new power to produce, all our new ability and skill, to production for peace.

That means Nash will build more automobiles than we have ever built before . . . even finer automobiles than the great Nash cars that are today proving their outstanding quality and economy. It means all those things that will make an automobile a more important, a more useful, a more intimate part of what you want to do—when peace comes. It means that Nash will do its part to contribute the jobs and wages that will keep this nation strong in peace as in war.

For only in this way can we give to those who have fought to preserve it a strong, a vital, a growing America.

NASH
of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION



Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 women with all types of skin!



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look," says Mrs. Louis S. Johnson of Philadelphia, Pa. "So I said 'yes' when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty! My group reported to a Philadelphia skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: I washed my face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—for a full 60 seconds—massaged onto my skin Palmolive's lovely soft lather, as you would a cream. Then rinsed. This cleansing massage brought my skin the full, beautifying effect of Palmolive's lather. After 14 days, my doctor confirmed what my mirror told me—my skin was smoother, brighter, finer-textured! You must try this wonderful plan."

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ★ Brighter, cleaner skin
- ★ Finer texture
- ★ Fewer blemishes
- ★ Less dryness
- ★ Less oiliness
- ★ Smoother skin
- ★ Better tone
- ★ Fresher, clearer color



All 36 doctors proved that 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women who tested the Palmolive Plan for you got many of these improvements in 14 days. Now it's *your* turn! If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive Soap tonight. In 14 days, you, too, may look for fresher, brighter, lovelier skin.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Soap uses vital materials that are needed to win the war.



**DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**

IT'S NEW! IT'S BIG! BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE!
Use it for tub or shower. Solid. Thrifty. Long lasting.

CLOSE-UP



IN HIS DRESSING ROOM AT "HARVEY" FRANK FAY IS SURROUNDED BY RABBITS ON THE WALLPAPER AND IS DELUGED WITH TOY BUNNIES SENT BY ADMIRERS OF HIS ACTING

FRANK FAY

A MYSTICAL EX-VAUDEVILLIAN TEAMS WITH INVISIBLE RABBIT TO MAKE A BIG THEATRICAL COMEBACK

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

A few weeks ago, after the opening of *Harvey*, Frank Fay was rapturously saluted by the drama critics. Their reviews had a tone of great surprise, as if Fay's ability to act was the last thing any of them expected. To Fay their enthusiasm was gratifying, but he found it a trifle difficult to adapt himself to the role of an overnight success. Having made his debut 47 years before as an infant in *Quo Vadis* and maneuvered his way thereafter through some 50 legitimate parts to stardom in the movies, he regarded him-

self as something more than a theatrical morning glory. "You'd think," he told one interviewer morosely, "I'd been selling oranges in Shubert alley. Why, I was playing Shakespeare and *An Enemy of the People* when they were playing patty-cake."

The title role in *Harvey* is taken by an invisible 6-ft. 1½-in. rabbit. He is a pal of Elwood P. Dowd, played by Fay, and follows him around and drinks whisky with him in bars. It is not clear whether Harvey actually exists or

is a phantasm brought on by alcoholic delirium, but before the evening is over he has become as real to the audience as he is to Dowd. Grown-up people find themselves accepting as fact the definition that Harvey is a Celtic fairy spirit in animal form who "appears here and there, now and then, to this one and that one. A wise but mischievous creature." It is unlikely that any actor but Fay could so convincingly uncork a genie of Harvey's caliber. The role demands subtlety of timing, an airy lightness of speech

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"It's the flavour"

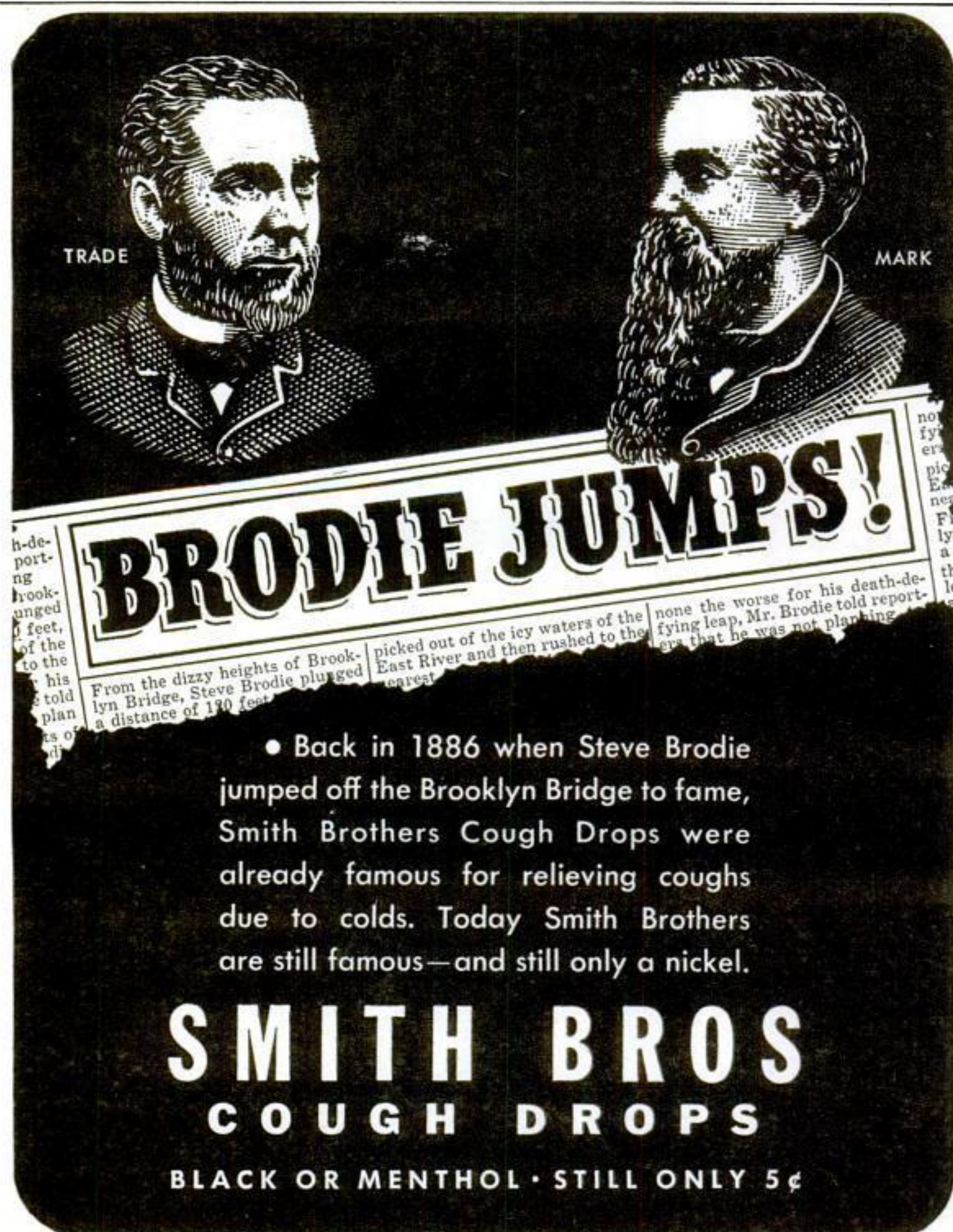
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BRODIE JUMPS!

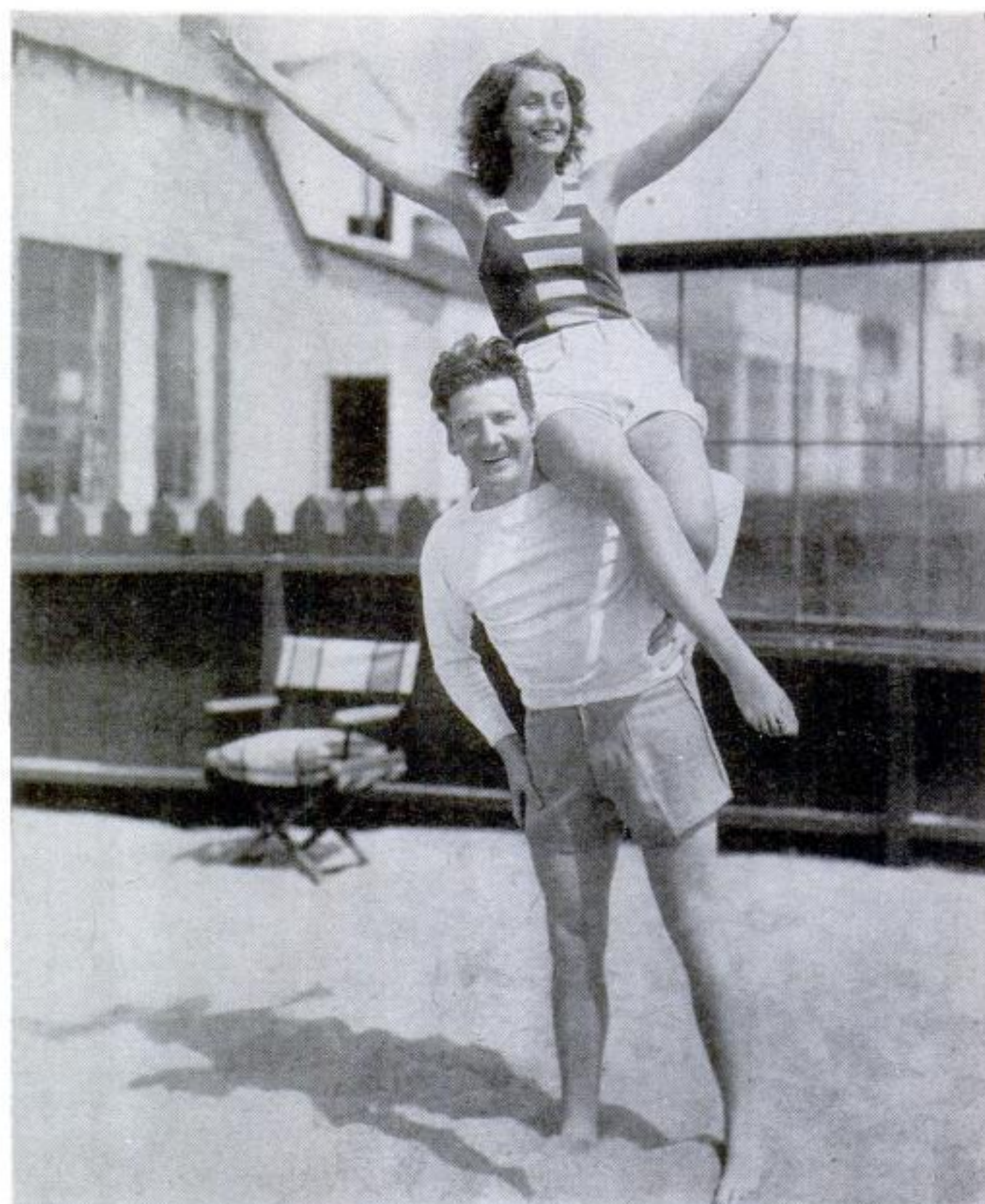
From the dizzy heights of Brooklyn Bridge, Steve Brodie plunged a distance of 130 feet.

Back in 1886 when Steve Brodie jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge to fame, Smith Brothers Cough Drops were already famous for relieving coughs due to colds. Today Smith Brothers are still famous—and still only a nickel.

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BLACK OR MENTHOL • STILL ONLY 5¢



Fay's third wife, Barbara Stanwyck, married him in 1928. It was "ideal Hollywood marriage" until it broke up in bitterness in 1936. Then Fay went into slump till *Harvey*.

Frank Fay (continued)

and gesture and a general air of Gaelic magic. For supplying them in such a successful blend, Fay has been showered with tributes by grateful escapists. Checks made out to Harvey flutter from his mail with instructions that Fay turn them over to some worthy charity. Parties in his honor are given by the score. Live rabbits hop out of shoe boxes addressed to him. His fan mail, which only recently consisted of duns from clothing firms and from the water company of Los Angeles, which hadn't been paid for the water in his swimming pool, has risen to 40 or 50 letters a week and is uniformly genial. At the restaurants he frequents it is a custom these days to set a place for the invisible rabbit and people there, as a tribute to Fay's friend, often say, "One drink for me and one for Harvey."

The cottontail pays off

Fay believes his success in *Harvey* was predestined. As a matter of fact he believes that everything is predestined, one way or another, and he follows the horoscope columns in the daily newspapers eagerly. He is continually finding present significance in past events. The event that led up to *Harvey* occurred while he was driving along a road in Texas on his way to Mexico. "This is a very remarkable thing," he points out when he recalls the occasion. "I was at the wheel. A rabbit ran across the road. In front of the car. A cottontail, he was. Brown, a little rabbit. I turned the car sharply. It went into a ditch. The man traveling with me said, 'You'd kill us rather than hurt that bunny.' I said, 'That rabbit is a nice friendly fellow—why do you want to kill him?' That I think helped me. A good thing you do always pays off."

A baffled look comes over his large, very light, blue eyes. "Maybe," he adds, "the bad things pay off, too." He pauses. "That's not so good."

Fay is a profoundly religious person who believes in good and evil and in doing good deeds. He has a deep sympathy for human weakness, particularly his own weaknesses. "There are a lot of solid, sincere things in this play," he says of *Harvey*. "It shows it is possible to go on turning the other cheek in life, to have a few weaknesses." A devout Catholic in good standing, Fay attends Mass every day and he always wears a St. Christopher's medal around his neck. When he walks in the street he never passes a church, any church, without taking off his hat. He will always stop whatever he is doing to have a conversation with a priest, whether he knows the priest personally or not. During his supper, which he eats regularly

at Toots Shor's restaurant on West 51st Street in New York, he frequently pauses during and between courses and whispers a prayer.

With his tousled red hair, his pale blue eyes and his rambling tongue, Fay is as Irish as someone out of *The Dubliners*. Only the fact that he prefers coffee to whisky mars his resemblance to one of Joyce's characters. The taste of spirits, however, is not unknown to him. There was a time when nothing potable was safe in his presence. Once in the early '20s, a few days after he had finished a hitch at the Palace at \$3,500 a week, Fay was discovered broke, disheveled and unhappy, teetering on a curbstone in a rugged neighborhood around Ninth Avenue. He always preferred to do his drinking in the rougher areas of Manhattan, since he dearly loved to do battle after getting a few under his belt. He would fight with anybody about anything. He invariably entered a brawl in the classic manner and stance of James J. Corbett and he often hinted he had been a heavy-weight boxer during his youth and that he knew the strategy of the abdomen defense, the left hook, the uppercut and the one-two punch. Sometimes he would provoke more than a dozen bouts a night, losing them all with discouraging regularity.

He is a coffee fiend

About six years ago Fay decided to substitute coffee for spirits. Since then he has not touched alcohol in any form except in after-shaving lotion. Instead he sits around Toots Shor's for hours on end, imbibing coffee and chatting with his circle of intimates, which includes Bert Wheeler, Toots himself, Johnny Broderick, the Broadway detective, and Chuck Green, the jewelry salesman who specializes in actors and whom Fay once nicknamed the "Doorway Cartier." The amounts of coffee he absorbs at such times are literally incredible. One evening in Hollywood Fay astounded a theatrical producer by running up a bill of \$26.95 for coffee in the course of five hours. The consumption ran to about 77 cups.

Although Fay has given up pugnacity as a losing proposition, he still keeps himself in excellent shape. He is not quite so tall as Harvey, standing 5 ft. 10 in. and weighing 175 pounds, most of it solid muscle. He guards against flabbiness diligently. In his bedroom at the Savoy-Plaza he has an Exercycle machine, a kind of stationary bicycle, which he pedals for 30 minutes each day. In his closet, along with 20-odd suits, he has a skipping rope and a rubber chest-pull, which he uses as assiduously as a follower of Bernarr Macfadden. He is extremely careful in his dress. He likes to wear blue, which contrasts nicely with his rusty hair and his milk-white skin, even though it has a tendency to make his false teeth glisten a bit starkly. Despite his interest in his clothes, he has a habit of losing bits of his ensembles. In a single year he has lost as many as eight overcoats, 18 pairs of gloves, four rings and a wrist watch.

Fay's stage manner has always been marked by an airy, bland, somewhat fey quality. Since his success in *Harvey*, this native elfishness has been reinforced. It is hard these days to distinguish between the personalities of Fay and Elwood P. Dowd. Recently a friend telephoned to invite him to a beer parlor near Madison Square Garden that used to be one of his favorite haunts. "No," murmured Fay, "that's not for me any more. I would like a little something with flowers—with gladiolas. Rain should be coming through the roof. I'm in the mood for silent music. I'm tired of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Barbara Stanwyck barred Fay from California ranch in 1938 after courts had granted him permission to visit their adopted son. Fay posed forlornly by gate for cameraman.

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Miss Babs Merrick — one of John Robert Powers' beauties who keeps her hair naturally bright and lustrous with Kreml Shampoo

Reveal Natural Sparkling Beauty That Lies Concealed In Your and Every Girl's Hair!

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So take a tip from some of the world's most beautiful girls and give your hair a "glamour-bath" with Kreml Shampoo. It takes only 10 minutes—right at home. Excellent for *every* color and *every* type of hair whether oily or dry. Buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo *today* at any drug or department store.

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If your child's hair is dull, stringy, lifeless-looking—either oily or dry—"glamour-bathe" it with Kreml Shampoo. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Children like its soft, billowy suds. And *you'll* take pride in the way your child's hair looks.



Kreml SHAMPOO

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Smart Gal — My Roommate!



JANE USED TO HAVE A FIT every time she saw me force that harsh, nasty-tasting laxative down my throat. Even I had to admit finally that the stuff was probably a little too rough on me.

Some laxatives are too strong!



SO I SWITCHED LATER ON to another kind of laxative... one I figured would be easier on me. Well, it was so "easy," it just stirred me up inside without giving me the relief I needed!

Some laxatives are too mild!



ONE NIGHT Jane left a box of Ex-Lax on my pillow. I took the hint — and am I glad! Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take and so effective, too! It tastes just like fine chocolate. It works *gently*, yet *thoroughly*. Not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD —

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle!

As a precaution use only as directed

10c and 25c at all drug stores

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

FRANK FAY (continued)

eight at night to five in the morning and draw another, Paddy, and give him the old left hook." People think Fay has taken to the bottle again when he soars into this sort of whimsy. "By God," a pal of his exploded the other day, "he's got so he believes him and that rabbit are prancing around together 24 hours a day. He must be on the canned heat."

There is nothing vague or diffuse, however, about Fay's language when he decides to squelch somebody whom he finds annoying. Once in a Hollywood nightclub, after he had been introduced by Rudy Vallee as "one the older people will remember," Fay announced that Vallee had one claim to fame since he was "certainly the oldest adolescent in existence." When Milton Berle challenged him to a duel of wits on a similar occasion, he remarked that it was "against my principles to fight an unarmed man." Such sharp, spontaneous comments are highly regarded on Broadway, but it is really Fay's manner of delivering them that makes them refreshing — the gentle smile, the quizzical lift of the eyebrows, the sweet voice and then the dirty crack. He is a master of the ad lib and is at his best when some heckler touches his vanity.

Indeed, in a profession where egotism is almost an occupational disorder, Fay's garrulous belief in himself is celebrated. He is convinced that he understands every phase of show business just a little better than anyone else, and during his career in the movies he thought nothing of telling producers how to produce, directors how to direct and writers how to write. In *Harvey*, though, his conduct during rehearsals was exemplary and the only thing he really insisted on was that his invisible chum get the title role. The play was originally called *The White Rabbit*, but Fay figured mystically that Harvey would be pleased to see his name in lights. It was probably the only time in his long theatrical career that Fay met up with a performer whose presence or, rather, nonpresence, on the stage gave him utter satisfaction. "How could I help getting along with a rabbit," he inquires, "when I was named after St. Francis of Assisi, who was brother to all the birds and beasts?" He feels that his being teamed up with Harvey is simply another remarkable proof of predestination. He acquired a middle name from another saint — Antony the Great, the Eastern cenobite, whose temptations have been described by Anatole France.

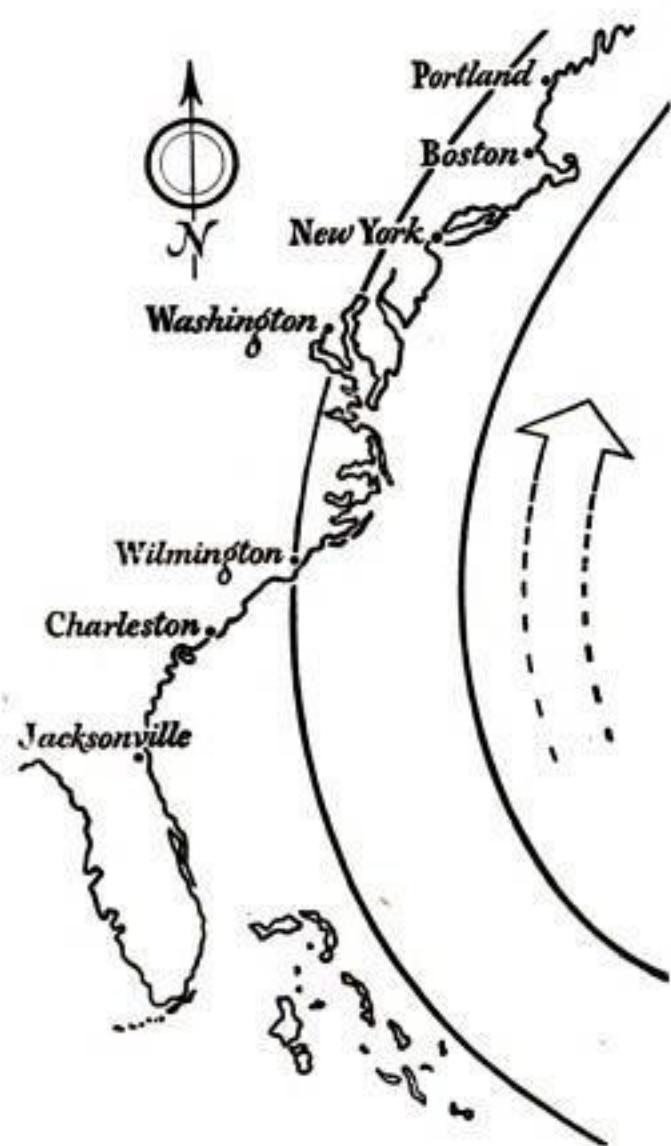
His career began at age one

Francis Anthony Fay, who is known to his intimates as "Faysie," was born in San Francisco in 1897. Both his parents, Will and Molly Fay, were stock-company troupers. Fay's father was, according to his son, a lyric poet, a conductor on the Southern Pacific, an Indian fighter and a prospector. While his remembrance of things past is not exactly Proustian, Fay is certain that he remembers being carried onstage at the age of one in the Chicago company of *Quo Vadis*. He was a mature 6 when he next appeared as a page in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*. His Chicago career ended with this role and he and his family went on to New York where he played a teddy bear in *Babes in Toyland* (1903), a messenger in *The Pit* (1904) and spent the next two years in various minor parts with Sir Henry Irving in *The Merchant of Venice*, with Rose Stahl in *The Chorus Lady*, and with E. H. Sothorn and Cissie Loftus in *The Proud Prince*. By the time he reached 15 he had traveled with all kinds of stock companies, played in every Shakespearian drama except *Titus Andronicus* and turned up in such dramas as *A Kiss in Central Park* and *An Enemy of the People*. He had also abandoned formal education after briefly grappling with the intricacies of fractions in the fifth grade. His pubescent ambition was to become a star, but he didn't quite see how he could accomplish his goal until he began to hang around the Lambs Club on West 44th Street. There he sat at the feet of Wilton Lackaye, Wilson Mizner and other famed wits of the period, absorbing their cruel but pertinent observations on human foolishness. While still in his nonage, he realized that the subtle, cynical humor of the Lambs Club wags might be developed into something more diverting than the prattfall comedy then prevalent on the American stage.

However, it was as a ballad singer that Fay got his first important job in vaudeville. Later he teamed up with a partner named Johnny Dyer to play comedy. With Dyer, Fay appeared in baggy pants and a false nose, making illiterate wisecracks and skating back and forth across the stage while the pit drummer manufactured appropriate noises to simulate a pair of trousers giving way at the seat. It was low comedy at its lowest and Fay, with his weakness for elegant apparel, loathed it. During a long layoff he plotted how to introduce smart comedy into vaudeville and by 1917 he was a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

Seven million people saw their homes blacked out



This shows the hurricane's path as it tore up the Atlantic Coast.



On the job in Connecticut. Line crews came to the rescue from as far away as Detroit.



This photo, made from a Navy blimp, shows the wreckage on Long Beach Island, New Jersey, with boats and buildings jumbled like a giant jigsaw puzzle.



The big blow twisted the steeple off this Massachusetts church and toppled it into the street across the electric wires. Another headache for hard-working linemen!



Emergency centers, like this one on hard-hit Long Island, New York, were set up to handle the torrent of trouble calls, radioing them to crews in trucks.

LAST FALL, a raging hurricane roared up the eastern seaboard and left a \$400,000,000 trail of wreckage from North Carolina to Maine.

Falling trees crushed houses, cars and power lines. Poles were snapped off by the fury of the storm. Hundreds of towns, millions of people had no electric service.

The electric light and power companies moved *fast*. Line crews worked around the clock. 18-hour stretches were common. Clerks,

meter readers — everybody — pitched in to replace workers now at war. Short-wave radio helped direct the job.

Men and equipment came to New England from other electric companies as far west as Ohio and Michigan. In fact, some trucks were already rolling before the storm struck.

In most cases, service was quickly restored. Hospitals got first priority, then war plants. It was a staggering job, swiftly done — and

helped immeasurably by the patience and understanding of customers.

This hurricane — like fires, floods, tornadoes across the country — dramatized anew the fact that only a major disaster can interrupt the even flow of electric service.

It proved again that *business*-managed electric companies are organized and able to meet *any* emergency as completely as they met America's greatest emergency — *war*.

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES* SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

*Names on request from this magazine

• HEAR NELSON EDDY IN "THE ELECTRIC HOUR," WITH ROBERT ARMBRUSTER'S ORCHESTRA. NOW EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 4:30, EWT, CBS NETWORK.

HANDY ADVICE *by* ARLENE FRANCIS



"Tomorrow's Heart-breakers need HINDS for hands today"

says Arlene Francis
star of famous Hinds "Blind Date" radio show
... EVERY MONDAY NIGHT, BLUE NETWORK



BEAUTY IN THE MAKING. Snow men and snow fights, and before you know it the time comes when your little girl is making eyes instead of fists at the boy next door. That's when she'll happily thank you for having started early with regular Hinds care for her hands.

LOVELY SKIN STARTS EARLY. Because she's a little Indian now is all the greater reason to protect her hands, legs, and wrists so her skin will be lovelier later. Besides, Hinds helps keep youngsters free from irritating chaps and windburn.



HINDS, THROUGH THE YEARS... is the "soft hands" secret of many a beauty. Hinds contains a special softening ingredient with a particular affinity for your skin. That's one of the reasons Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream helps hands keep bewitchingly soft and smooth.

HINDS DOES THESE SPECIAL THINGS FOR HANDS

Here's the secret of Hinds effectiveness: Hinds contains a special softening ingredient with a particular affinity for your skin. So naturally... when water, weather, or work leaves your hands dry and rough or chapped, Hinds comforts and soothes tender, rough skin. But let a bottle of Hinds famous lotion prove this to you far better than we can tell it. Ask for Hinds at any toilet-goods counter.

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- for chapping, roughness, redness
- for children's tender skin
- for dry skin
- for a powder base

HINDS *for* HANDS

FRANK FAY (continued)

monologist. Two years later he managed to earn billing at the Palace, the mecca of the vaudeville faithful.

Even after that, however, Fay remained for the next few years more or less in the theatrical minor leagues. For a while he worked with Gitz Rice, composer of *Dear Old Pal Of Mine*, in a song-and-patter act. He played small roles in the *Passing Show of 1918*, *Jim Jam Jems*, *Artists and Models* and had a couple of other brief spells at the Palace as a monologist. It wasn't until the middle '20s that he began finding his own audience. In the new atmosphere of hard-boiled sophistication, his lines made sense. He had his first really great success as a master of ceremonies. Probably he was not the originator of the vaudeville "emcee" (the idea goes back at least to the "interlocutor" of minstrel days) but he was the first to make the emcee an important part of the show. Besides introducing the acts, Fay would interrupt them to work in a gag, walk out onto the stage after each number, fill the time between acts with patter and otherwise dominate the whole proceedings. He set a model to which all subsequent emcees are indebted. As one who had something new and amusing to contribute, he became an important fixture in the Broadway of that time, the Broadway of racketeers, of speakeasies and plush cabarets where champagne was \$50 a bottle. His cockiness and conceit, his rollicking spees, his easy way with cash and his weakness for pretty girls all made him a prominent figure in the Era of Wonderful Nonsense. In those days he described himself variously as "The Great Fay," "The King" and, somewhat anticlimactically, as "Broadway's Favorite Son."

He paid off in vegetables

By 1924 Fay was emboldened to write and produce his own musical show, *Frank Fay's Fables*. Fred Allen, who was one of the performers involved, still remembers the affair vividly. "We rehearsed," says Allen, "for several weeks but Fay's ego kept us from opening. He had no money but he wouldn't permit the various men who wanted to back the show to have 51% of the stock, or controlling interest. At the rehearsal hall when Fay would have an appointment to talk with a prospective backer or the scenic designer or someone he wanted to impress, he would borrow the tenor's camel's-hair coat for his business talks. The tenor had to sit around shivering until Fay returned. When some of the actors rehearsing the show asked Fay about drawing money to eat he would present them with cans of corn and tomatoes which he had stored in the closet of his apartment. He had promoted the canned goods from some grocer friend to whom he had spoken about investing in the show." *Frank Fay's Fables* folded briskly, leaving Fay in bad odor with Actors' Equity, since he owed the cast \$4,000.

Despite such reverses Fay never stayed down very long. Rich one day, poor the next, he drank plenty of everything, turned up at crap games with a fine thick roll and made history at the Palace by remaining there as master of ceremonies for 158 consecutive performances. His vaudeville appearances paid him as much as \$5,000 a week, but he got rid of it without much trouble. He dropped \$100,000, for instance, on a play of his own confection called *The Smart Alec*, which fell to pieces on the road. His marital arrangements were equally uncertain. Early in his career he married and soon divorced a singer named Lee Buchanan, who now runs a tea-room in Los Angeles. On the heels of Lee he met up with Frances White, a noted torch-singer of the period, and in 1917 they were married. Five months later they separated and Fay sued a fellow vaudevillian named William Rock for \$25,000 for alienation of affections. He lost the suit and Rock and White became a headline act. When Fay became a celebrity himself he attracted the attention of a vivacious blonde from Brooklyn named Ruby Stevens, who worked as a chorus girl at Texas Guinan's. Ruby used to follow him around like a puppy and was always finding excuses to talk to him when he dropped into Texas' place. Fay, however, took no notice of her until, under the name Barbara Stanwyck, she made a hit in 1927 playing opposite Hal Skelly in *Burlesque*. Then he called her up from St. Louis, where he was making a personal appearance, and proposed. Fay's earnestness about it was indicated when he managed to have his two previous marriages, both performed by justices of the peace, annulled by an Ecclesiastical Court so that he and Ruby could be married in the Catholic Church.

"The marriage of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, while it lasted," an official biography of Miss Stanwyck from Warner Brothers points out, "was one of those Hollywood idylls. He was her life and she clung to him with a ferocity of determination to 'make a go of it.'" Meanwhile Fay built a \$250,000 estate, which he de-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

It happens in a hothouse

How Green Giant Brand Peas Get Better and Better



One of our agronomists is examining the plants of a special experimental winter crop. This work goes on the year round to maintain, and, if possible, improve the quality of our exclusive breed (S-537).



Years ago a miracle of nature produced a new kind of pea—the “sport” of a fine old English strain. The remarkable thing about it was that it grew large while still very young and tender. It became known to our scientists as Breed S-537.

The first precious handful of seed was gradually multiplied by growing seed in New Zealand and other points south of the equator during our winters. This remarkable pea was presented to the public under the Green Giant

Brand, and it quickly changed the style in peas, replacing those little French peas on the tables of gourmets throughout the country.

Since then we have been constantly at work in greenhouses during the winter and in experimental seed plots during the summer further to refine these unusual peas and to produce more of them. It all adds up to a better can of peas for less money. We think it has been worth while. Don't you?

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of the following brands: Niblets Whole Kernel Corn, Niblets Mexicorn, Del Maiz Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.



“GREEN GIANT”
BRAND REG.
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GREEN GIANT PEAS *Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor*



CAN YOU PASS A MAIL BOX WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE?



Just suppose that instead of this mail box you came face-to-face with the boy in uniform you've neglected to write! . . . After all, writing a letter is such a little thing to do . . . and yet to those in the Service it is the most important thing in the world. From the Southwest Pacific, a Dole employee who is now in the Service writes as follows—

"Mail is a great thing. It is a barometer on a ship. When we don't have mail for long periods, the morale becomes

very low . . . but just as soon as mail is brought aboard, the entire ship brightens and the change in atmosphere is certainly surprising."

Even if you have no one of your own in the Armed Forces, drop a cheery line to a neighbor's son or daughter, a former business associate, or, perhaps, one of the servicemen you've entertained in your home. To speed your letters and to save valuable shipping space, use V-Mail.

FRANK FAY (continued)

signed himself. The place included four houses, all new-day Gothic, the largest of which contained 30 rooms, the whole enclosed by a running track and a gigantic rose garden. In 1930 he made his first film, *Under the Texas Moon*, which was a big success. On the strength of his prestige he talked the president of Columbia Pictures and the director, Frank Capra, into putting Miss Stanwyck into *Ladies of Leisure*. She promptly began to climb right up to the top of the cinema ladder while Fay began to descend with equal rapidity. They adopted a boy named Dion, but that wasn't enough to hold their home together. "As a last desperate move," says the Warner Brothers biographer, "Barbara, with customary disregard for money where Frank's happiness was concerned, laid huge handfuls of it on the line to finance a show in which he was to make his big comeback. The New Year's night the show, a revue, was to have opened in Los Angeles, Frank Fay didn't show up at the theater." In 1935 the Fays were divorced, and after a series of bitter court battles Barbara took over the custody of Dion and married Robert Taylor.

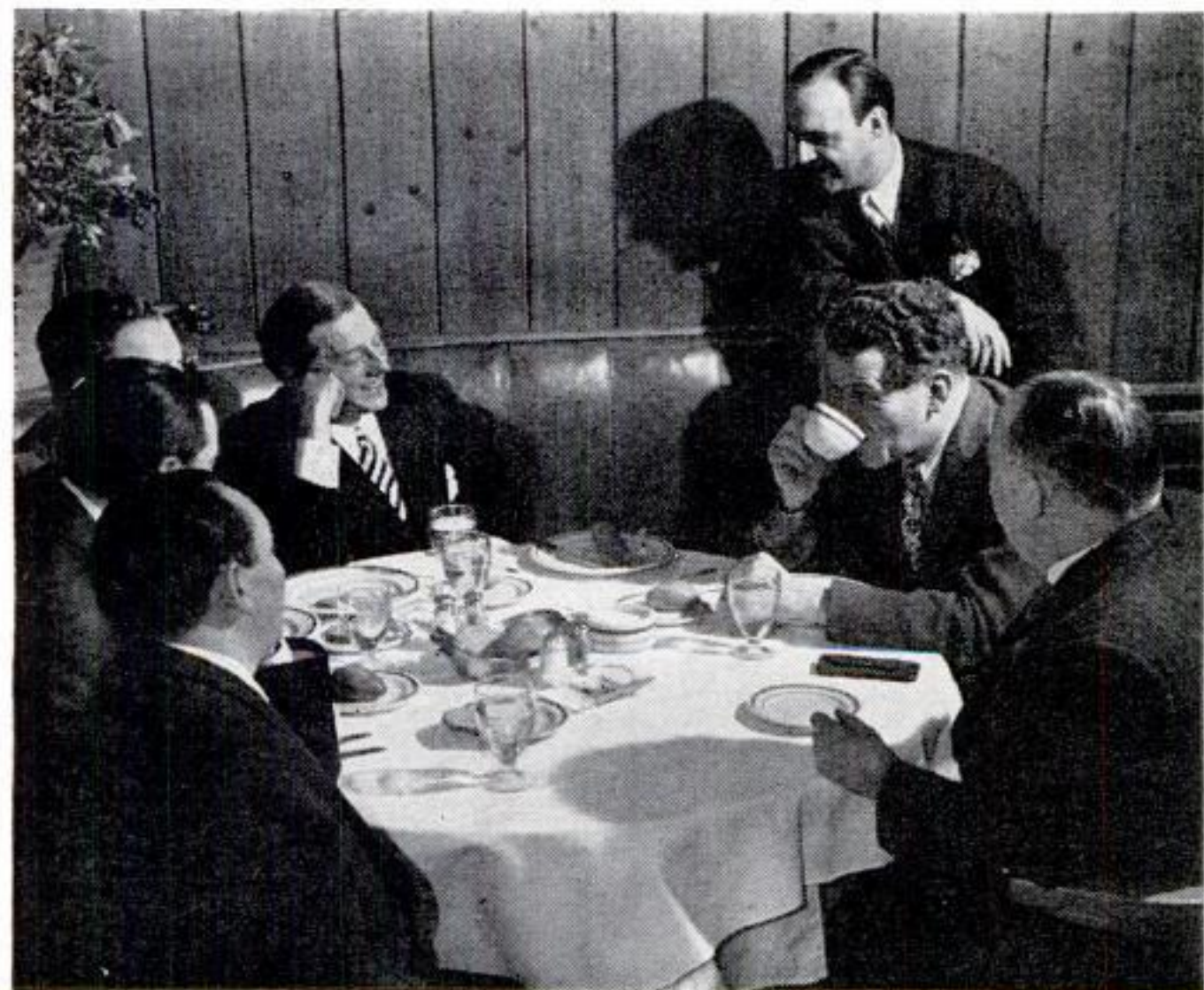
Fay retired to the solitude of his estate, emerging infrequently to play at a nightclub or in a variety show in order to get money enough to keep himself going. By 1943 the house wasn't at its best nor, for that matter, was Fay. He didn't have a single servant and made no attempt to keep up with the housework. He just sat around in the sun all day like a hermit, drinking coffee and dreaming about the inner implications of being. His swimming pool was barely moist since he hadn't met his water bills, his lawns were overgrown and he himself had grown mellow and musty. On Broadway they spoke of him always in the past tense, and Winchell printed a lachrymose poem about him that began:

Maybe because the road at times was tough

And those who fawned were quick to step aside . . .

Winchell and the others forgot, however, about Fay's patron saint and about the rabbit he had befriended in Texas. Quite possibly through their joint efforts Brock Pemberton, while in San Francisco to check on the West Coast company of *Janie*, happened to mention to a friend that he was casting a play about an invisible rabbit. He had a list of 50 possible Elwood P. Dowds, with Harold Lloyd heading the field. To Lloyd the script didn't seem funny enough. Pemberton's friend thought he had just the man for the producer—Frank Fay, who hadn't even been considered. When Fay came to New York for one of his periodic nightclub appearances Pemberton invited him over. Usually at a reading the prospect reads some lines from the play. But Fay just rambled on about himself and about the weather. Before he had even laid eyes on the script his name was on a contract.

Fay's performance as Dowd has since gone into the records with such other theatrical masterworks as George M. Cohan's *Little Johnny Jones*, David Warfield's *The Music Master* and Frank Bacon's *Lightnin'*. "Faysie certainly waited for the right role," a pal of his has observed, "and waited a good long while. But he knew what to do with it when it finally came along." Meanwhile Fay is resigned to traveling with Harvey for the rest of his life. "I'll never get rid of this rabbit," he says, "but I don't know that I want to."



Extra place for Harvey is laid daily at Toots Shor's in New York where Fay (*striped tie*) lunches. Fay's whimsical friends set carrots and often drinks at rabbit's place.



Rings that seem to say, "This speaks of our love." Created by a firm that has made quality rings for 95 years. You'll find at leading jewelers everywhere, these beautiful, hand-carved designs on fine gold—and you can be sure of their lasting quality because they're *Art-carved* Rings by Wood.

Always look for the name *Art-carved* in a ring—a quality trade-mark.



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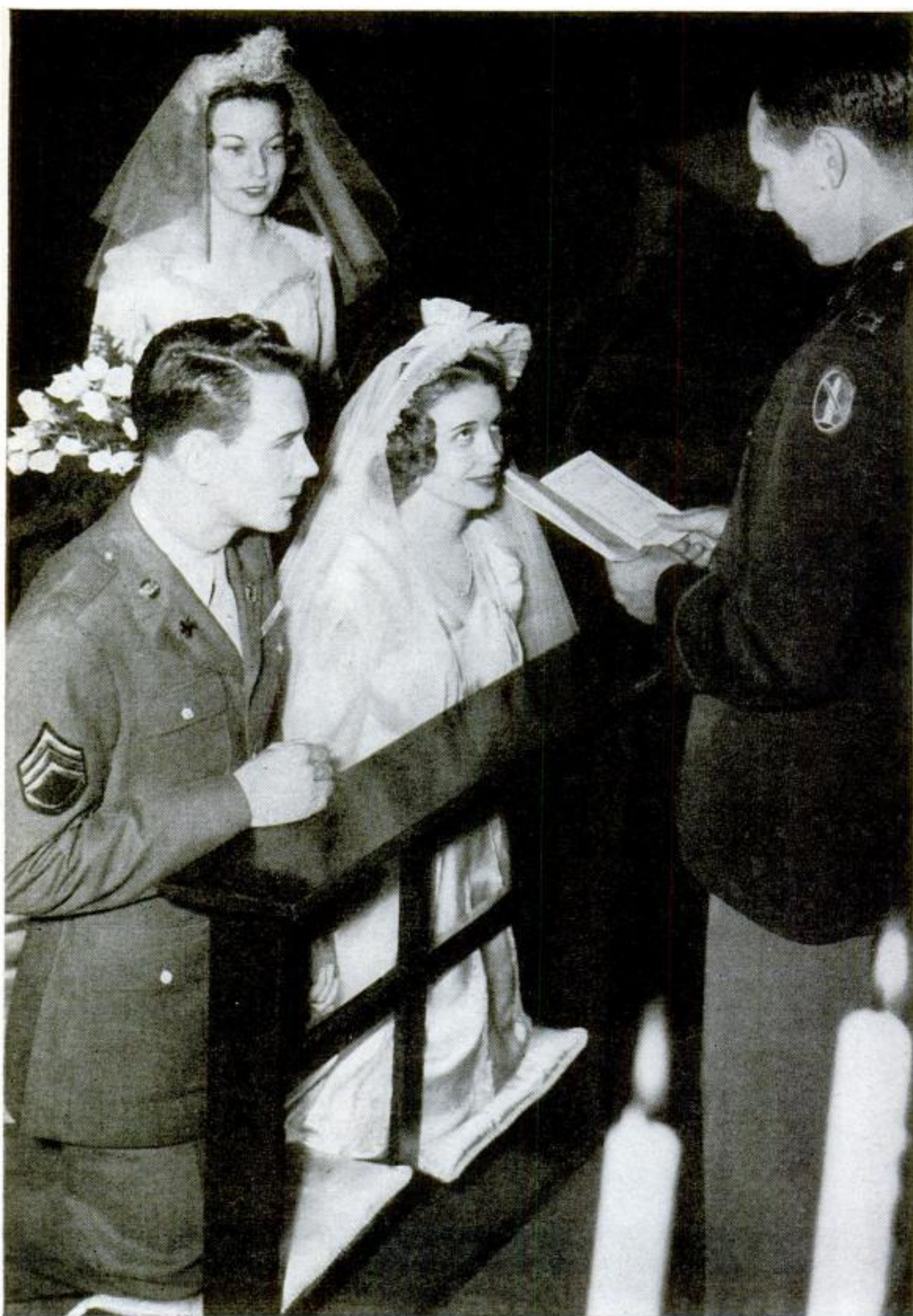
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KEEP BUYING BONDS...AND KEEP THEM



In the Post Chapel, Fort Belvoir... Sgt. Louella Jane Murphy becomes Mrs. Lynn Goodrich Burrus, Jr.



1. Sergeant meets Sergeant under the flags of the United Nations. One look at adorable Lou's fresh loveliness and Lynn begins to map the strategy for his "campaign".



2. Finding they're both crazy for golf, he dates her up for their first Off Duty hours together. "Fun to relax in slacks," says Lou. "The Army's not all *Hup-2-3-4!*"



3. A lift to Headquarters where Lou does a bang-up job for Uncle Sam. The tailored smartness of the uniform makes her delicate complexion look even more feminine and appealing. As you can see, she is definitely that way about the Army—and vice versa!

Wae Weds in White

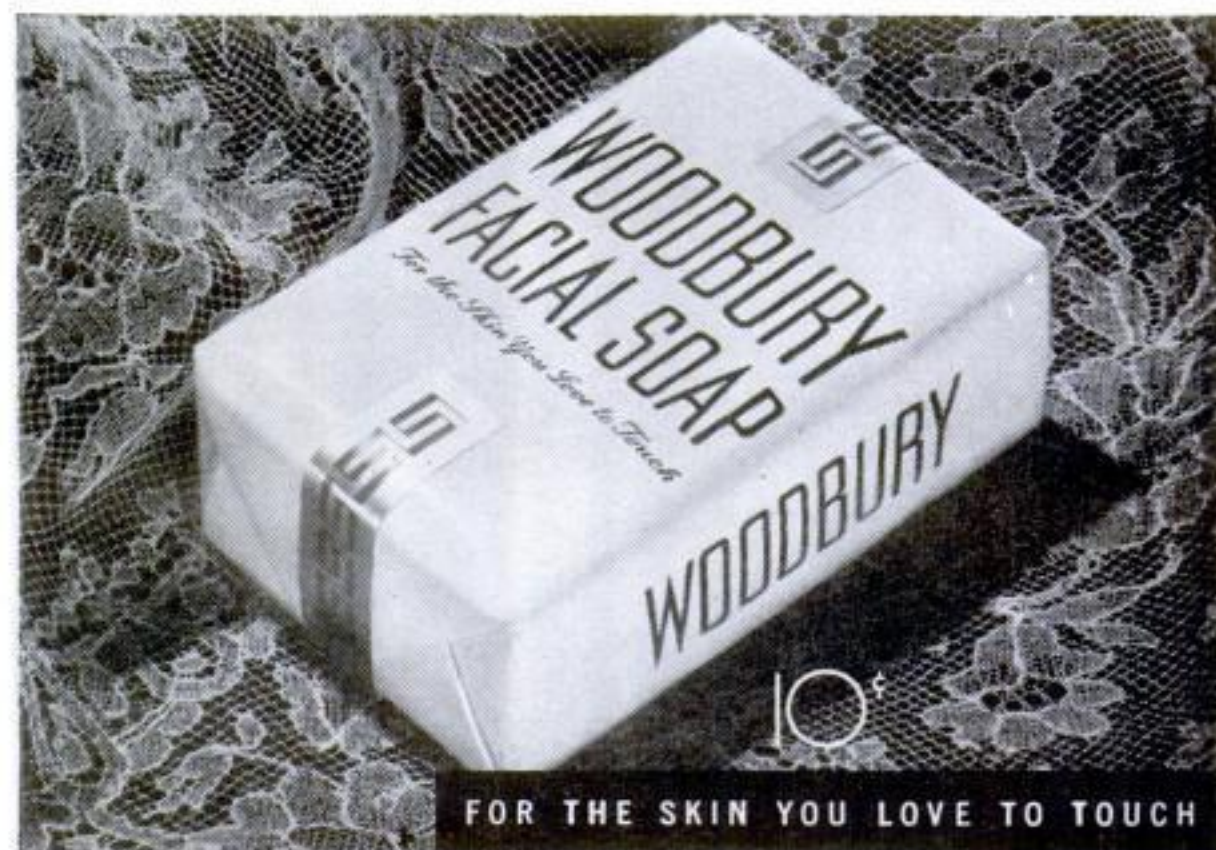
ROMANCE OF A DEB IN UNIFORM



4. "I'll always be proud that we served our country together in uniform," says the Lucky Man—back from overseas, his solitaire accepted. All America is proud of the Good Soldiers in the WAC! And of those now joining up for the big jobs still ahead... working with the wounded and at Ports of Embarkation.



5. The Bridesmaids put the last, loving touch on the Sergeant's bridal finery, before changing from GI to chiffon themselves. Lou's beauty shines with a special wedding-day radiance. Snapped in the Day Room—Army lingo for where WACS read, listen to records, lounge in their leisure time.



6. How your complexion can be like Lou's: A Woodbury Facial Cocktail will do it, like so: First work heaps of creamy Woodbury Facial Soap lather gently over face and throat. Then clear-rinse twice, warm and cold. For softer, clearer, more radiant skin it's Woodbury—the beauty soap with the special costly ingredient for extra mildness. It's made by skin scientists in cake form only—for the skin alone!



UNLIKE ANY CHEST PROTECTORS CROCHETED BY GRANDMOTHERS ARE TODAY'S CROCHET VESTS WITH BARE BACKS AND SHOULDERS, JEWELS AROUND NECK AND SHINY BUTTONS

FANCY CROCHETS

An old and genteel art is used
to make jaunty, stylish clothes

Crocheting is a genteel art long used by housewives to turn out sedate antimacassars and bedspreads. But in 1937 a German emigree named Greta Plattry arrived in the U. S. wearing a crochet dress and crocheting reached a turning point. Miss Plattry's dress and her crochet gloves, sweaters, scarves caused great wonderment among American women who were accustomed to knitting, not crocheting, such items.

Miss Plattry decided to make a business of crocheting. In her first U. S. year she sold \$500 worth of

hand-crocheted mittens. Last year the sales of fancy crochet clothing from her workshop, which employs 130 women, amounted to \$300,000. She makes jaunty sweaters, gloves, halters and "coifs" or head scarves like the one shown on the cover of this issue.

Miss Plattry thinks that crocheting is simpler than knitting. Both processes produce a series of loops. In crocheting they are done with a single hook, in knitting with two to five needles. Crocheting can produce a greater variety of stitches and hence of patterns.


CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 65

Fancy Crochets (continued)

YOUR NEW HAMILTON
is on the way

Please be patient! Despite our vast war job, building highly precise navigating timepieces, we will soon be able to turn out fine Hamiltons for civilians. So wait for these new Hamilton Watches. They're coming soon to your jeweler's store.

HAMILTON
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy
A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR



Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.



Of course, I'm embarrassed

I don't like to talk about worms, Boss. But I thought you ought to know. Worms are *bad*—they sap a dog's strength, leave him too weak to fight serious illness.

Clean out those thieves, Boss, with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for young dogs). They're easy to take, and how they work! In no time at all, I'll be my old self again.

After worming, I'll need Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to help me get back in shape.

Get both at drug or pet store and keep them on hand. Get Sergeant's Dog Book, too—free at stores or with this coupon.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES


Dept. 3-A-1, Richmond 20, Virginia. Send the FREE 40-page illustrated Dog Book to:

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Thanks, Boss, you're a great guy—Snuffy




Crochet gloves, made of black wool, lose their rustic look and become a showy evening fashion when the fingertips are decorated with splashy, different-colored stones.



Crochet hood and mittens are very young and warm. They are made in single crochet stitch of two-ply yarn. An expert can crochet both pieces in three and a half hours.

La Cross



Precious Cuticle Scissors

Precision made, peerless in performance, this La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the time being it may be difficult to replace; production is curtailed. Give it the care it deserves.

La Cross... For more than 4 decades America's Finest Manicure Implements

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FOR A TOUGH BEARD THIS KIT IS IT!



Famous DURHAM SHAVE KIT \$2.50

Sturdy Kit includes: (1) Durham DuBarry Razor* (2) 10 famous Durham heavy duty, hollow-ground blades (3) Bladeholder and leather strap—for long blade life and finer shaving (4) Shave stick and comb

Mail \$2.50 direct if dealer can't supply
*Also available with barber-type razor

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

YOU CAN'T BEAT this to relieve itching of SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

So Many Druggists Say!



Here's a Doctor's formula—Zemo—a stainless liquid which appears invisible on skin—yet so remarkably soothing that first applications promptly relieve itching, burning of Eczema, and similar skin and scalp irritations—due to external cause. Zemo ALSO aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless invisible Zemo any time. It won't show on skin. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases.

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When colds are in the air spreading misery, first thought of more and more millions of people is Vicks...For they have discovered in this fine, old name a trustworthy guide to modern home-remedies they can put faith in to relieve and reduce the distress of colds...Vicks VapoRub...Vicks Va-tro-nol...Vicks Inhaler...Vicks Medicated Cough Drops.

LET THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS BE YOUR GUIDE



Number One **ON THE TASTE PARADE...**

A LUXURIOUS Seagram's 5 Crown highball or cocktail...then tender, juicy hamburgers like these, broiled to the peak of flavor...yes, we Americans *do* enjoy the good things of life!

Of course, we have to buy wisely...make our red ration points count...to get the right ingredients for a delicious meal.

And when it comes to making fine whiskey it takes more than ordinary ingredients—more than ordinary skill—to give you the distinctive goodness of Seagram's 5 Crown. Only the finer whiskeys and grain neutral spirits distilled espe-

cially for blending are used. And these are combined by men whose craftsmanship sums up Seagram's 87 years of experience.

The result is a fine whiskey—every drop true pre-war quality! Remember this when you buy...good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE
TOUGHNESS OUT...BLENDS
EXTRA PLEASURE IN**



Seagram's 5 Crown

Blended Whiskey. 72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.
Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality



CHURCH OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, New York, recently passed its 90th anniversary. More quickly recognized as THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER by thousands of couples who have come for many years from four corners of the earth to solemnize their weddings within its kindly walls. Painted by Bernard Lamotte for the De Beers collection.

Call to faith

To life and constancy and better things beyond the horizon — so each two young lives which merge now are inevitably pledged. The moment when that dedication is hallowed by their own religious ceremony becomes their most precious memory and inspiration. Theirs and their children's most treasured keepsake is the ringset diamond that holds the light of their first vision of all the lovely, sacred things to be.

One-quarter carat		\$85 to \$200
One-half carat		\$190 to \$375
One carat		\$540 to \$835
Two carats		\$1375 to \$2300

N. W. AYER & SON

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

MOVIE MAKING



CAMERA BOOM IS MOST SPECTACULAR MOVIE MACHINE. HERE CAMERAMEN ARE SWUNG TOWARD SCENE THEY WILL FILM FROM ABOVE. MAN ON LADDER GIVES INSTRUCTIONS

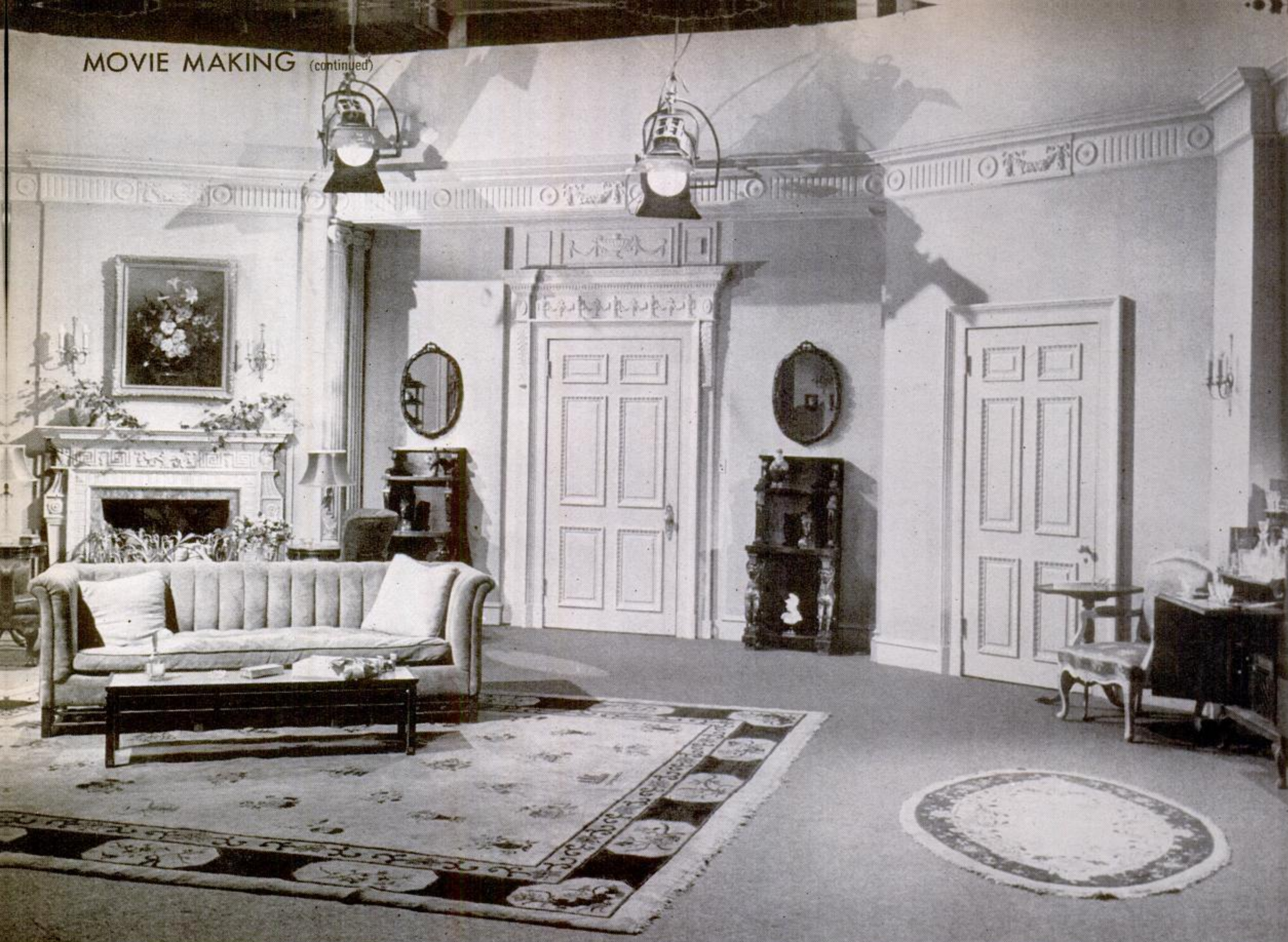
IT IS A COMPLEX BUSINESS OF MACHINES AND TECHNICIANS

In Shot No. 279 from a current Warner Bros. movie called *The Doughgirls* a comic character, the Stranger, enters the doughgirls' hotel suite in crowded Washington. He looks wistfully at a vacant couch. Then he asks, "Is anybody sleeping on this tonight?"

That is all there is to Shot 279. It involves only one actor saying only one line and runs only 18 seconds on the screen. Yet, to make Shot 279 cost about \$2,000 and involved the time and work of some 200 technicians before it reached the screen. The complete movie, which cost more than \$1,500,000, is made up of 742 such shots, some longer and some shorter.

The pictures on these pages show, step by step, the technical work involved in making Shot 279. They demonstrate how complicated motion-picture production has become. It is, in fact, the most complicated form of artistic expression in which men engage. Over the years Hollywood has piled technique upon technique, added skilled worker after skilled worker until now the making of even the simplest movie requires a crew of 300 to 400 carpenters, electricians, plumbers, painters, bookkeepers, film handlers and cameramen. Among this crowd of technicians the actors are often hard to find.

More than the actors, the technicians are the real citizens of Hollywood. They live in ordinary houses, dress in ordinary clothes, go to church and picnics, stay married and raise children. Like any people engaged in a manufacturing enterprise their work consists largely in the handling of machines: cameras, switchgear, sound recorders, film printers. Of all Hollywood's major studios none pays closer attention to its technicians and its movie-making machinery than does Warner Bros., a policy which paid off last year when Warner's won eight of major Academy Award "Oscars" for technical and artistic excellence.



ASSEMBLED SET FOR SHOT 279 HAS WALLS AT ODD ANGLES TO IMPROVE ACOUSTICS. NOTICE PICTURE AND PLASTER LINTEL SHOWN IN PREPARATION AT BOTTOM OF OPPOSITE PAGE

THE SET

Like almost 90% of all movie shots, Shot No. 279 of *The Doughgirls* was filmed indoors on a sound stage. The hotel-suite set in which the scene was played is shown above just before the production crew moved in. Before construction of this set was begun a sketch and model were made (see below) so that Art Director Reticker could plan the main details of photography, lighting and acoustics.

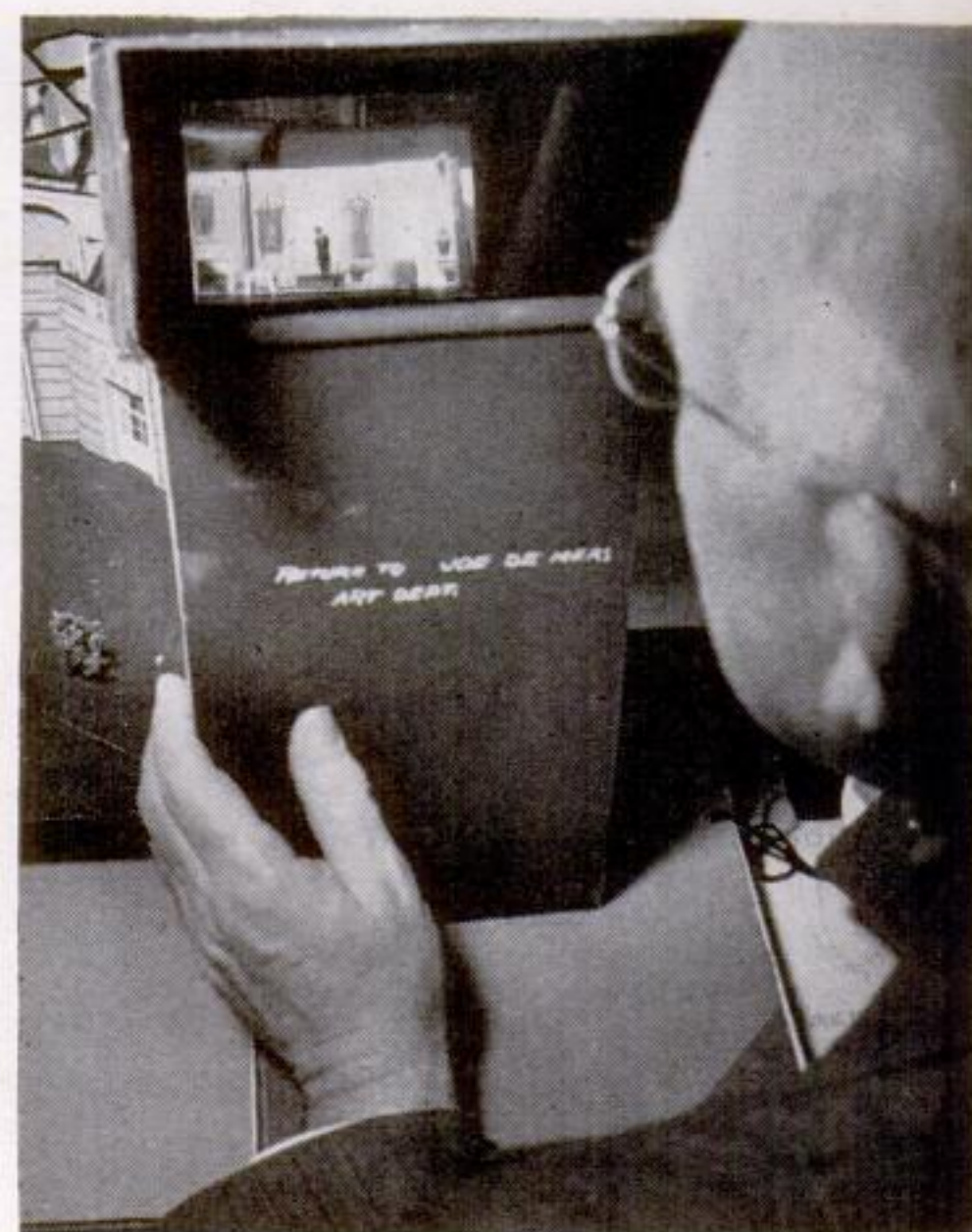
All Warner Bros. sets are made right on the studio lot in a humming, 125,000 sq.-ft. factory fitted out with hundreds of woodworking and machine tools, a forge and a foundry. Here carpenters, painters and metalworkers turn out everything from submarines to period furniture with rapid and versatile craftsmanship. Working within time limits of two or three weeks for set construction they become adept at short cuts, using cast plaster to simulate carved wood or marbled wallpaper for



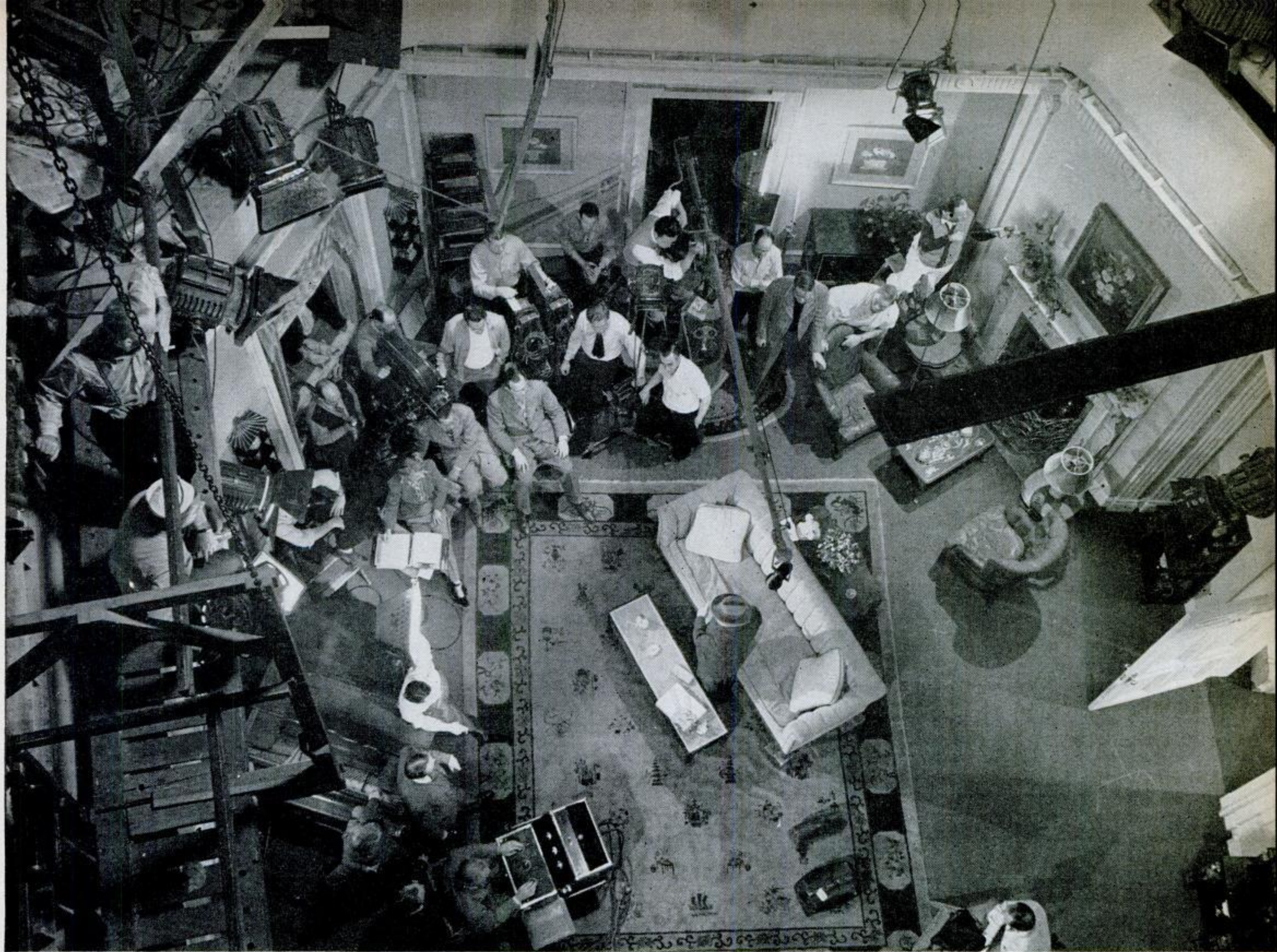
SKETCHING ACTION is the first step in set construction. Here Stranger gestures toward couch on which he hopes to sleep.



SCALE MODEL is built on floor plan of set. Plan was derived from sketch which gave indication of space needed for scene.



THROUGH PERISCOPE, art director checks completed model for camera angle. Cardboard Stranger stands by the couch.



FULL PRODUCTION CREW WITH LIGHTS, CAMERAS AND SOUND APPARATUS HAS ASSEMBLED ON SET. STRANGER STANDS READY TO ASK, "IS ANYBODY SLEEPING ON THIS TONIGHT?"

a palace floor. Rocks for outdoor scenes are made from wood framing, chicken wire and plaster (LIFE, Aug. 7).

The completed parts of a set are loaded onto big trucks and moved from the factory to the stage where they are assembled. Then property men move in with light fixtures, rugs, books, pictures and bric-a-brac. Electricians requisition several miles of heavy electric cable and rig 100 or more incandescent flood lamps and spotlights

around the set. The studio powerhouse is advised of the amount of electricity needed. Sound engineers wheel in their microphone boom and portable control panel. Finally cameramen arrive with camera, dollies, tripods and a cart full of filters and extra lenses. All this intense activity is regulated by rigid schedules laid out on a big production control board in the office of the studio's production chief who at the same time is often keeping track of some 20 similar and equally complicated operations.



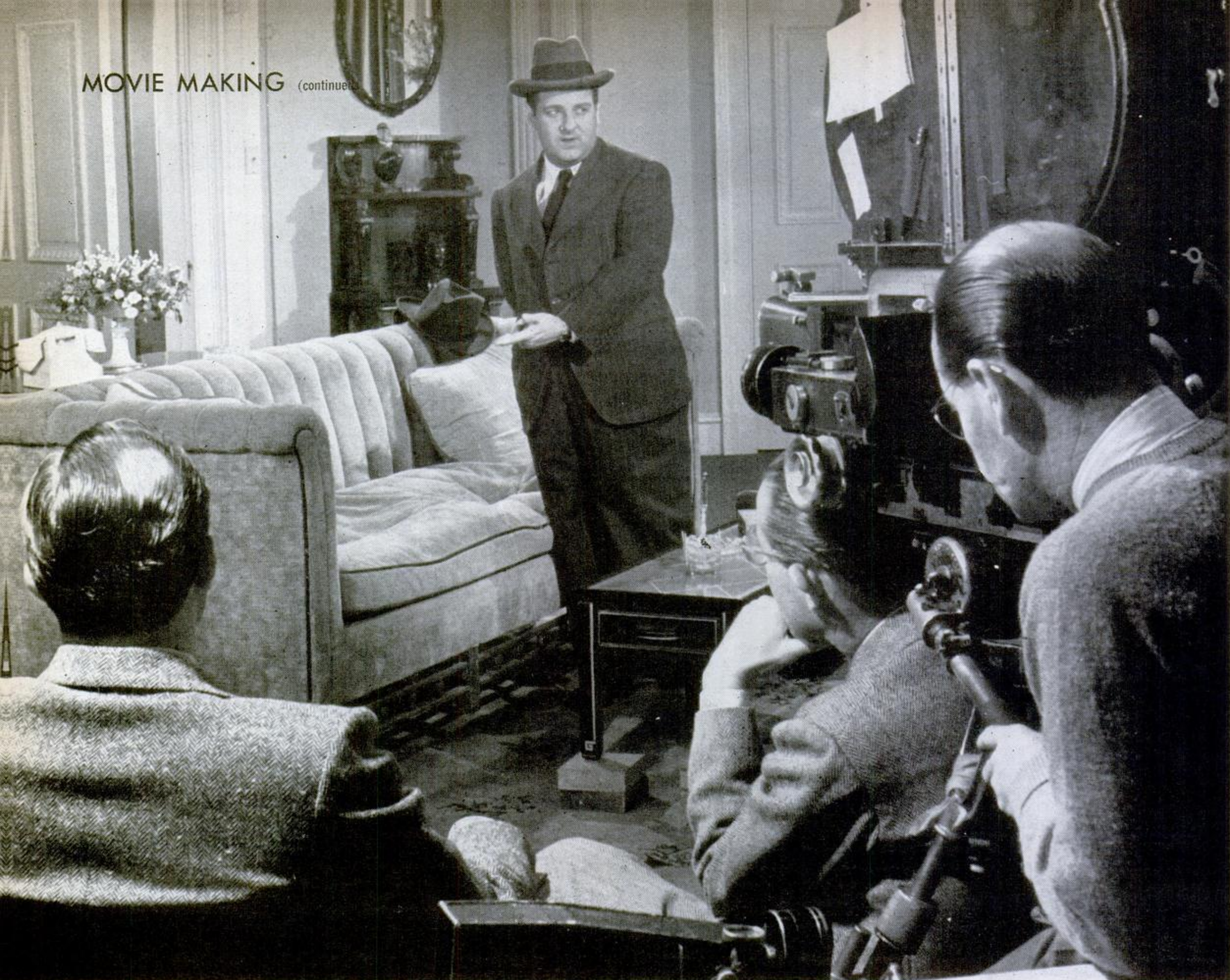
PLASTER LINTEL saves time and expense of wood carving. It appears over center door in the top picture, opposite page.



PICTURE IS PAINTED especially to hang over doughgirls' mantel. Warner's keeps artists very busy, mostly with portraits.



CAMERA DOLLY AND MICROPHONE BOOM are wheeled onto completed set in preparation for start of filming next day.



TAKE ON SHOT 279 LOOKED LIKE THIS TO DIRECTOR (LEFT) AND CAMERAMEN (RIGHT). RECORD OF SCENE AND FOOTAGE CONSUMED IS KEPT ON CARD STUCK TO CAMERA (UPPER RIGHT)

THE TAKE

The time during which Shot 279 is actually photographed is known as "the take." During the take two machines are at work, the camera and the sound recorder. The camera, of course, is on the set but the sound recorder is in an apparatus-filled room several blocks away. Running in exact synchronization with the camera, it records the actor's voice which is being

picked up on the set by a microphone and transmitted over wires. The engineer in charge of this distant recording room is a key man during a take. On signal from the movie director he starts and stops both camera and sound recorder at the same instant by pressing a button on his desk.

Shown here is the take on Shot 279. The picture above was made from a point just to the left of the camera as it filmed the Stranger's gesture toward the couch. The



DIRECTOR LOOKS AT SCENE through duplicate of finder on camera. This lets him see the scene as it will be photographed.



FOCUS IS CHECKED with a tape measure strung by assistant cameraman from lens to actor. Camera crew has three men.



LIGHT-READING is made by Ernest Haller, *Doughgirls'* head cameraman. He is concerned chiefly with lighting and angles.

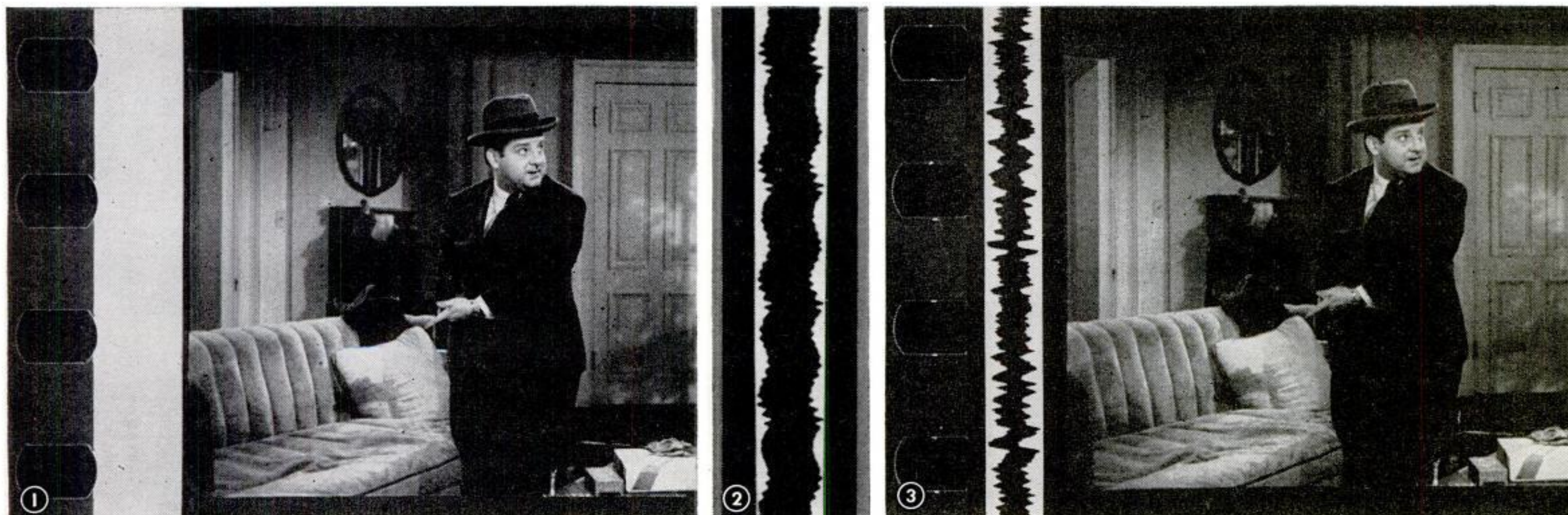


REST OF CREW SAW SCENE FROM THIS POSITION BEHIND SOUND-CONTROL PANEL. BOOM OPERATOR IN BACKGROUND MUST MANEUVER MICROPHONE TO KEEP IT OVER ACTOR'S HEAD

picture above was taken over the head of the man in charge of the portable sound-control panel at the instant the Stranger said "sleeping."

This take came only after more than an hour of intense preparation. The whole room was dusted and nicks and scratches on walls and furniture were touched up. Several lighting arrangements were tried in order to eliminate shadows. This involved detailed instructions boomed over loudspeakers to some 20 light-tenders high

in the rafters. Amid this confusion Joe De Rita, the actor, was given final make-up touches and rehearsed four or five times. The position of the microphone boom was shifted and shifted again in an effort to place it out of range of the camera but still close enough to pick up De Rita's voice. Finally Director James Kern okayed the shot. Camera angle and focus were given a last-minute check. Then, amid dead silence from the 75 to 100 people on the set, the signal to start the take was given.



RESULT OF TAKE is two films. No. 1 is exposed in the camera and pictures action. No. 2 is the sound track, exposed in the

recording room. Section of No. 2 film shown here is graphic record of the word "sleeping." Film No. 3 is a combination

of 1 and 2 plus background music which has been dubbed in. No. 3 film is the one finally seen and heard in the theater.

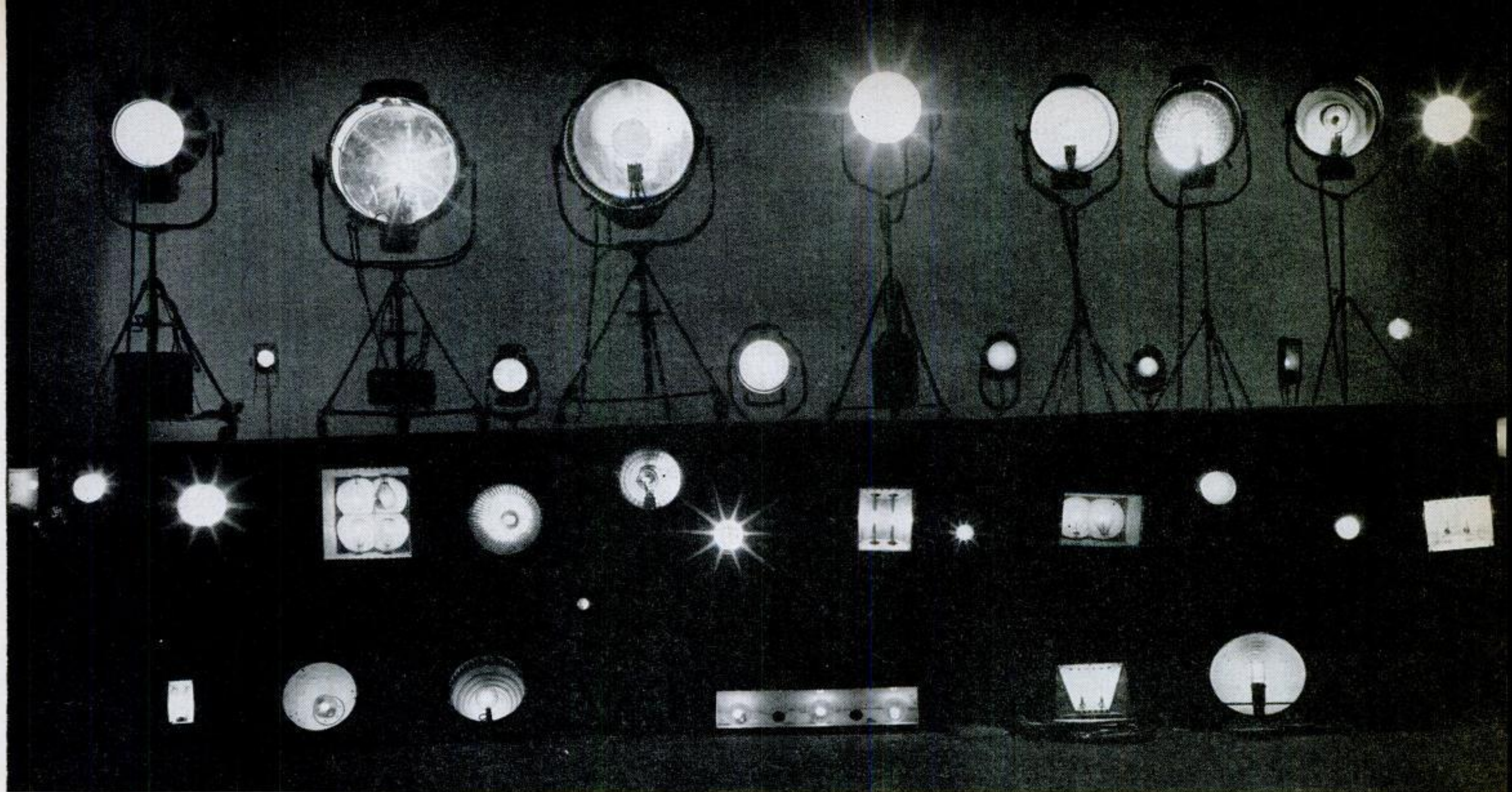


CAMERA

The most important piece of apparatus in Hollywood is the movie camera. The whole great big motion-picture industry exists solely for the purpose of paying court to the black-hooded machine shown above.

This is the latest and best model camera. It costs about \$10,000 and is made in West Hollywood, Calif. by the Mitchell Camera Co. Warner Bros. has nine others

just like it which are kept in an air-conditioned vault. Film runs through at 90 feet per minute, must nevertheless be stopped about once a second so that it may be exposed frame by frame. This calls for a great number of smoothly operating gears and sprockets finished to 1/10,000 of an inch. The most astonishing thing about the whole electrically run machine is that it operates in total silence, for if it whirled or clicked in any way the noise would be picked up and recorded along with the actors' voices.



LIGHTS This array of glowing spots represents one sample of each of the 36 different kinds of lights which Warner Bros. uses in filming its movies. Because almost all movies are now made indoors, lights such as these are second in importance only to the camera in movie production. Altogether Warner's owns 3,582 lights.

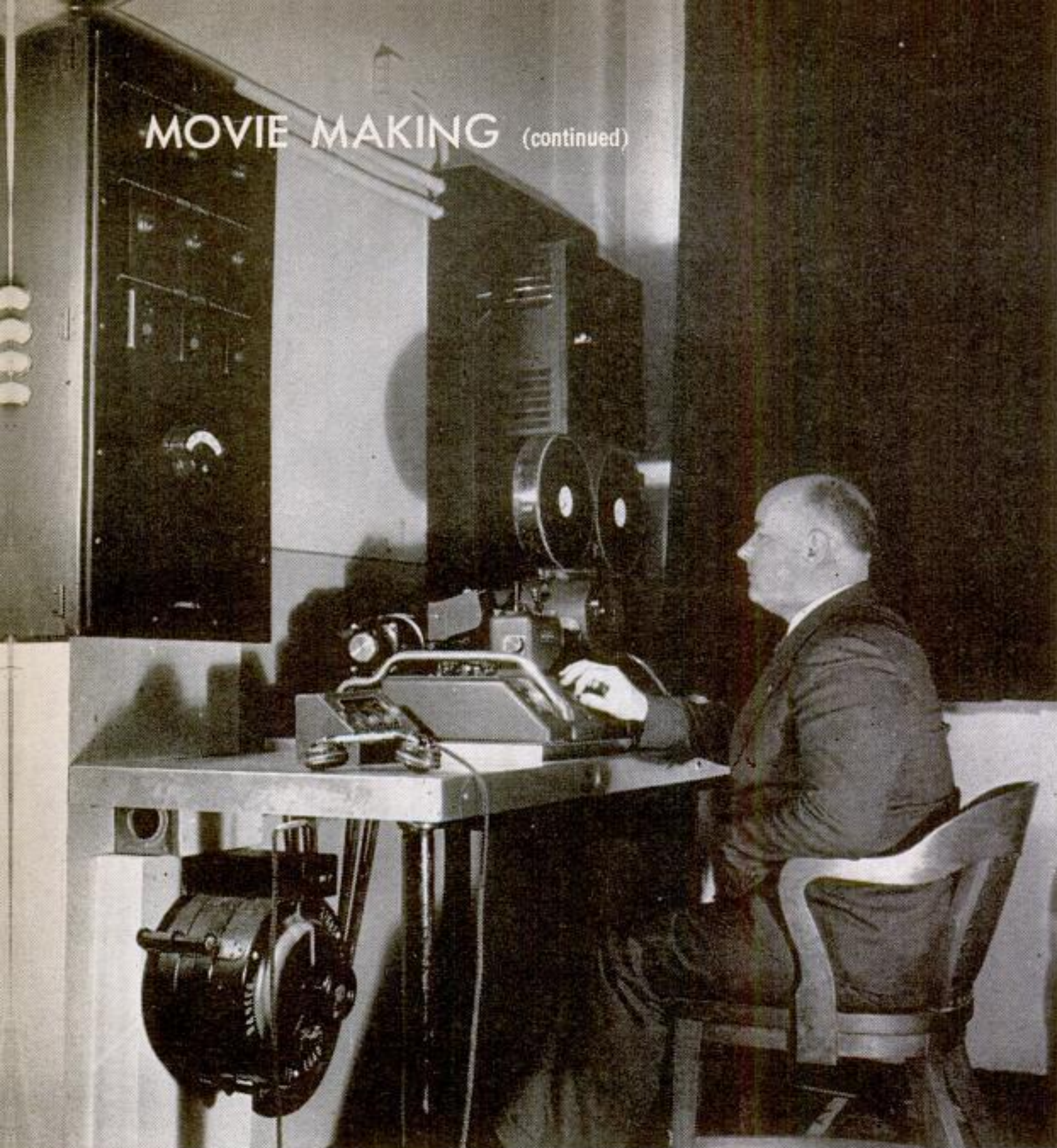
The spots which have starlike patterns are made by highly intense arc lights, used

to simulate outdoor light. The big star in the middle of the top row is made by the 170 arc, most powerful and useful movie-making light. Round and square spots are made by incandescent lights generally known as inkies and used where less intensity is needed. The biggest of these (*top row, third from left*) has a 10,000-watt bulb while the smallest inky makes a single dot just above the bottom row and is called a peanut. These modern lights have completely displaced the old, eye-searing klieg lights.

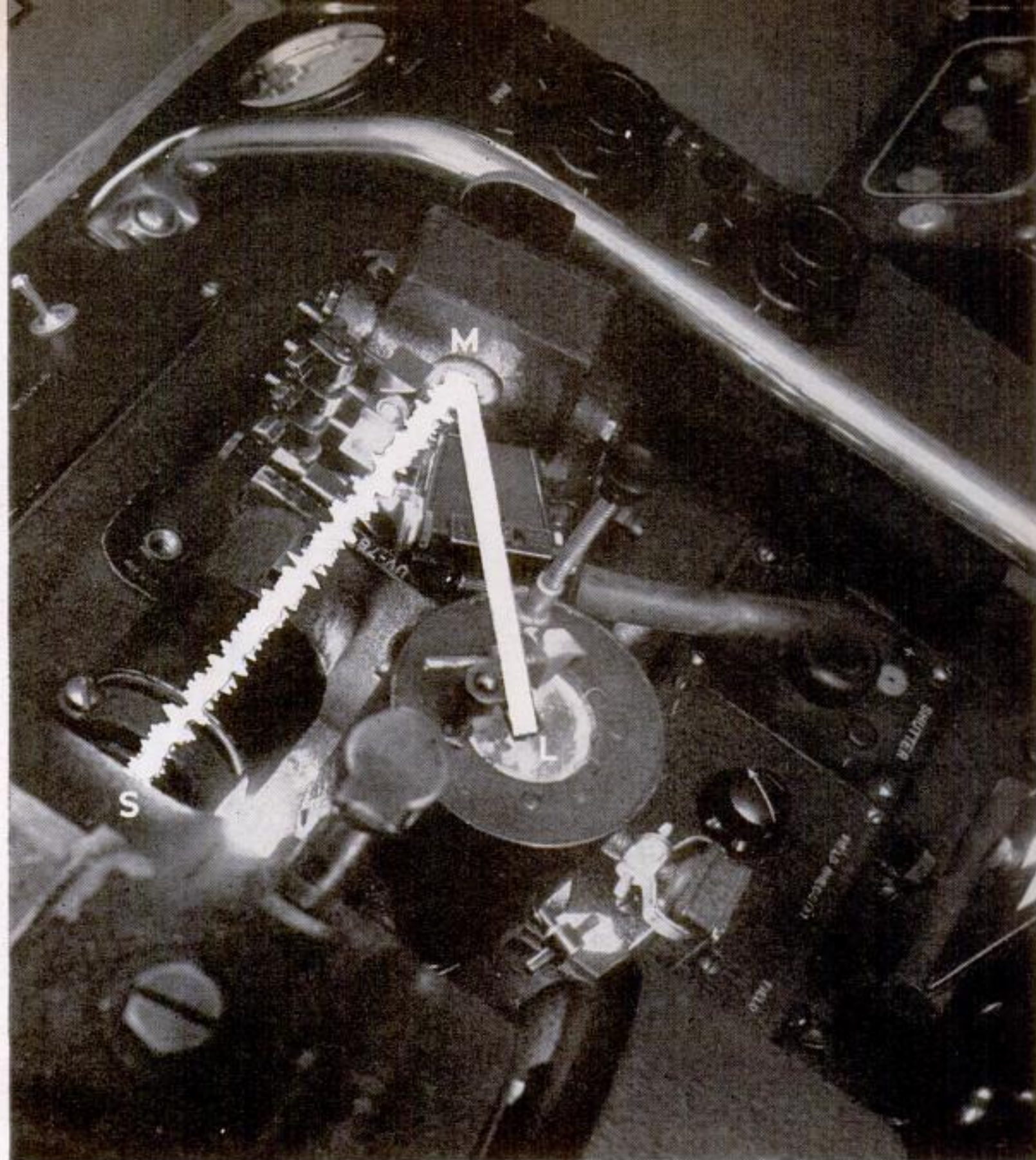


LAB These printing machines stand in the darkened Warner's laboratory at the end of a line of semiautomatic machines which finish movie film in a continuous process. The process starts when exposed negative is removed from a camera, spliced onto negative already going through the machines. The long strip of film is run without stop through tanks of developer, hypo, washing water and finally a drying cabinet. Then the machines above take the

negative and from it make a positive print, used for projection in the movie theaters. The production of a final positive print of a movie requires six films of the same length: the negative and positive of the action film, the negative and positive of the sound-track film and the negative and positive of the final combined sound and sight film. To accomplish all of this, the laboratory must run the film through each of its six developing machines at a combined rate of about seven miles per hour.



IN RECORDING ROOM, several blocks from stage where movie is being filmed, engineer checks sound track of actor's voice being made on recording machine in front of him.



TOP VIEW OF RECORDING MACHINE shows how light (L) bounces off vibrating mirror (M), is made to oscillate in tune with sound impulses from microphone on the set. S locates sound film.

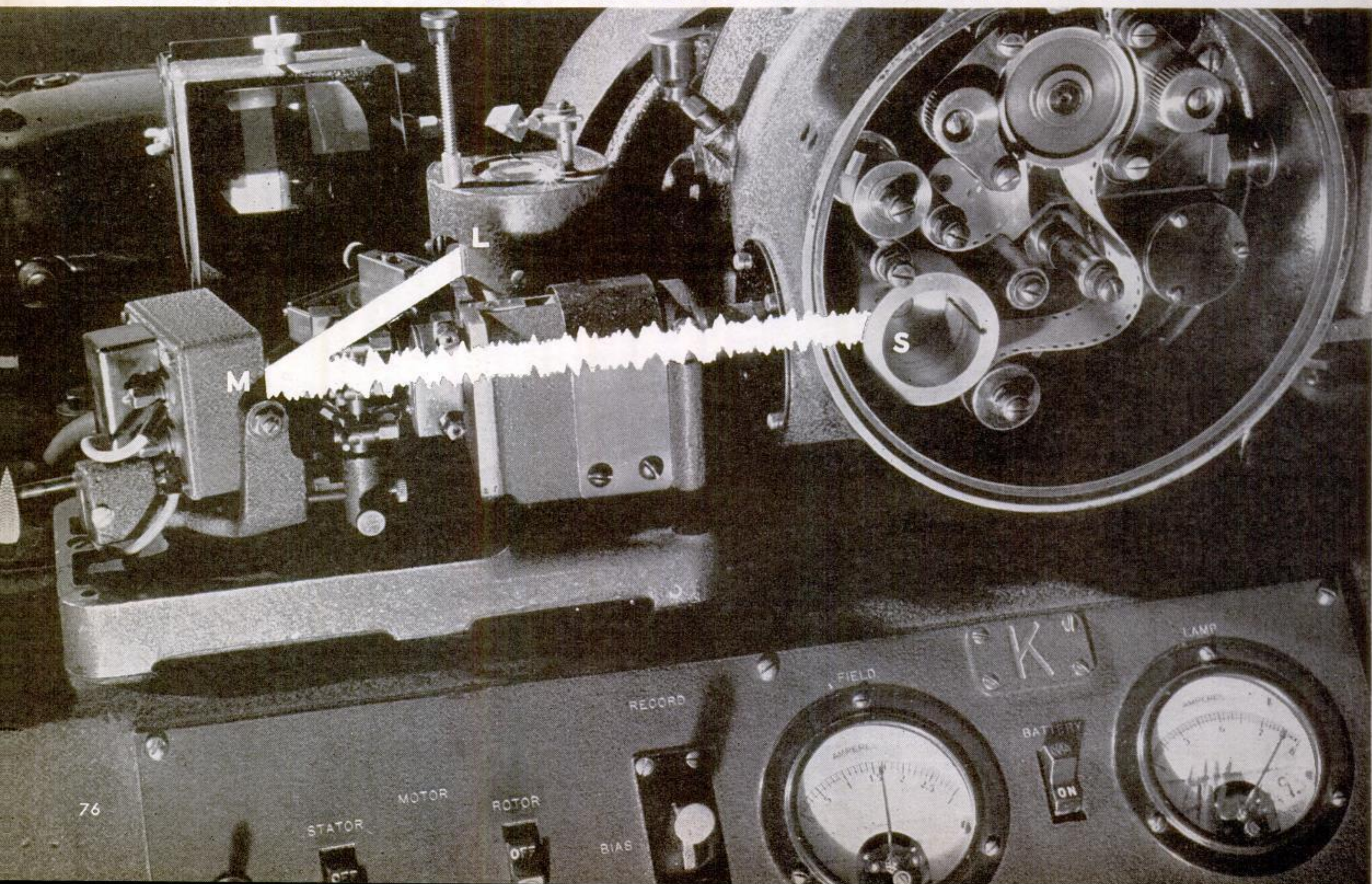
SOUND Warner Bros. has the distinction of having pioneered the use of sound with movies. Today the engineers and electronic equipment of its recording department turn out some of the industry's best sound tracks.

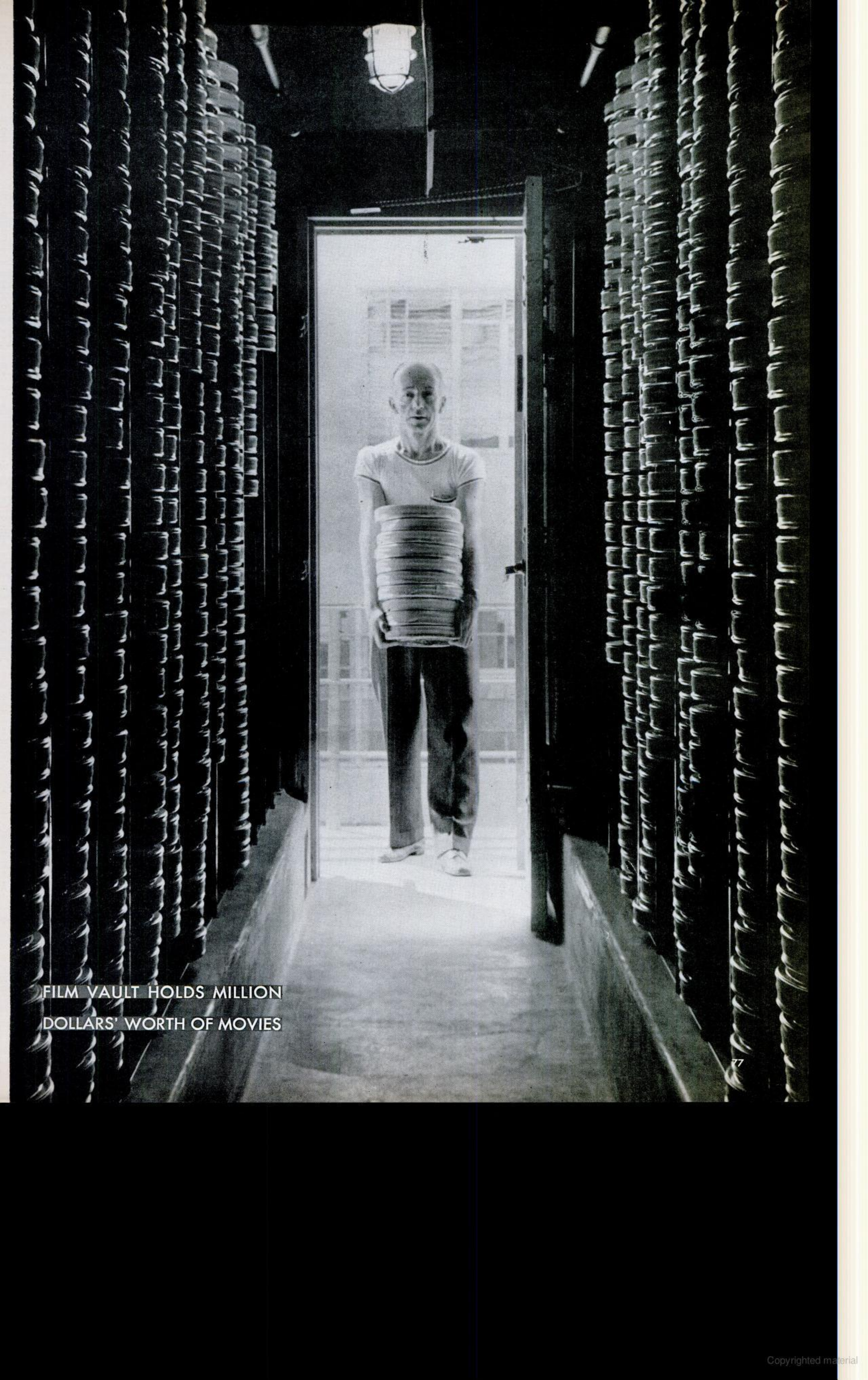
The pictures on this page show what happens to the

sound of an actor's voice after it has been picked up by the microphone on the set. The pulsating electrical impulses from the microphone transmitted by wires from set to recording room (left, above) cause a tiny mirror (M) in the recording machine (see pictures above right and below) to vibrate in tune with the actor's words. A beam of light from L is directed at this mir-

ror. As it hits the mirror's vibrating surface, it begins in turn to pulsate in tune with the actor's voice. When it bounces off the mirror, the beam has become a reproduction in oscillating light of the voice. This oscillating beam then hits a movie film running over a sprocket (S). On this film the vibrating light records the actor's voice as a wiggly black line, the sound track.

SIDE VIEW OF RECORDING MACHINE SHOWS HOW VIBRATING LIGHT BEAM PUTS SOUND TRACK ON FILM AT S. SWITCHES (LOWER LEFT) TURN ON RECORDER, CAMERA AT SAME INSTANT





FILM VAULT HOLDS MILLION
DOLLARS' WORTH OF MOVIES



"Traitors' Court" is held in the famous Cour d'Assises in Paris where the death sentence was imposed on ten of the most infamous scoundrels in the history of France. These collaborators,

whose crimes ranged from blackmail to organized murder, are seated directly beneath the huge wall painting, each guarded by a policeman. Their ringleaders, roundheaded Henri Lafont

and his deputy, sleek-haired Pierre Bony (*wearing glasses*), are standing to plead their case. Seated below them are their lawyers, looking toward ermine-collared judge in left foreground.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE

GENERAL DE GAULLE, STATESMAN ABROAD AND POLITICIAN AT HOME,
TAKES MIDDLE COURSE TO KEEP FRENCH BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER

by RICHARD DE ROCHEMONT

In 1940 Richard de Rochemont, now producer of *The March of Time* and first American president of France Forever, left France after the Germans had marched in. In 1941 he visited Vichy France (*LIFE*, Sept. 1, 1941). Recently he returned to Paris

and talked with French leaders and the French people, learning at first hand how the France he knew had weathered the occupation. In this penetrating survey of a nation being reborn he delineates French trends, hopes, fears and possibilities.

France this winter is going to be cold, unemployed and hungry. In grandiose but dank office buildings French functionaries are breaking up the furniture to feed a salamander stove while they study the future of France in Europe and in a world where the French empire is second in size and wealth only to Great Britain's.

French office workers and factory hands pedaling to work on ancient bicycles (now worth \$300 apiece in American money) are equally cold and miserable during one of the bitterest winters in Europe's history. When they find that their factories and workshops have been closed for lack of supplies the chill creeps into their pocket books as well as their spirits. They have an immediate occasion for ice-cold meditation on the relative benefits of economic liberalism versus a planned economy.

Visiting provincial gentry tell each other tall tales about how a Red wave has engulfed all France south of the Loire, how Toulouse under a Spanish Republican junta has "declared war" on Madrid, how the workers in a provincial biscuit factory insisted that a foreman suspected of delivering workers to the German labor draft be dismissed ("and my dear, he had been with us 30 years!"). French tycoons, as well, whose



The jurors are at the judge's right and at his left. Along the wall at the extreme right are the prosecutors and beyond them are the French journalists. Directly across the court from them

is the foreign press section. Visiting lawyers are seated in the well of the court. Crowded behind them is the general public. The wall painting is called *The Bed of Justice of Louis XIII*.

The artist's father, a collaborator, recently had his beard shaved off by indignant Partisans. There is a glass exhibit case before the judge and jurors. The large wall clock runs spasmodically.

fortunes may have been made before, or after, the German occupation, can warm themselves with hoarded armagnac as well as the sensation that revolution's hot breath is on their napes. They may curse the Provisional Government of General Charles de Gaulle for its highhanded threats of industrial nationalization and an all-round French New Deal, but they realize that 1945's alternative to de Gaulle is French Communism.

Since the definitive French elections are still far away and since only a total upheaval (*i.e.*, revolution) can unseat de Gaulle during the long interim, it seems likely that he will be able, with powerful allies in England and America, to preserve in France the structure of liberal capitalism, private property and more or less free economic enterprise. To do so he is already making many minor changes of a frankly socialistic nature and may be expected to make more of these before they are exacted from him.

But to save something of all the various traditional aspects of French life (among them the old and honored tradition of revolution) General de Gaulle has had to bestir himself among his allies. Trips to America, to England, to the Holy See and finally to Moscow have made him the busiest

statesman in Europe and the most successful. De Gaulle's diplomacy has kept clear of the political tragedies which have beset Belgium and Greece. He has given Franco a civil nod and the Spanish Republican exiles in France a status as desirable aliens. He has had France reaffirmed as the "eldest daughter of the Church" while he was exacting the ouster of the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Valerio Valeri. And he has made the tightest deal with Soviet Russia so far on record without frightening away British or American business interests.

De Gaulle moves forward cautiously

Cagily treading the middle road, de Gaulle is playing the role of a statesman abroad while at the same time he is obliged to be a politician at home. The international position of France depends, in the end, on how well he can keep in hand the straining political forces upon which his government depends for its strength, its energy and its prestige.

In such a situation the status of French political parties, including those resistance groups which are likely to develop into or take over the old political parties, is complex and difficult to evalu-

ate. But through the labyrinth of French political conceptions—such as Jacobinism, clericalism and anticlericalism, Marxism and anti-Marxism (French style), monarchism and republicanism, and the persistence of the *affaire Dreyfus* even to the present day—there emerge two underlying problems which hold the key to an understanding of what is going on in France today. The first problem is that of economic recovery. The second is the psychological problem of what can best be called "purification." The two are inseparably linked and yet they pull in opposite directions. To achieve reform drastic action must be taken. To achieve order there must be some repression of these same drastic acts, particularly acts of retributive justice by any groups other than those duly constituted by law.

In facing the problem of returning to economic normalcy, the French are realistic but hopeful. They do not insist that their trains run on time. They would like to have them run. They do not expect the country's finances to be completely restored, but they want to get away from any fear of repudiation of the currency, and they want to know the extent of any deflationary measures which may be necessary. They want the factories to start up again and are not sure that the way to

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THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE (continued)

do it is to let the factory owners have a free hand. But they view nationalization with some skepticism.

Many attempts have been made to express in a phrase the average Frenchman's approach to any form of real socialism. One cynical French writer, Raymond Dior of the *Canard Enchaîné*, suggested, "Your average Frenchman votes well to the left of his own behavior. He votes to spend the national budget to compensate somehow for his personal stinginess; he proclaims internationalism to compensate for his being the most utterly rooted of all Europeans to his own soil; he secretly hopes his wife's piety and prayers will see his own agnostic and anticlerical soul through Purgatory. He dearly loves an orator who can evoke all the symbols of revolution, and he will vote for him. But he would be horrified if the man he backed ever carried out more than a small part of the sweeping program which got him elected. *Il ne faut jamais exagérer!*"

The present government, not unaware of these facets of French personality, has stated its plan for nationalization by the setting-up of three zones of industrial activity. Heavy industry, mines, public utilities and some armaments industries are to be taken over by the state and their former owners compensated by bonds. Other industries less vital or strategic to the state will be privately owned but government controlled. The third zone, including most consumers' goods industries, will be free from all restrictions except those imposed by taxation and general social laws.

As a theoretical approach the three-zone plan has shocked only the extreme conservatives. The Rightists object that this is Bolshevik confiscation, while the Left points out that the plan may well turn out to be one by which the industrial losses are nationalized but the profits left in the hands of the capitalists.

Not so much theory, more action

To such theoretical criticisms the de Gaulle government replies that the time is no longer that of theoretical discussion but of activity, and that when industry is functioning again there will still be time to work out the details of government control. And for that matter the immediate economic problems are enough to keep any government busy. The French arteries of transport and communications weathered the German attack and occupation but collapsed with the Allied preinvasion air attacks and disintegrated with the destruction accompanying the German withdrawal. As the Germans pulled out they blew up hundreds of bridges that had escaped Allied air bombardment and left every major port of France either commercially unusable or under the defense of a German "suicide garrison." Even today the average Frenchman does not realize how badly his system of ports, roads and rails has been damaged.

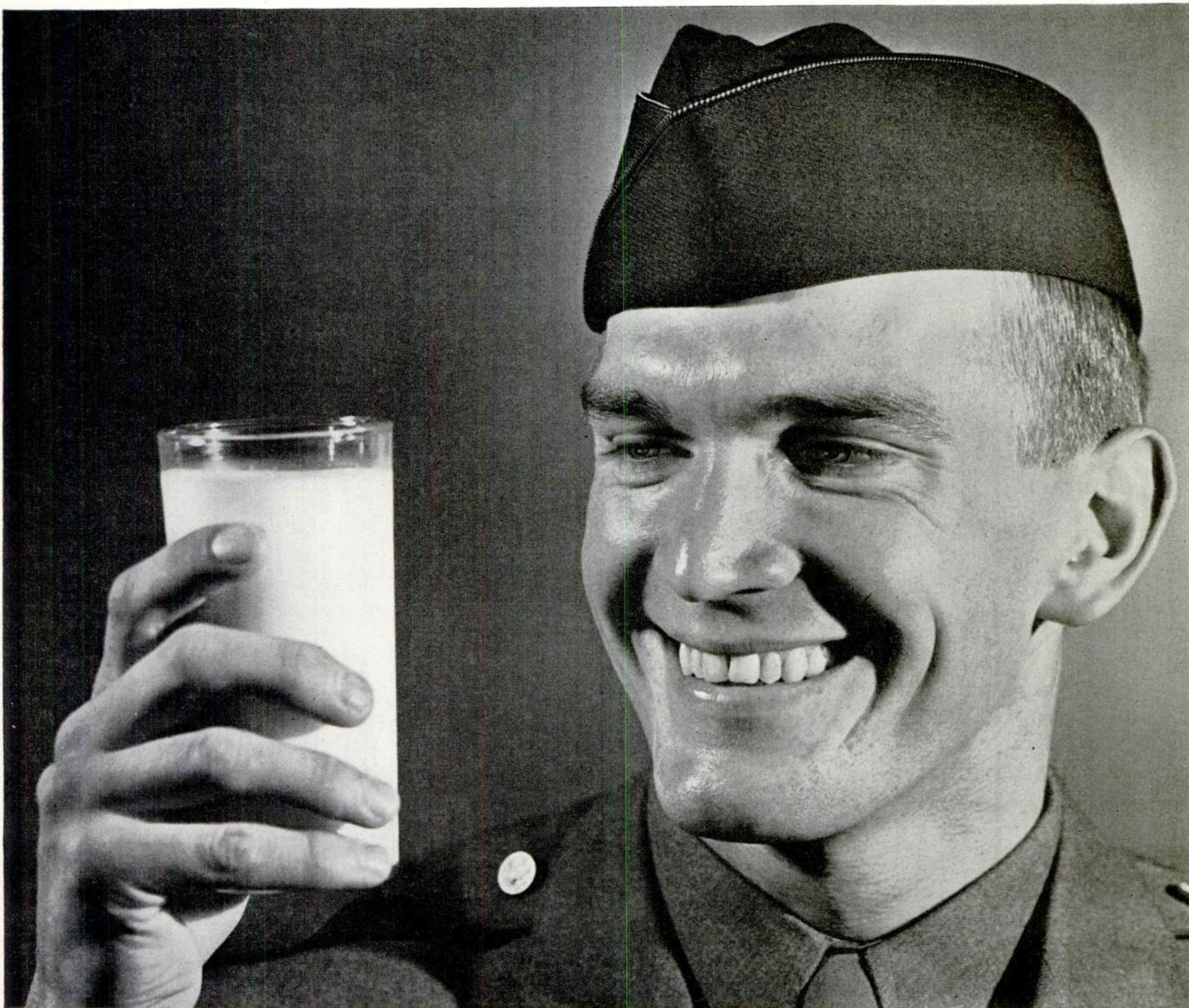
However, there are miracles of improvisation taking place despite the medieval economy of wartime France, and for these the profit motive can take a large share of the credit. Cheeses from the Cantal get to Paris not because anyone has worked out a system of distribution, but simply because they fetch black-market prices high enough to make it worth while for a man to travel 200 miles on a bicycle to sell them. Nobody thinks this is any way to run a country, but nobody is quite ready to lock up the cheese bootlegger to prove it. Instead, French policy is to let him continue to operate, but in the meantime to attempt to organize some semblance of mass distribution of foods on a more rational socialistic basis, and at the same time let the major political issues stand adjourned until spring.

The second great problem of France—that of political "purification"—stems directly from the state of mind of a people which has had to accustom itself to the cruelty and vexations of the German occupation, which has seen its sons, fathers, wives and daughters shot out of hand or sold into slavery and which has watched its most upright and civic-minded citizens take up a life of outlawry and brigandage as a protest against the German rule. Liberated France today is still cynical, materialistic and disillusioned. Its sense of values has not been destroyed but it has been turned topsy-turvy.

In touch with Paris only by radio and slow mail, peasants and squirearchy alike are sawing wood, hoarding their winter food supply and hedging their conservatism by telling each other how much they did to help the boys of the Maquis. But the Maquis and the Resistance heroes, today mostly unemployed and deprived of their old military status, observe bitterly that when they were on the run from the Germans or harassing them in guerrilla warfare, they did not know that they had so many friends.

In the provinces groups of the Maquis or the FFI still carry out minor operations of requisition—usually that of "liberating" a few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



"Keep your eye on the Infantry . . . the doughboy does it!"

"Milk! Real milk from a cow!"

Yes, it actually happened. The excited soldier had just landed in the U. S. A. after a year in the lonely Aleutians. But he might have come from any other front.

At Mitchel Field, N. Y., where thousands of wounded have been flown in, officers report, "The first request is almost invariably for a glass of fresh milk."

In the South Pacific, a Marine combat correspondent asked a number of men what they missed most next to their families and got answers like these:

"Fresh milk and the morning paper."
"A lettuce-and-tomato sandwich, with cold fresh milk to wash it down."

This GI appetite for milk has been officially encouraged from the start of training for the sake of good nutrition. Service menus provide generous portions of all dairy products — and help make service men huskier and healthier than ever before in history.

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GI wedding in Paris points up French economic distress. In picture at top, bride and groom are showered with rice. Below: three hungry Parisiennes sweep up the leavings.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE (continued)

fat hogs, a dozen plump black turkeys, wine or a set of tires in the possession of a collaborationist. Sometimes they seek out and shoot a known traitor without much formality, and sometimes they depose local officials sent to them from Paris, replacing them with their own men. France disapproves of the irregularity and illegality of these searches, seizures and usurpations, but all France feels a debt of gratitude to the FFI and the Maquis. Although the act is reprieved, the reasons behind it are understood.

It is not difficult for the French to rationalize such acts, for the wounds of defeat and occupation are still raw. That the country which ranked itself among the foremost military powers of the world should have been crushed in a few short weeks was bad enough. But that it should have been betrayed, and that the betrayal should have continued under the regime of Vichy for four years, has sadly shaken the French ego. The French people want the traitors put to death, the minor collaborationists severely punished, and they want the fortunes of the profiteers confiscated for the benefit of those who suffered four years of individual and collective shame. The crimes have been committed and someone will have to swing for them if the confidence of the French nation in its own integrity is ever to be restored. If some little fish escape, that can be overlooked, but if the real artisans of defeat and humiliation, like Charles Maurras, Paul Baudouin, Georges Bonnet, Hypolite Worms, Leroy Ladurie, Pierre Etienne Flandin, Anatole de Monzie and, of course, Petain and Laval, are not brought to justice with their aides and accomplices, there will be trouble in France for generations.

The bloodstream must be purified

In Paris today there are too many fine houses which still stink of the Germans. The French people know it and are profoundly troubled. A French intelligence officer estimated to me in tens of thousands the number of Germans and German agents left behind when the Wehrmacht withdrew. There are too many rich French-

"Stuffed-up"
nose
stealing your
sleep?



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



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Supreme in the skies, these great aircraft are opening a new era in transportation!

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THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE (continued)

men who sigh for the Hitler legions back again to protect their fortunes. There are too many companies which flourished with German partners, too many farmers who got rich selling France's food to the Wehrmacht and the German economic raiders. If the abscesses are not broken and the French bloodstream purified, France will remain sick for years to come, mentally as well as physically.

The French people want to hear no more *grandes dames* sniffing that "it wasn't like this under the Germans"; they want an end to anti-Semitism as a political and economic weapon; they want no more agitating of the Communist scarehead for cheap political ends; and they want to get along with their allies, old and new, without underground rumor campaigns that the British plan to go easy with the Germans while the Americans steal French Indo-China.

As head of the Provisional Government and thus placed between the stress of economic demands and the strain to cleanse France spiritually, de Gaulle has encountered latent political adversaries in the FFI and the FTP (Franc-Tireurs Partisans) and in the leaders of the CNR (National Resistance Council), the civilian resistance group. All wanted de Gaulle as their common leader but none of them showed any real enthusiasm for the other members of his Algiers government.

By his previous study of the reports of Resistance agents who had come to him in London or Algiers, de Gaulle had a fairly clear idea of which groups in the CNR had real political strength and which had little or none, and his first revision of his Paris cabinet represented the necessary concessions in that direction. The new coalition cabinet was one of the most surprising France had ever seen. In it a conservative banker entered as a representative of the Underground, a Catholic militant took over the Quai D'Orsay and a law professor became Minister of Labor. The Communists got the Ministries of Air and Public Health. Apparently General de Gaulle, as president, was revising the old political saw to read, "If you don't want to lick them, make them join you."

The success of reconciliation became apparent chiefly in the fact that none of the awful things that might have happened at the moment de Gaulle took over ever came to pass. The prewar political parties, woefully neglected in the new setup if their strength at the last election in 1936 was taken as an index of their importance, failed to make any effective protest. It was clear that de Gaulle had sized them up correctly.

Partisan groups are being kept in line

The FFI had entertained some notions of continuing its existence as a separate French army with elected officers. To this de Gaulle put an immediate stop on the ground that France was one nation with one army which was the servant of the people. Mobilization of the FFI into the regular army began under the serious handicap of lack of uniforms, arms and supplies. Many former FFIs are now in action along the Rhine. The threat of revolt from that quarter has been met.

The FTP, strongly Communist, was offered the same treatment. FTP groups which were recalcitrant were not molested but their supplies of food and gasoline were gradually cut off.

The *Milice Patriotique*, workers' groups, organized mostly for the defense of factories against the incursions of the Laval-Darnand collaborationist militia, presented another delicate problem. In many instances these groups had done excellent defensive work during the liberation period and Paris today owes the preservation of its light, power and water supply to them. The government ordered their numbers reduced in each plant without, however, taking any active repressive measures and asked them to surrender the bulk of their arms to the regular army. Grudgingly they acceded.

"The military groups of the Resistance are being absorbed and whittled down as a result of the government's combination of stubbornness and tact," one FFI officer told me with some bitterness. "I may be out of uniform any day now, since my commission comes from the Resistance, but Captain Adrien de _____, whom I remember well as a minor 'Cagoulard' in the days before the war, an arrant snob, a monarchist and an anti-Semite, has been called back to active duty. His uniform still smells of the mothballs he put it in in June 1940 when he made his rapid personal retreat to the Riviera, and he has never lifted a finger to help the Resistance. But he is going to have a command, or at least a staff job somewhere. He isn't a collaborationist but just a follower of the good old policy of minimum activity, which can in itself be a military career."

Newly formed shop committees, which had taken over plants like the Berliet truck factory in Lyon, were ordered to merge themselves

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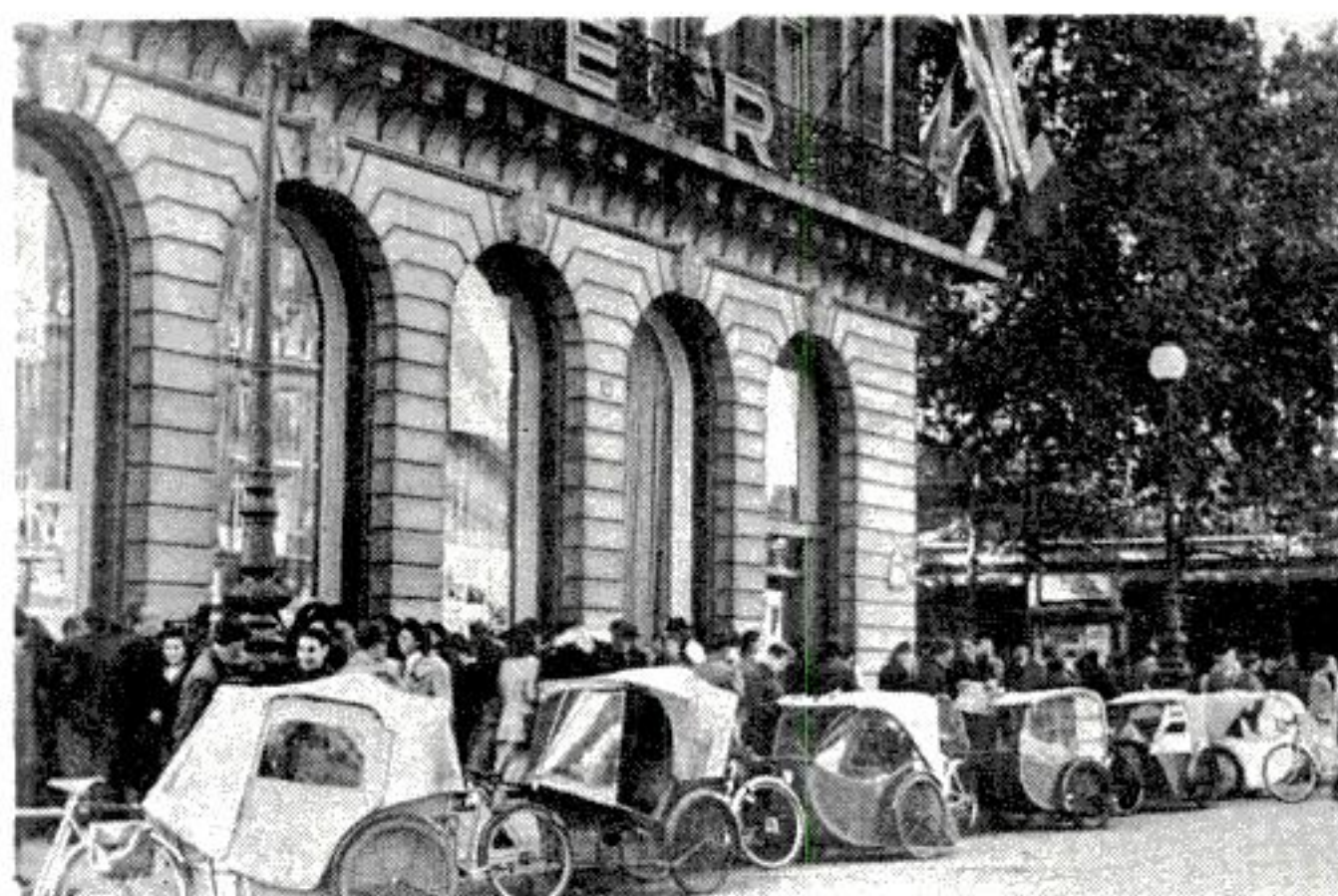
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Transportation throughout all of France has been destroyed by war. These three-wheeled cycle-taxis, which carry one passenger, are propelled by a cyclist's leg-power.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE (continued)

with the regular union organizations, and the unions were told they were to participate in three-sided negotiations with the owners and the government. Banking on the government's outstanding promises to purge all disloyal and collaborationist industrialists and to nationalize heavy industry in due course, the unions fell in line.

None of the above measures was carried into effect without some loud wails from the most potent single political group in France, the Communist Party, which charged bad faith, double-dealing and antidemocratic intentions on the part of the government. But since de Gaulle was serenely conscious of the fact that the Communists have no desire at the present time to take over the reins of government, forcibly or otherwise, and that Moscow had told them to get on with the war and not worry about local issues, he was able to ignore their objections. Under the existing conditions he could afford to do so without withdrawing the olive branch which was represented by Communist participation in a French cabinet for the first time in the history of the modern Republic.

But the Communists have no illusions that they are making any headway politically inside the de Gaulle cabinet. They are there on sufferance as well as by right of their political influence and their underground activities during the occupation. Although they have certainly picked up new support since the liberation of France, they will have no way to make any use of their new strength until the first elections, scheduled for April, are held for local offices. This is far enough ahead for many things to happen which may set them back on their heels again. By citing his recent visit to the Kremlin powerhouse for the signing of the new Franco-Soviet 20-year mutual-assistance pact, de Gaulle is now able to tell the French people he has brought them more than a Communist government could ever have obtained from the Soviets.

The cabinet has a Left-Right balance

The signing of this pact has made strong propaganda for de Gaulle, whose government, in its quest for authority and control of a disorganized situation, has again and again resorted to measures that appear almost reactionary. It has also repressed, by indirect measures, the extralegal activity of groups it considers to be dominated by the Communists, but it has made no move toward repressing or discrediting the Communist Party as a prime political force in France. General de Gaulle went piously to Rome, to be sure, but he accepted with alacrity his memorable invitation to Moscow. In his cabinet there are "Christian Democrats" whose political obedience is not unlinked to the Vatican, but the Communists and the anticlericals are at the same table to balance them. And his government has been careful never to revoke in the slightest degree its promise to submit every act to the approval of the people by ballot.

When, with the war ended and her prisoners home, France holds her first legislative elections, it seems certain that the Provisional Government will become subject to strong pressure from the Left. By moving to the Right during the present months, de Gaulle is gaining ground which he can later abandon without materially endangering his basic middle-of-the-road position.

Without attempting to read General de Gaulle's mind it seems safe to conjecture that while he is in favor of the preservation of liberal capitalism as a system for France, he has a very low opinion

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THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE (continued)

of that system's representatives among the French bourgeoisie. In his cabinet he has had a fair number of industrial and financial technicians whose links are with that class (René Mayer, René Plevin, André Diethelm and the late Aimé Lepercq, Finance Minister), but his personal preferences seem to go to more professorial intellectuals like Georges Bidault, Foreign Minister, and Alexandre Parodi, or to moderate Laborites like Adrien Tixier and Robert Lacoste, as well as to others who, though not of ministerial rank, have important brain-trusting positions.

In the general's official household conservative and wily Gaston Palewski, his chief of cabinet, acts as personal diplomatic adviser and regulates many of the general's contacts with the outside world. Around the general is a group of highly conservative young officers of noble birth and military distinction, bearing names like de Levis Mirepoix, Gudin du Pavillon, Burin des Rosiers, but their positions are conceded even by the Left to be nonpolitical and their influence slight on the general's major decisions. These are officers who understand the protocol of the military world, who speak the language of the general's early years as a soldier and in whose presence he is relaxed and comfortable. Fervent followers of the general, they still have many antennae into aristocratic and international circles where de Gaulle is more feared than loved and can give him reports and impressions he would not be likely to get from his more serious-minded and less worldly ministers.

The use of military and political intelligence, modified by his own keen sense of how Frenchmen react psychologically, has been one of the outstanding features of de Gaulle's career ever since 1940 when he raised the banner of French resistance to both the Germans and to Vichy. Time and again he has sailed ahead in the face of obvious signs and portents of trouble, only to come out of the storm with a fair wind behind him. His sense of French psychology is now attuned to the realization that a condition of the restoration of French self-respect is the restoration of a modern French army.

France wants equipment for her army

France does not want an army conceived on the old prewar pattern but one efficient enough and well enough equipped to take a respectable part in the occupation and punishment of Germany. The present French forces are performing small military miracles, often at great loss in personnel, in an effort to demonstrate that the equipping of such a force would be a good investment for the Allies. Whether this was good military sense at a time when Allied divisions, which had not seen combat, were standing ready posed a question for the Allied High Command. Before the recent German breakthrough a widely held French opinion was this: "Send your boys home, or to the Pacific if you must, but give us their guns and planes, or some others, and we will finish the job. We have learned to hate and we know how to kill. We have a score to settle and a shame to erase. We can raise another 2,000,000 men who consider it a privilege to fight and die to wipe out the memory of our old disgrace."

It seemed unlikely at least until recently that the Allied Command intended to train and equip many new French units, yet de Gaulle feels that the Allies owe France enough matériel and supplies to give her an army sufficient to make France a respected element in the occupation of Germany. And it would give France a more than simply moral influence in the German settlement, which is today and will be in the future the anvil on which all France's postwar international attitudes will be beaten out, as the existence and the terms of the Franco-Soviet pact make amply clear.

The French fear a biological defeat

As far as the present French attitude toward the U. S. is concerned, the German factor is the only one which promises future difficulties. The French on the whole are afraid that we will not be sufficiently severe with a beaten Reich and they cite our treatment of German prisoners as a case in point. Rehearsing the provisions of the Geneva Convention makes little or no impression on them. They are too conscious of what has happened to Frenchmen in German prison camps.

Sober scientists in France are also preoccupied with estimates of the extent of German "biological victory" in Europe, regardless of the military and political defeat of Germany. To the peace table France is likely to bring some proposals which will appear to us as somewhat horrifying but which will be based on a realistic study of the ethnography of Europe. One eminent anthropologist currently is setting forth a plan for the importation of German female labor into

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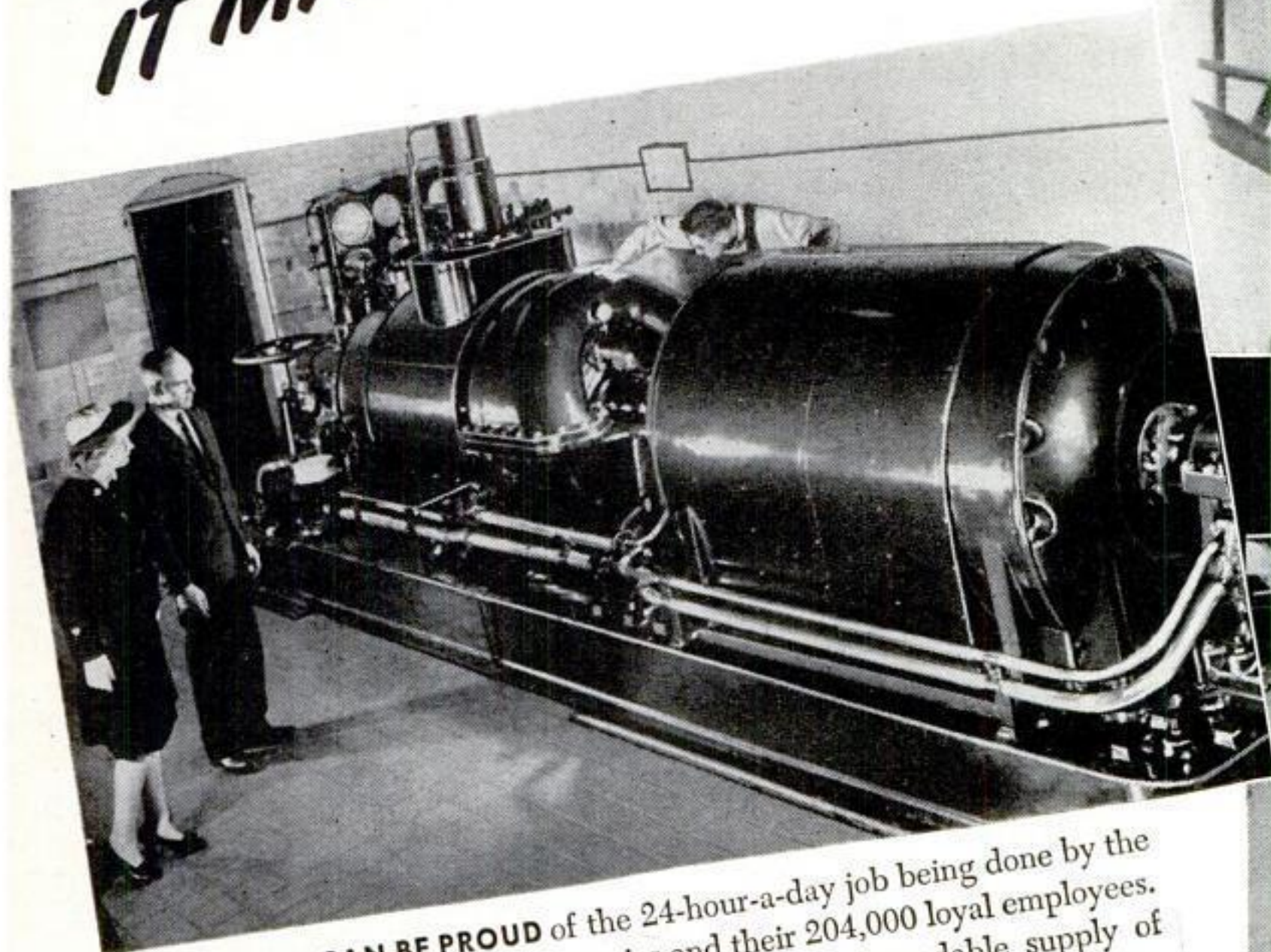


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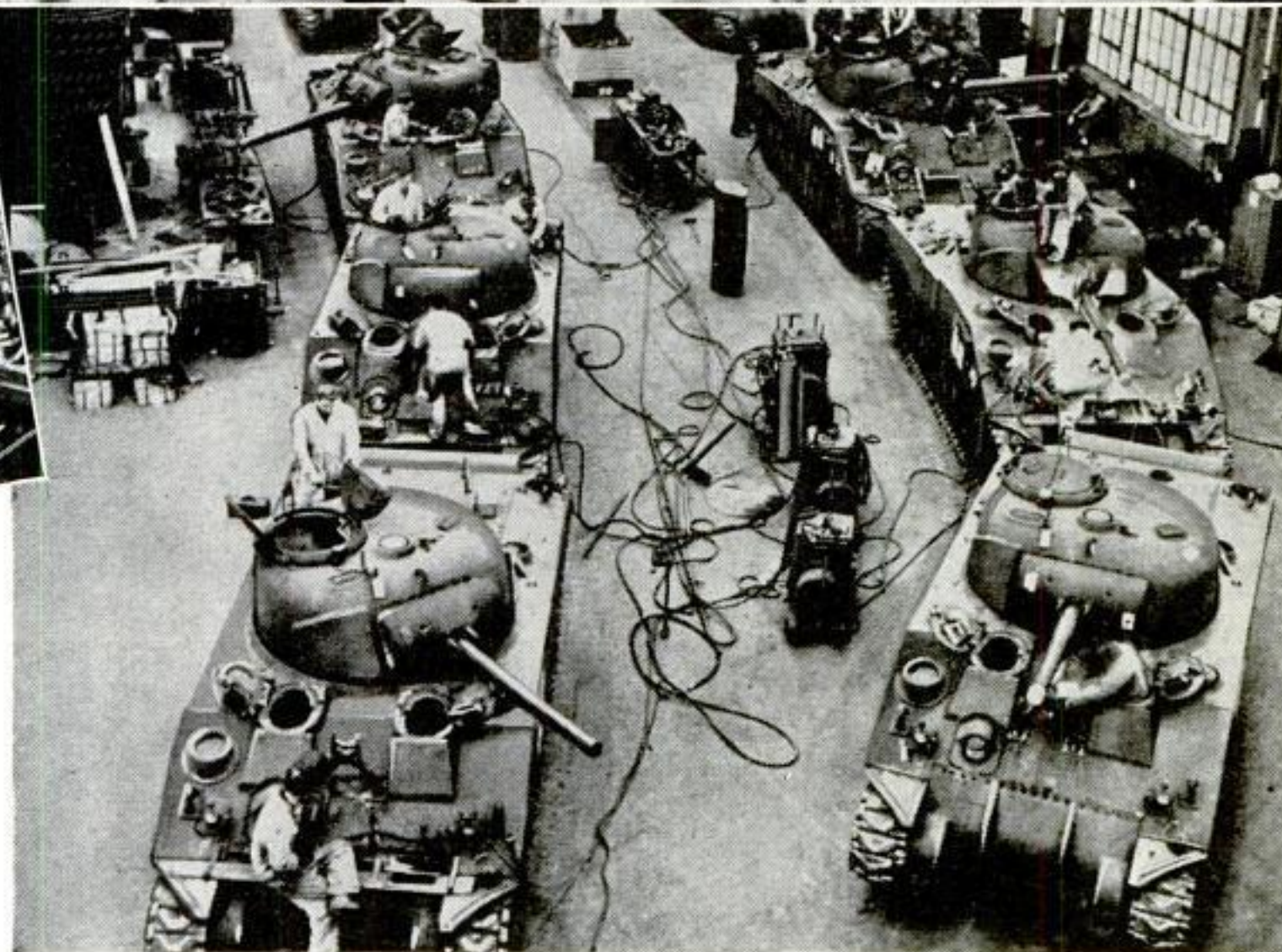
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COAL?

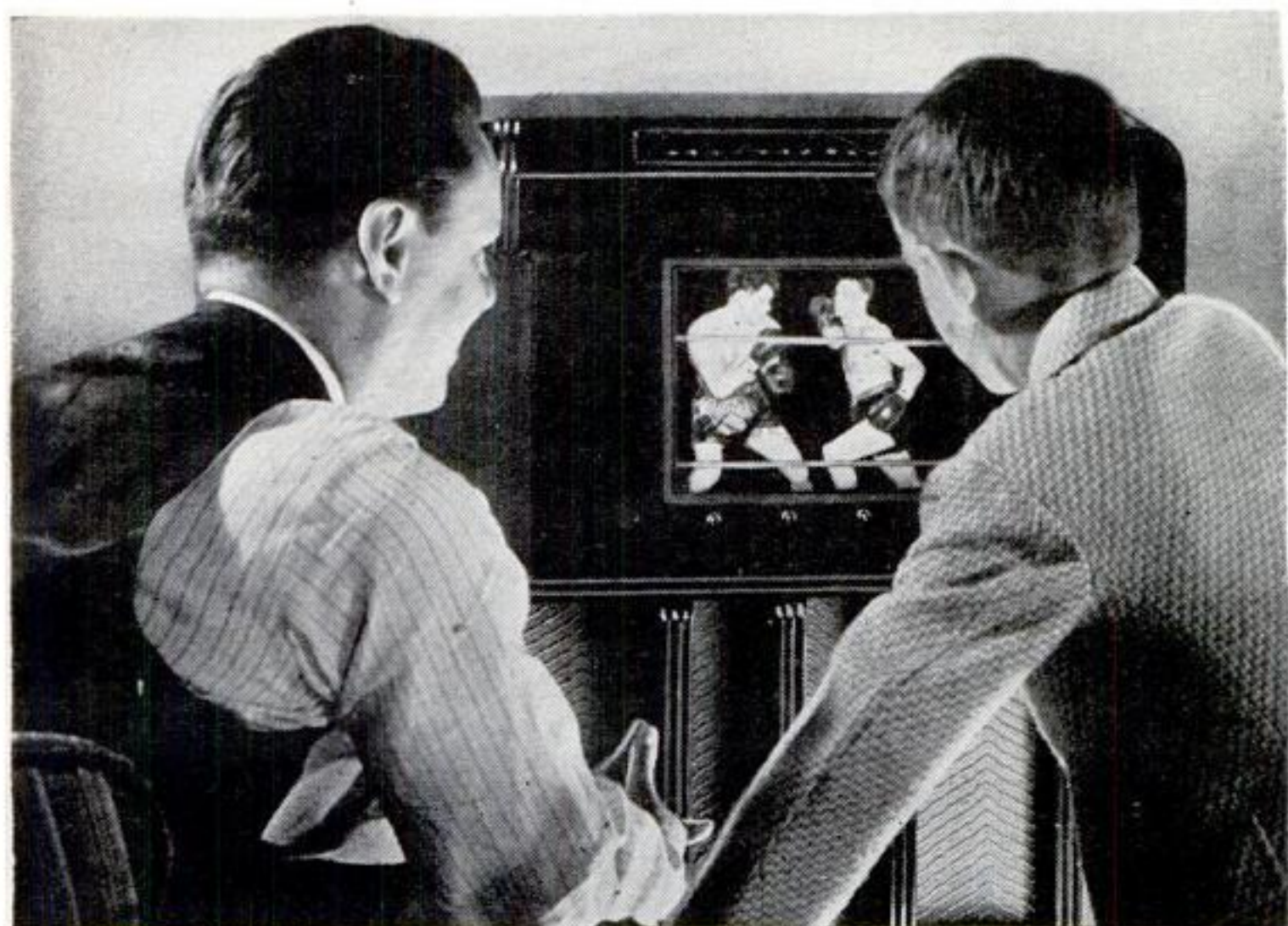
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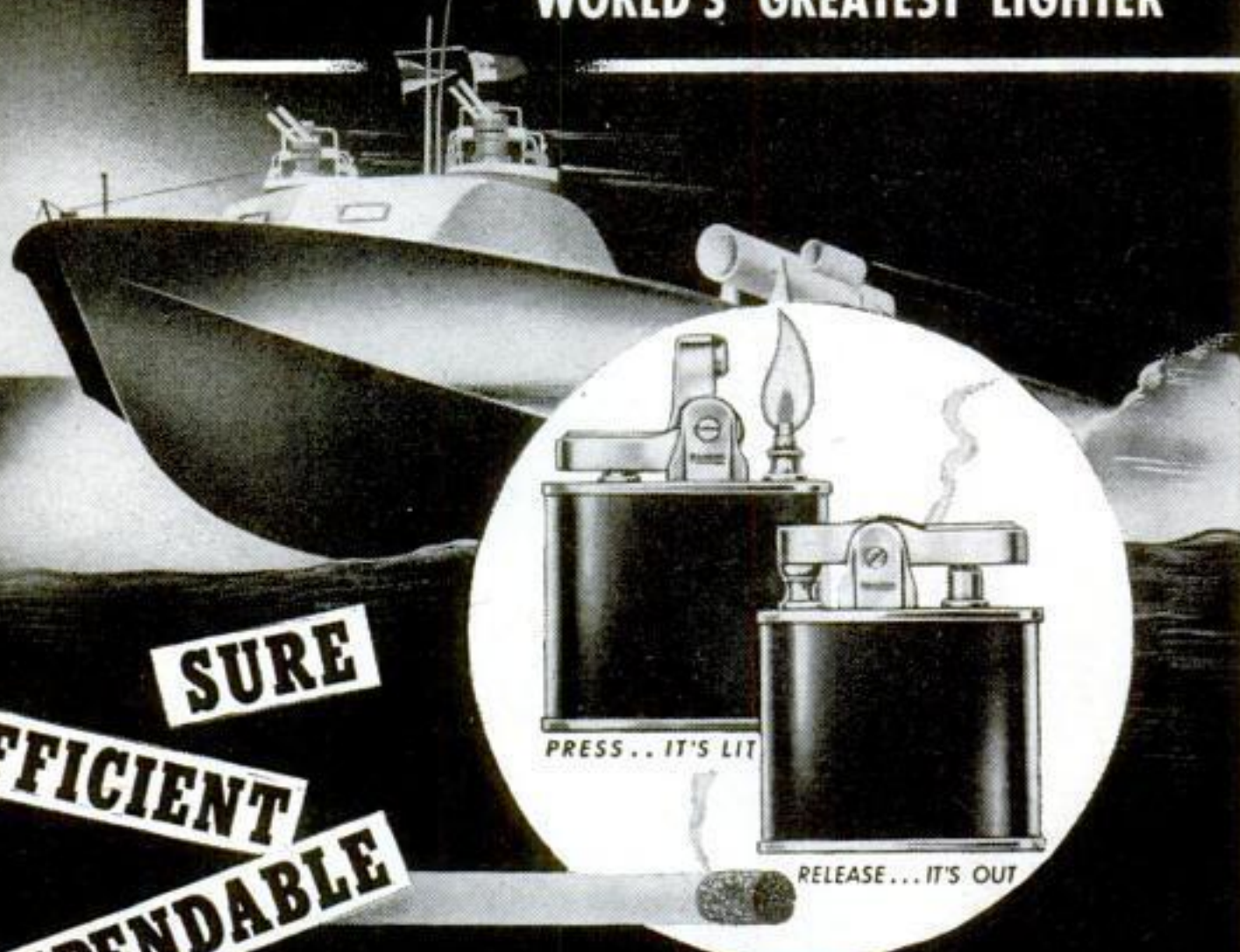
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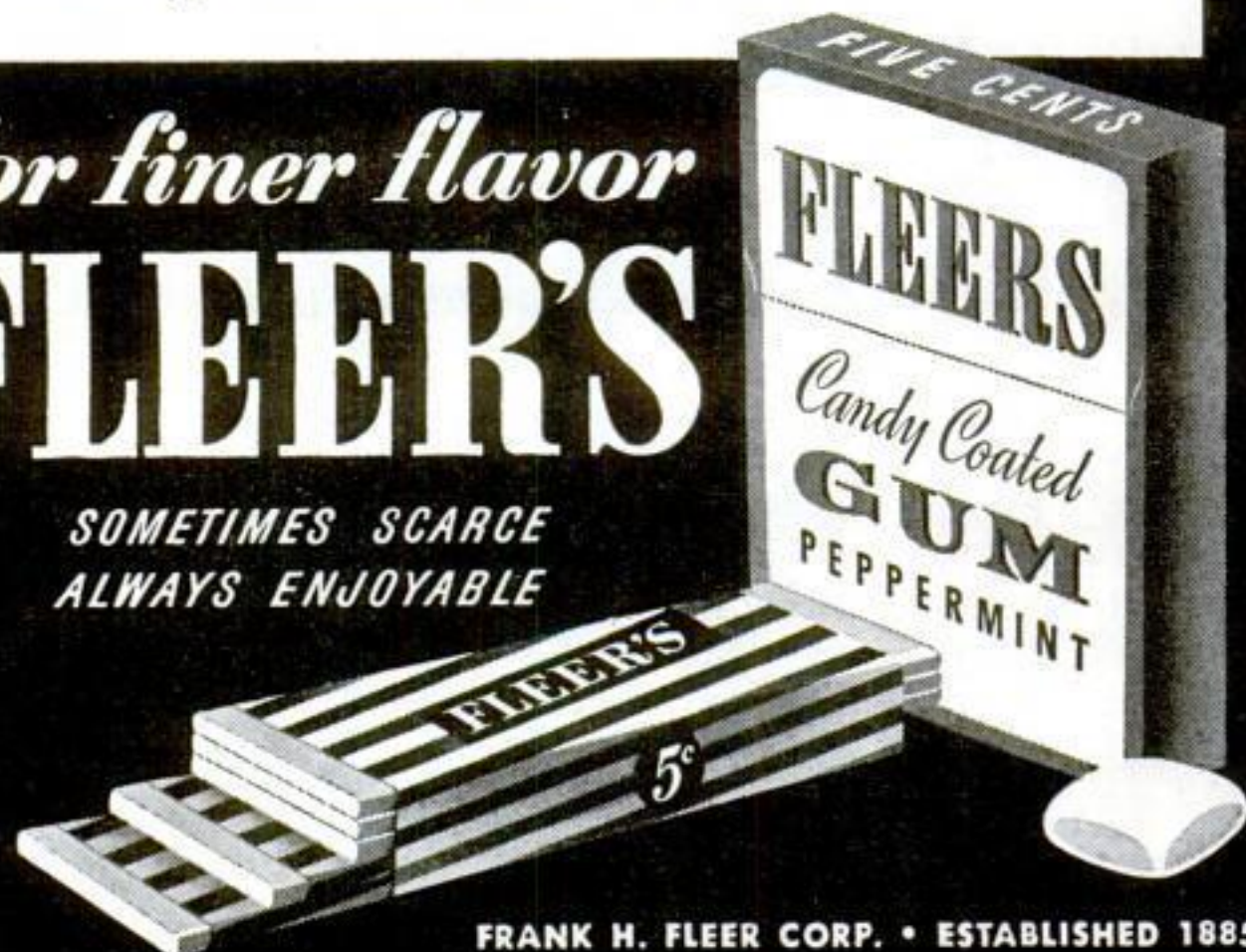
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THE FUTURE OF LIBERATED FRANCE (continued)

France, Belgium and Holland for a period of many years, with confiscation of any children who may be born of these women outside Germany. He has noted that a shortage of men in Germany will not prevent a maintenance of the German birth rate if their women are still on hand to bear children. Even the foreign laborers in the Reich are today helping keep German natality up, the anthropologist points out, while the birth rate of their own countries goes down and drastic corrective measures have to be taken. Those who object to the separation of mother and child or of husband and wife he dismisses as sentimentalists.

France, it is true, cannot stand another biological defeat at the hands of Germany. Today that defeat is a reality, one which can only be compensated by cutting Germany down to size and by building up France's position, internally and externally, to where she can with loyal allies face the future Germany unafraid. That is the task de Gaulle has set himself and for which he has unquestioned support. Most Frenchmen believe that he can do it, with the support of the nationalist, moderate and left-center parties. The Communists still believe they can do it better but are willing to wait for de Gaulle to stub his toe before they try to seize power. For if de Gaulle fails, the Communists, led by the able and fiery Maurice Thorez, recently returned to France with de Gaulle's amnesty, are the inheritors.

De Gaulle and Communists both have plans

Since 1940 only two existing French political groups have had an articulated plan. The Communists have had theirs as a gift from Moscow and have revealed only as much of it as suited their immediate political requirements. De Gaulle's London and Algiers Committees have been working on theirs for four years, painstakingly and sometimes quarrelsomely elaborating it in the light of what they learned from the failures of Vichy and the aspirations of the French Underground. The Communist plan is rigid, the Communist leaders surprisingly supple. The De Gaullist plan is flexible by comparison, but the general himself is unyielding.

Until hostilities have ceased there seems little likelihood that France, in spite of its general shifting of political balance to the Left, will move far enough to give the Communists control. By the time the war ends it seems likely de Gaulle will have solidified the position of the traditional French parties of the center and left-center and will have presented to the French people a sufficiently satisfactory record of concrete achievement at home and abroad to insure the restoration of a republican form of democracy, satisfactory to the majority of his people and not unsatisfactory to Britain, the Soviet Union or the U. S. Until then the de Gaulle government's main concern must be in keeping France's body and soul together.



Liberation committeemen, wrapped in heavy coats, met for first session in Paris city hall in mid-December. They demanded faster cleanup of traitors, collaborationists.

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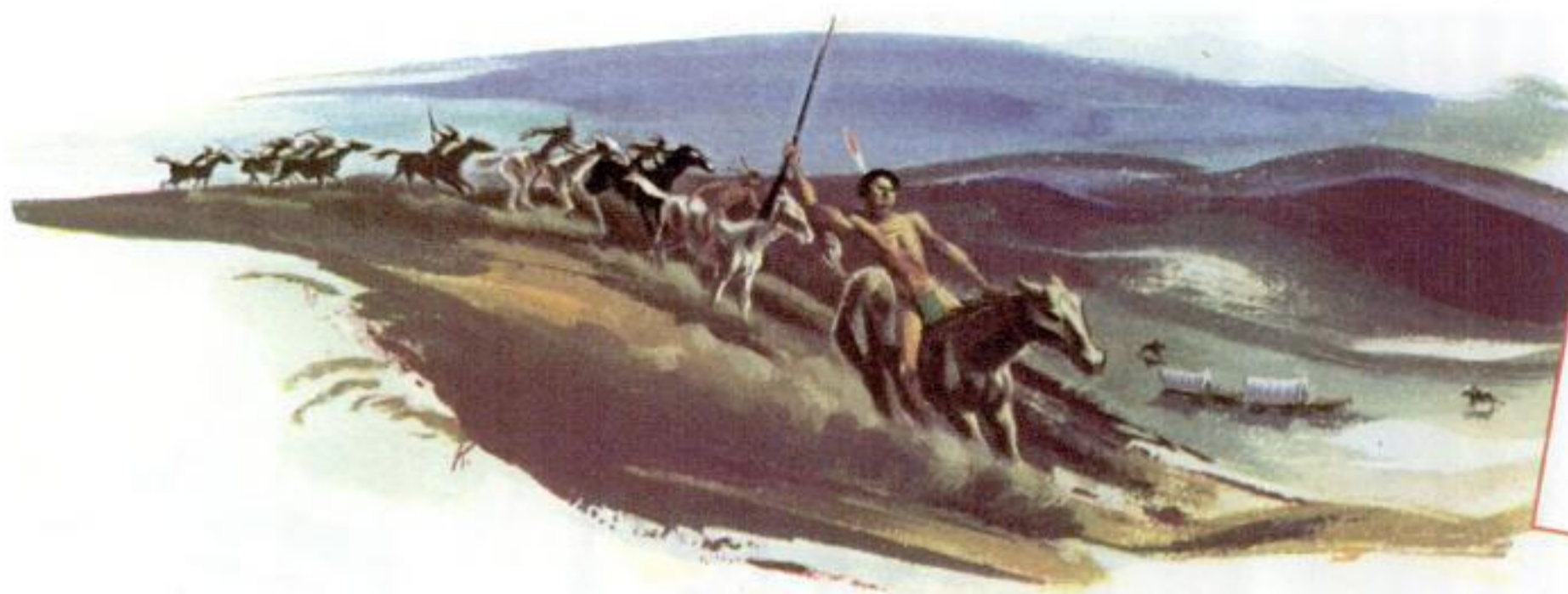
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Mustangs on the Warpath

The forward element is peeling off. The other half of the squadron will fly formation during the attack, providing top cover. That's how P-51 Mustangs take to the warpath over Burma. And what a hunting ground it has been.

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PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES... the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



IN FORMAL ARRAY, DEBS SEAT THEMSELVES IN A LONG LINE AROUND DANCE FLOOR WITH PARTNERS STANDING BEHIND WAITING FOR THE POLKA IN WHICH 28 DEBS TAKE PART

Life Goes to a Cotillion for 99 New York Debutantes

Girls make a wholesale introduction to society at annual Allied Flag Ball in Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

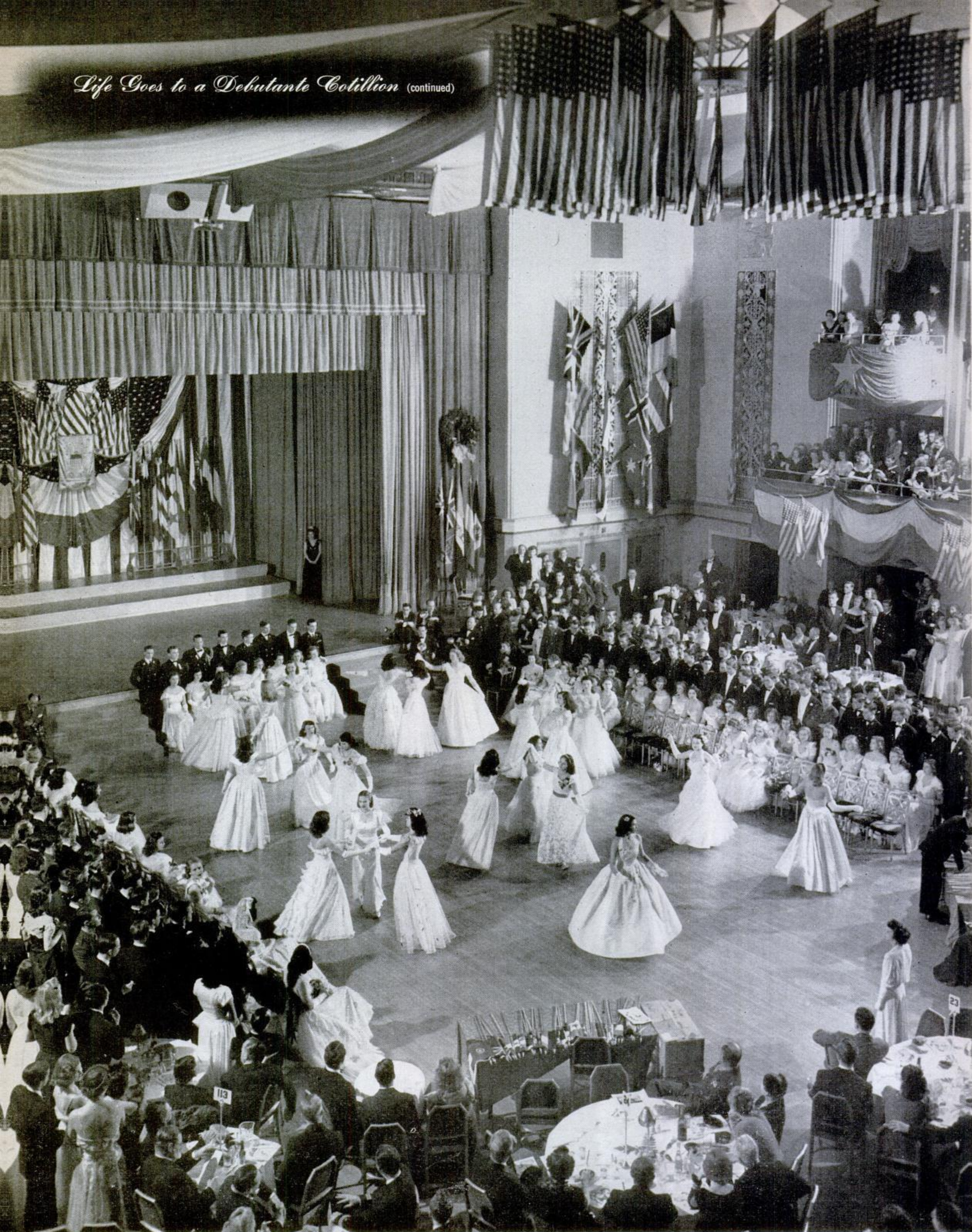
The big, individual debut disappeared from the New York social scene three years ago when the U. S. went to war. Its passing has made the annual "mass debut" an institution and a big business bonanza. During the last ten years the New York Infirmary for Women and Children has "presented" a collective debut affair at which selected lists of daughters of socially prominent families make a wholesale bow. Profits go to the infirmary. All the expenses are paid by a commercial "sponsor," which feels well repaid by the valuable publicity the ball gets. This year, as

last, the ball was held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. It cost almost \$10,000, which was paid by Coty, Inc.

In prewar days the party was named for its sponsor (the jewelry industry's Diamond Ball, the Velvet Guild's Velvet Ball) but for the last two years it has been known more impressively as the Allied Flag Ball and Debutante Cotillion. Part of the price of attendance for debs and parents was war-bond purchases which, including those made by patrons, this year totaled \$985,000. The 1,500 guests were well aware that Coty was footing the bill. Its name appeared on

program. One dance, the waltz, was named Muguet after a Coty perfume. Debs were given favors of Coty's toiletries.

Despite this discreet commercializing, significance of the cotillion as a social milestone is not lightly regarded. An invitation does not admit a girl to all the other debutante events but it gives her access to important postdeb ranks until she is married. The prestige of the cotillion this year attracted debutantes bearing such established New York names as Cromwell, Rockefeller, Havemeyer, Iselin and Kip.



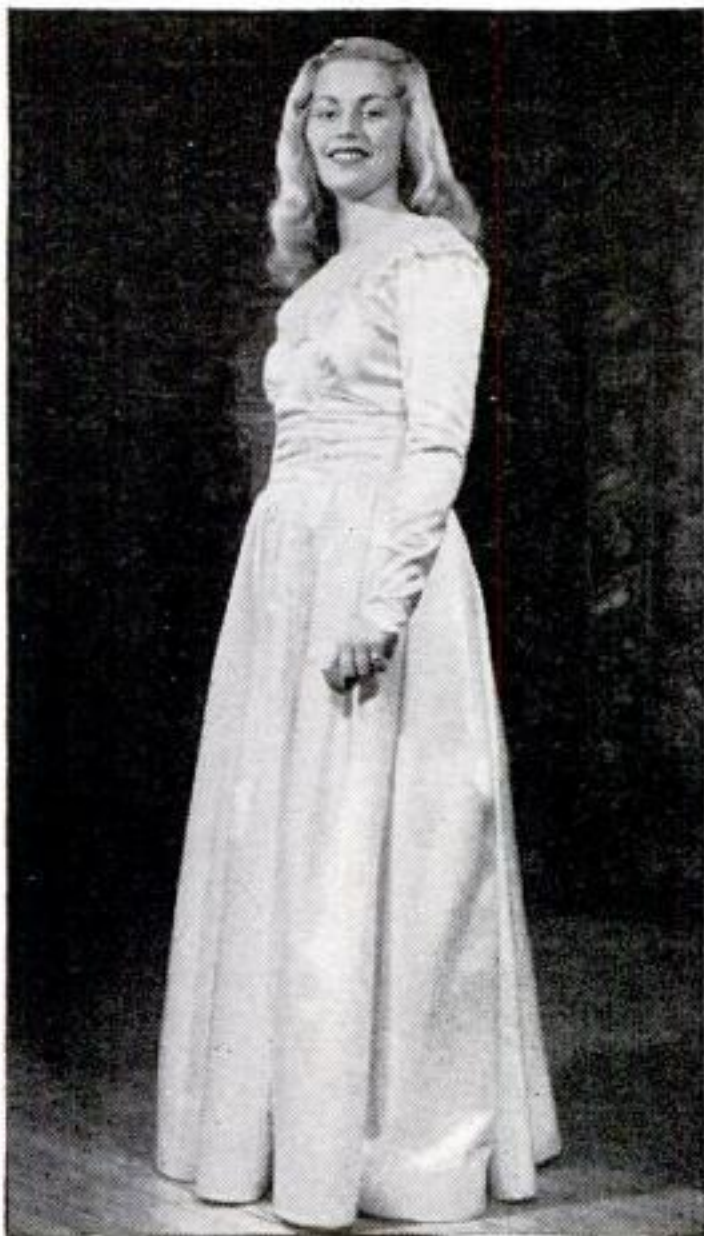
A waltz was performed by 24 debutantes while others looked on. In polka preceding, one dancer fell flat but picked herself

up and proceeded undaunted. Same girls danced both waltz and polka. All 99 debs were scheduled for group affairs but

only part found time for weeks of practicing they involved. Those who did take part seemed to feel a little silly about it.



Sandra Payson's famous kinfolk (Whitneys, Vanderbilts, John Hay) made her No. 1 deb.



Rita Kip descends from Henry Kip, a New Amsterdam colonist. She aspires to stage.



Carley Havemeyer was given grandfather's nickname. Her mother is a Philadelphian.



Patricia Cromwell, whose parents are the Jarvis Cromwells, is a descendant of Oliver.



Nancy Schwartz is daughter of Morton, once a noted poloist. Mother is a Balke (billiards).



Eleanor Seggerman was chairman of deb committee, wants to be a portrait painter.



Mary Berlin is Irving's daughter. Grandfather Mackay founded Postal Telegraph.



Léontine de Sabla Lyle is named for her mother. She works for Officers' Service Committee.



Marjorie Meacham, prettiest deb, is daughter of the cotillion chairman, Mrs. Edgar A. Eyre.



Ethel Jones is a Louisville girl. She attends Miss Hewitt's Classes in New York City.



Patricia L. Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, carpet manufacturer, has three sisters.



Margot Fairchild is a half-sister of the former Glamour Girl Elvira who made a 1938 debut.

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Flag tableau was presented by debs bearing banners of United Nations. This concluded formal goings-on and girls then joined their escorts and families for supper.



Receiving line lasted 45 minutes. To supplement stag line, commanding officers in four branches of services sent more than 50 men when committee requested "young



Debs wore white or silver gowns, with long white gloves, creating effective pattern in waltz (above). This year's crop was said to be the prettiest in several seasons.



officers, unmarried, good family, and suitable as possible." About half took part in grand march. One civilian escort walked out, muttering, "I've had enough of that."

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LOVE
THEIR WORK**



WHEREVER THEY GO —girls of the USO are surrounded by Barbasol Faces—the smoother kind of face a lady loves to have around her. Yes, all around the world, more men shave with Barbasol than any other brand. Try Barbasol and see how wonderfully true this is: It's the shave supreme for softening whiskers—for soothing and protecting skin.

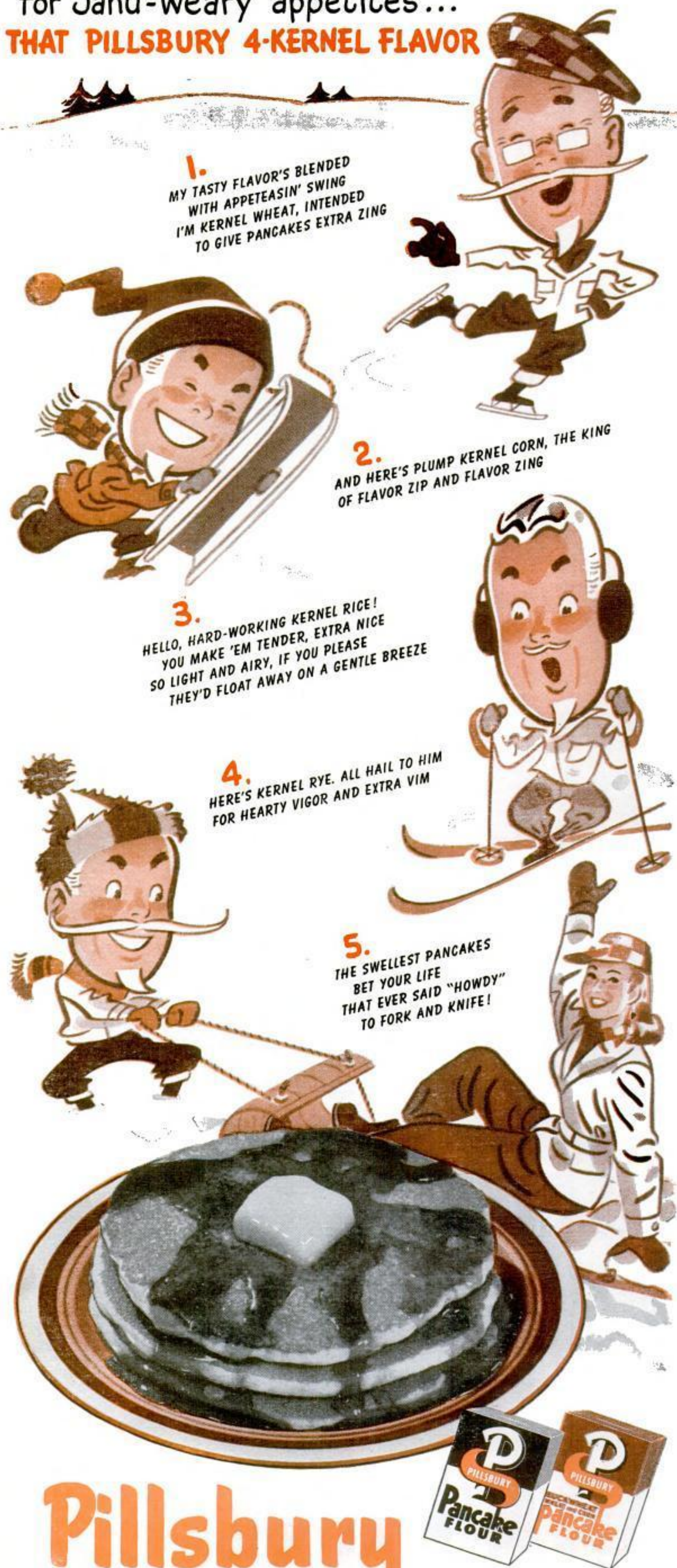


"HOLD YOUR HORSES! You can't shave without a brush or lather!" That's what grandpa said — until Barbasol changed the shaving methods of the nation. Give Barbasol's good ingredients a chance to help your skin—and discover why this faster, sweeter, brushless shave is praised around the world.

In tubes and jars. Large size 25¢; giant size 50¢; family size 75¢.



For Janu-weary appetites...
THAT PILLSBURY 4-KERNEL FLAVOR

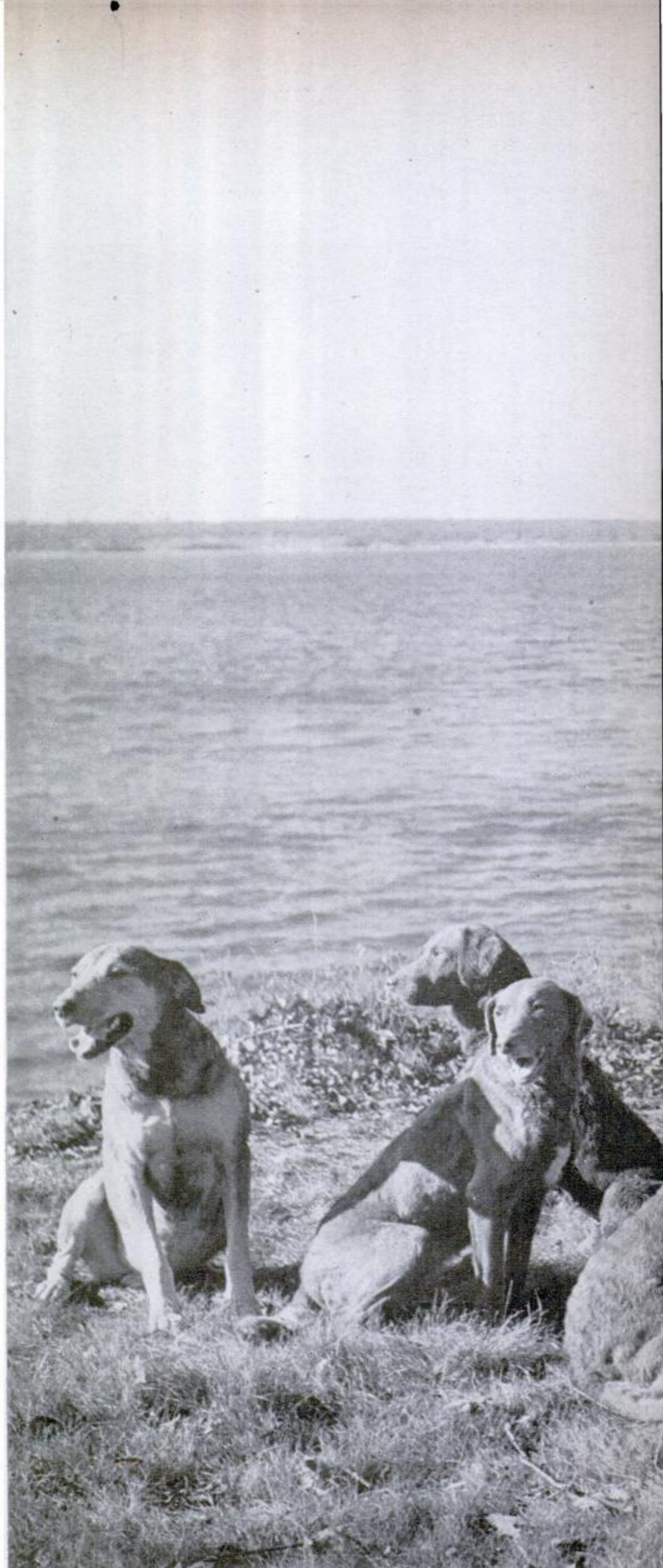


Pillsbury
PANCAKE FLOUR

Ready-Prepared ... Plain or with Buckwheat



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HOLDING A DACHSHUND, MRS. OSBORNE TALKS WITH HER RETRIEVERS ALONG

BEST CHESAPEAKE

LONG ISLAND DOG OWNERS WHO SPECIALIZE IN

The Edward Monroe Osbornes of East Hampton, N. Y. have an illustrious family of dogs. All of them except Bitsy, a dachshund, are Chesapeake Bay retrievers, a breed which is well thought of by serious sporting dog people. The oldest is Shagwong Gypsy, who was a famous field-trial champion in her younger days. Shagwong Gypsy's grandson, Guess of Shagwong, is also a champion. Her son, Shagwong Buddy Brown, won the first leg of his champion title at the East Islip, N. Y. field trials in November. The Osbornes also own Shagwong Midget, who hasn't been entered in field trials, and two Chesapeake Bay puppies.

The Osbornes' retrievers are big, friendly, thick-coated dogs. Their



GARDINERS BAY, WHICH IS A GOOD DEAL LIKE THEIR NATIVE CHESAPEAKE BAY

BAY RETRIEVERS

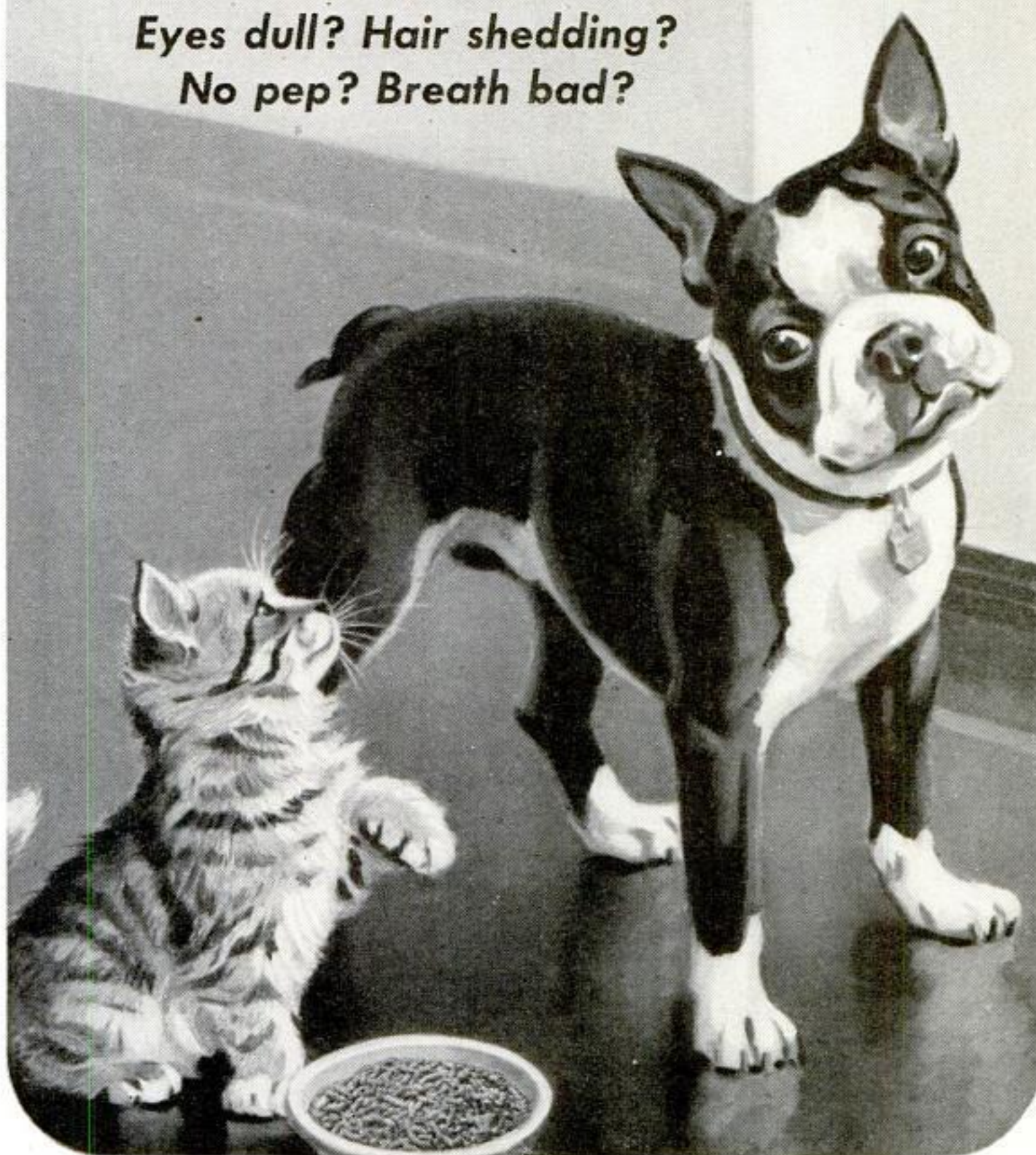
THE BREED HAVE A COLLECTION OF CHAMPIONS

breed, which was developed to fish dead ducks out of the cold, rough waters of Chesapeake Bay, has been described in one kennel manual as having "a bright, happy disposition and an intelligent expression." They are strong swimmers and have a thick, oily coat to protect them from the water. There is a Maryland dog legend which says that all Chesapeake Bay dogs are descended from two Newfoundland puppies which were washed ashore from the wreck of an English sailing vessel in 1807. Since then the Chesapeake Bay dogs have been crossbred with other strains to develop their remarkable intelligence. But like many other crossbreeds they are now considered thoroughbreds and further crossbreeding is frowned upon.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Is your dog at his best on his
present wartime diet?

Eyes dull? Hair shedding?
No pep? Breath bad?



Dogs do better on PARD

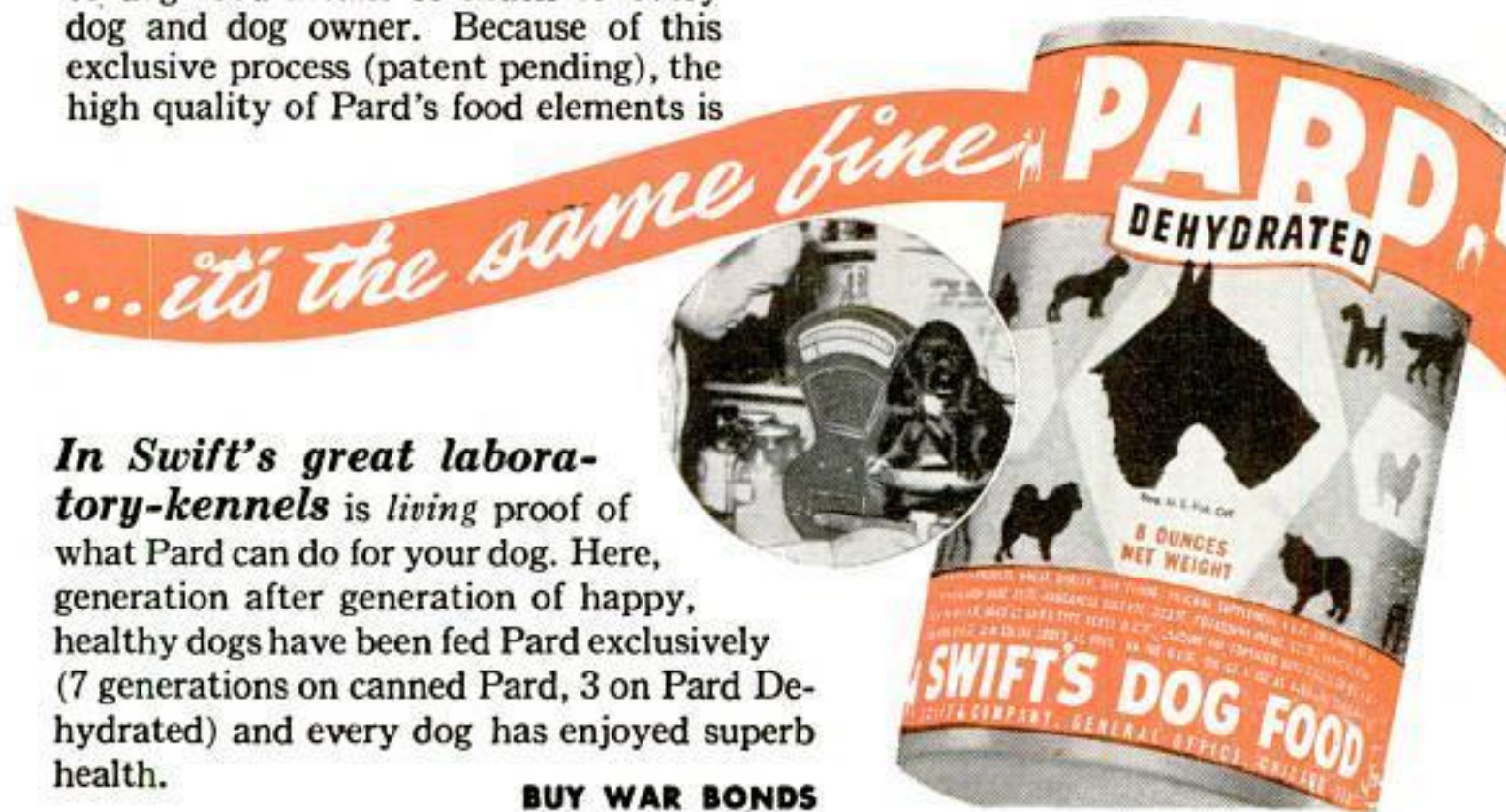
Vital food elements usually lost in dog food manufacture are adequately retained by Swift's exclusive low-temperature process—insuring full strength nutrition.

The amount of food your dog eats is not nearly as important as what he gets out of it. That means the nutritive elements in his food must be up to full strength at the time the food is placed in the bowl if your dog is to get complete benefit.

That's why Swift & Company's discovery of low-temperature dehydration of dog food means so much to every dog and dog owner. Because of this exclusive process (patent pending), the high quality of Pard's food elements is

not abnormally lowered or altered in manufacture. The moisture—and only the moisture—is removed from the fresh food mixture without appreciably destroying the vitamins or the quality of the proteins that are needed for growth and maintenance. Your dog gets full strength nutrition.

Feed Pard for just 10 days and see for yourself how high-quality meat proteins, vitamins and minerals so carefully preserved in this scientifically correct food can help put your dog in tip-top condition. You'll see it in his brighter eyes, more alert bearing, handsomer coat. Get several packages of Pard and start your dog on the road to better health today. Cats, too, like Pard.



In Swift's great laboratory-kennels is living proof of what Pard can do for your dog. Here, generation after generation of happy, healthy dogs have been fed Pard exclusively (7 generations on canned Pard, 3 on Pard Dehydrated) and every dog has enjoyed superb health.

BUY WAR BONDS



Buy A War Bond First!

*Strong enough
to stand on*

Samsonite

Streamlite Luggage

You'll be proud to carry this smart luggage! It's built to keep its good looks through years of rugged service! For America on the move it's more than a convenience—it's a necessity! No wonder SAMSONITE is America's most popular luggage—for him—for her.

SAMSONITE Streamlite LUGGAGE is available at better stores everywhere,

when shipments are possible without interrupting our vital war work.

★ ★ ★

SAMSONITE Streamlite LUGGAGE has all these extra value features:

Streamlined styling—easier to carry and pack
Precision binding—keeps packed clothes clean
Washable finish—resists water, stains and dirt
Draw bolt locks—double catch—extra safety

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MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES AND FOLDING CHAIRS

Chesapeake Bay Retrievers (continued)



Shagwong Gypsy, a 9-year-old bitch who was once a great champion, is now retired. Though past her prime Gypsy is considered most consistent field-trial champion.



Bringing back bird, Gypsy practices retrieving with Mrs. Osborne and a dead duck. Chesapeake Bay dogs are at their best when they retrieve birds from open water.

JANUARY

THE RIGHT TOAST [♪]
FOR A BRIGHT NEW YEAR [♪]



MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING!

WHATEVER your toast for '45... you'll enjoy it more with SCHENLEY Reserve. Its bright morning taste... rich, mellow, and satisfying... makes SCHENLEY Reserve the *right* whiskey for the New Year.

BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY

Reserve

Blended Whiskey 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

A Product of SCHENLEY Distillers Corporation . . . THE HOUSE OF AGED WHISKIES

Greetings, brother... Have a Coca-Cola



...or initiating a new subject of Neptune

It's a fine old custom—the good-natured initiation of those who cross the equator for the first time. In much the same spirit of good-natured fun, people everywhere respond to the fine old invitation *Have a "Coke"*. That's when friendliness speaks a refreshing language all its own. A pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola is always

greeted with a smile in so many places, on the seas and overseas, just as it is in your home. It's a happy symbol among people who understand the pleasant ways of friendship.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".



It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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